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THE NEW DEATH

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I

WE are accustomed in these days to hear many ancient things called new. New Thought, New Poetry, New Religion, are terms which, when stripped of their faddist connotation, can honestly claim a novelty of approach in regard to these three oldest of spiritual activities. By an analogous use of the word new, one may direct attention to the change in standards that is being wrought in everyday living by the present concentration upon death. No one can forget them, no one can get away from them — those boys dead upon the battlefields of Europe. There is not one of us who has not thought more about death within the last three years than in a whole lifetime before, and by their very intensity our thoughts are new. This preoccupation is a force too fresh to be easily formulated, while already it is so pervasive and so profound in its effect upon the motives and the standards which must both sustain a world in agony and rebuild it for the future, that the psychologist may well term this naked intimacy with facts formerly avoided, the New Death.

It is probably more by its poignancy than by its numbers that death has shocked us into a novel realization of its importance. If the European har-

vest had reaped old men, however many, rather than young, the challenge for explanation would not have been so stinging. The only way in which death could exact from us its due consideration was to break our hearts with pity and baffle our brains with wastage. It may be that the enigma of the youth of the world destroyed is insoluble, but the New Death, this unprecedented readiness at last to look into the unseen, is the effort of popular thought to translate pity into motive, and bewildering waste into a reconstructed relationship to spiritual values.

Not alone by the youth of its victims has the war horrified us into a new adjustment to death, but even more by their type: the shining best are those most surely sacrificed. What is the meaning of the frenzy with which the universe blasts its benefactors before they have lived to bless it? And what is the significance of the strange, the well-nigh occult, reassurance without which we could not 'carry on' the ideals they have left us in the face of such utter prodigality of destruction? What is this grave which the world was coming in its heart and in its daily practices more and more to treat as final? When every one is asking the same question, may it not be that the answers, still hesitant, still experimental, may bring

into being a new adaptation of living to dying — a New Death?

The attention of the popular mind to death is not only at variance with the attitude of the accepted leaders of thought, still honestly agnostic, but is contradictory to its own attitude of only a few years ago, when death was still the isolated, not the average, experience of the average person. In the old days the bereaved was a little apart, a little abnormal. We were always glad when our friends set aside their mourning and became again like the rest of us. For an everyday man or woman, death was a subject a little indecorous; they had a little of the old Hebrew abhorrence of it which made the Jews regard its presence as a defilement of their Passover; yet it was a young man's dying which, in the history of religion, re-created that Passover by the promise of a resurrection.

The new, enforced familiarity with fate varies, according to the individual, all the way from uneasiness at the intrusion of the spiritual upon his smugness, to an absorption so engrossing that some of us feel that we cannot go on living one day longer until we have decided what is the relation of dying to every hour of existence. In terms of immediate living, the New Death is the constant influence upon us of the boys who have passed. All the ramifications of experience and of endeavor growing out of our attitude toward our young dead must become a new psychological factor in the world's thought and action. The whole subject is still as formless as it is forceful, but it is already possible to analyze some of its obvious characteristics and to conjecture some possible results to public life and to private thinking. Like many other felt, but not yet formulated, influences of the war, the potentialities of the New Death are still to be discovered, as, led by grief, the souls of survivors seek to

penetrate the path whither so imperiously the splendid young dead compel our thoughts.

The New Death, now entering history as an influence, is so far mainly an immense yearning receptivity, an unprecedented humility of both brain and heart toward all the implications of survival. It is a great intuition entering into the lives of the simple, the sort of people who have made the past and will make the future. It does not matter in the least whether or not the intellectuals share this intuition, and it does not matter whether or not the intuition is true, or whether future generations, returned to the lassitude of peace, shall again deny the present perceptions; what does matter is the effect upon emergent public life and private of the fact that everyday men and women are believing that the dead live.

These everyday men and women are not looking to their former teachers, the scientist and the theologian, for light upon death. In the urgency of grief we turn instinctively to more authoritative solace than either of these promises. Before 1914 we had seen the disestablishment of the Church as an unquestioned arbiter; since 1914 we have seen the disestablishment of science as an unquestioned arbiter.

Throughout this testing by tragedy, however, we still pay science this much of respect: we continue to practice its methods, while we no longer give blind acquiescence to its conclusions. In the immense desolations of grief to-day, each person must find his own answer to the supreme enigma. For this intellectual initiative the common man is far better prepared than he knew. Widespread education, widespread communication, have equipped the popular mind for mental achievement which materialism had diverted to grosser directions than it deserved.

Transcendent sorrow has now cleared a path for true progress. Science, permeating the commonest education, has given to each one of us a manner of practical approach to any subject that will always safeguard and secure all our advances into wisdom; but no longer can science convince us that we have not a soul when we feel it suffer so. It is impossible for ordinary people any longer to deny that spiritual facts require the exercise of spiritual faculties for their interpretation.

We therefore approach a new wisdom of death by enlisting every capacity we possess, intuitive as well as merely rational, and we seek light along every avenue of approach — philosophy, poetry, science, theology old or new, even spiritism with all its perils. We test each step into the unknown pragmatically, scientifically, for we must have ease from grief if we are not to be paralyzed, and we must have power to remake our own lives and the life of the world in saner accord with eternal purposes, if in any way these can be ascertained. Always the motivating of this universal search is the same — just so much knowledge of dying as will enable us to go on living through this horror. Instant consolation, instant reconstruction, we must attain, if the whole world is not in a moment to be tossed back into chaos. For countless centuries the world has been able to live by evasion: our energy for living has been based upon our ability to forget dying. To-day we wake to such havoc as can never in all the future be offset unless we discover how to make destruction itself the stimulus of an indestructible vigor.

This great popular pressing into the mystery is far too vital for any present crystallization into creed. Unlike the ancient and the mediæval views, the New Death does not prefigure the circumstances of survival, while it more

and more accepts it. The New Death is experimental, humble; it investigates, it does not dogmatize. It practices rather than theorizes. It is also independent, personal; it is the sum total of an attitude lived rather than argued by millions of individuals, who in the intensity of their own experience hardly perceive how widespread is that experience. For the first time in history, immortality has become a practical issue for the common man to meet, or history will cease.

It is because of the intensity of their new need that people are turning less to their old masters, the theologians and the scientists, but with an awed docility are seeking illumination from those who are to-day the supreme critics of death — our young men who are dying. These speak, these act, as men having authority, and the force of their influence on the world they have left cannot be calculated, so powerful are the reasons for this influence.

There is something strangely persistent about any unfulfilled life: it always leaves a curious sense of abnormality and waste, and a deep blind impulse somehow to give the aspirant young soul the earthly gifts it lacked. There is not a family which has ever lost a child which does not always have, as an undercurrent of its thoughts, conjectures of that child's development, and a conscious or unconscious adjustment to that child's desires. There is always this psychological continuing of an arrested life, and it is inevitably the more powerful, the more personality the dead youth had attained. The supreme example of this fact is seen in the Christian religion, for it was the force of a young man's death which established that religion; it was founded on the psychology of the universal instinct to fulfill an interrupted ministry as being the only outlet left to affection.

II

More young men, and these more articulate, more capable of inspired utterance, are seeing death to-day than ever before in all time. For one Byron of the past, how many poets and artists and musicians are at this time defending the things of the spirit! The interpretation of fate by such men may be more valuable than that of the aged, for they see dissolution in sharper contrast to vigor; the colors of death are to them more accurate perhaps than to older men whose faculties are duller, and to whom life, being experienced, is not so alluring in promise. The chief value of the testimony of these young heroes, however, is not so much in the words they speak of death, but in the fact that they chose it. If self-preservation exists for the survival of something, may not self-immolation exist for the survival of something? If so, what? We can only grope for an answer, but, groping, we still follow our boys who have passed, feeling that they alone have the right to lead us.

One approaches in reverence the revelations of trench autobiography, which, whether expressed in loftiest poetry or in homeliest slang, comprise the symposium of the sacrificed. The bulk of war autobiography increases daily, making quotation overwhelming, but the uniformity of its revelations is a truth no reader can escape. While his actions are supported by an immense comradeship, the thoughts of the soldier move in a great loneliness; therefore one must give full credit to the singular harmony of utterance, to the strange identity of faith, that so many diverse voices speak. Neither must one ever forget the surroundings in which these records were written; if these writers can succeed in believing the spirit superior to the body, surely,

of all men who ever loved, their creed is the most triumphant. We ourselves have shrunk at the mere footfall of the undertaker, at the waxen stateliness of a face once ruddy, at the thud of earth upon a seemly coffin; these circumstances have been enough to make our sensitiveness accept the finality of dissolution. None of us have seen a human body in actual decay, but merely because we know it does decay, we have been overwhelmed and have denied the soul's immortality. The boys upon the battlefields have seen the forms of their comrades rot before their eyes for months. What cowardice our old facile doubt seems, compared with the faith of those at the front! And cowardice even more craven seems our love of life, our reluctance to leave earth's treasures, when we perceive the passion of yearning that these men feel for the life they renounce. Was ever the poignancy of parenthood more touchingly expressed than in Harold Chapin's letters to his baby son? And did ever homesickness become so divine a thing as on the battlelines of Europe? Tortured with the sights and cries and odors of carnage, and yearning in every fibre for the earth they relinquished, the boys of the world have marched unfaltering to their destruction, rebuking in their every gesture our easy despair, and leaving behind them words of confidence coercing us to conviction.

In addition to the force of their idealism and of their written words, the carriage of these young heroes immediately before death must have a peculiar illumination. That multitudes of soldiers have met their end, not only with serenity, but with a high-hearted gayety, is a fact of overwhelming evidence. This hilarity of heroism is the highest proof a man can give of his certainty that soul is more enduring than body; and exhibited so often at

the very instant of passing, may be, to the open-minded, argument for some strange reassurance from that other side. Surely conviction of immortality from those who have seen the hideousness of carnage in a degree in which no other men in all history have seen it, is a conviction deserving our respectful study.

What the boys who are gone have said and have practiced in regard to dying, what we who are left can add to their vivid vision from the wisdom of our experience of loss — in this combined testimony of the dead and of the bereaved lies the material for one who tries to formulate from contemporary evidence the elements characterizing the New Death, elements all readily seen to be only different aspects of the effort to discover a set of standards by which to weigh what is destructive against what is deathless.

The first characteristic to impress one is the directness of approach to realities formerly shunned, or obscured by ceremonies, or too elaborately interpreted by theology, or too elaborately denied by science. Lashed by grief to realization, the plain man recalls with wonder his old indifference. The former evasiveness is impossible. Each man is testing for himself the old symbolism, the old creed, the old agnosticism, for its vitality. For the new world to be built, only so much of the old world's ritual and philosophy of death can hold as can bear the purging of such grief as the old world never knew.

Both the bereaved at home and the men at the front exhibit the same impulse to sift all ceremonies. One cannot fail to note in trench memoirs the soldier's utter indifference to the conventions associated with demise. There is everywhere to-day a tendency to examine all our ritual of dissolution, retaining only that which is essentially

beautiful and essentially true to our emerging convictions. Symbolism has a more direct relation to our conduct than we are always ready to grant. The old conventions of burial and of grief over-emphasized the importance of the physical and over-emphasized the importance of individual loss, and so were in themselves an obscuration of the new light we are seeking upon the marble face of death. The growing practice of wearing white rather than black for mourning, or of continuing the habitual colors of one's dress; the movement for placing upon the service flag a gold star in memory of a soldier killed, are attempts toward a fresher and truer symbolism expressing our growing protest against the depression and paralysis too often resultant upon the passage of a loved one from the known world to the unknown.

III

The present force of individual initiative in examining all the former creeds and customs of dissolution is closely connected with another characteristic of the New Death. The practical trend of the new inquiry into the unseen causes us to seek light from each other in a way we never did before. The new attitude toward death is unlike the old in being the result of universal bereavement and of such a sharing of sympathy as the human soul has never before in all history experienced. In former days people offered condolence genuinely but awkwardly. Sorrow was a loneliness which only the comparatively few who had tasted it understood. We were always a little embarrassed by people who talked easily, even cheerily, of the dead, as if perhaps these had not gone far from us. The old death, like many other things remade by the war, was too often self-absorbed, self-pitying. The old death

was a barrier rather than a bond; the New Death is a universal welding of mutual compassion.

More conspicuous than shared sympathy, as an element of the New Death, is the shared resilience of these millions of mourners. The first response to the enigma of that majestic mystery now dominating uncounted homes is not in theories, but in actions, in a great unargued energy. How different from the paralysis of bereavement too readily condoned in the old days! Our boys have died, therefore we must live, is an arresting and illogical conclusion, but surely it is the one which for four years has actuated both the armies and the households of Europe, and is now becoming more and more our own chief inspiration.

The magnificent recuperative promise of that clarion cry, 'After the war,' does it not draw its first impulse from the ideals of our young dead, ideals we dare not for an instant discontinue? Their example lies upon the survivors like a command that no desolation of grief dares deny. Is not this splendid, dogged hopefulness, on the surface as mad and monstrous as the suffering that has engendered it, a strange, unearthly tribute to the powers of the soul, and a mysterious reassurance for the new world which shall rise from to-day's destruction? We are discovering a strange self-security in those strongholds of the heart which utter loss has rendered unassailable; we are experiencing a strange liberation from the age-old fear of fate.

The word death has for each of us a two-fold meaning; it implies our own passing and the loss of our loved ones. Most of us have a wholesome carelessness of our own fate, but an oversolicitude in regard to those dear to us. The new adaptation of living to dying, if it is to bear the test of the new world's needs, must afford us both a better

adjustment of our own mundane existence to its post-mundane possibilities, so that we shall each regard his life with more respect as being perhaps not too surely finite, and also a new enfranchisement from paralyzing anxiety in regard to those we love. During a long century of materialism, we have always been handicapped by the fear of loss, until in a moment of time, by a supreme irony, all fear has been swept away by utter desolation. Evolution teaches that survival depends on the power of adaptation to environment; is not the effort of each nation to reconstruct this destruction constant evidence of the vast impulse of the human race to discover an adjustment of life to death that shall make for endurance rather than decay?

The immediate expression of this vast impulse to rebuild is for individual men and women the revaluation of humble daily life. More and more each of us feels too small to grasp the world-issues of to-day, yet at the same time finds inactivity unbearable. We turn to the nearest task in desperate desire to make it somehow count for relief and restoration to a war-ridden world. The humdrum suddenly stands forth in beauty, dignified by new motives. Always our attitude is inextricably influenced by the words and the conduct of the boys whose battle-hours are continually before our imaginations. They have been driven to discover what remains to them of joy in spite of the tumult, just as we at home, agonized by each morning's newspaper, suddenly perceive the worth of many experiences too familiar to be prized until contrasted with horror. If in the fire and the mud 'out there,' men can discover things to give them joy and faith, surely we at home can emulate a little of their serenity. As we read the records of their hearts, as we meet corresponding experience in our own,

we know that no holocaust can unself the soul, and that the deathless privileges of friendship and of kinship and of the beauty of nature can be interrupted, but never destroyed.

To what a worn commonplace family affection had faded before the war came to menace and thus reveal! Throughout all this land has not every household that possessed a boy treated him with a new sympathy, a real, if often awkward, tenderness? With the threat of loss always over our heads, we are learning how much we love. How beneficent a privilege the mere fact of an unbroken family circle appears, now that yonder by the hearth a shrouded form of mystery sits listening to our careless chat!

As the smallest home humdrum becomes sacred because of the brave homesickness of our boys, so the views from our windows—a wind-blown tree, the sifting of snow, the twitter of a sparrow—suddenly speak to us in a language to which we had never before listened with such understanding; for we know that the men of the trenches have found undreamed-of heartening in the mere line of hills, in the mere recurrence of sunrise and of noon. How gratefully, how gayly, they write of larks and of violets, the soldier-poets, tortured with carnage! No one could read the descriptions by the anonymous young French artist who wrote *Lettres d'un Soldat*, with their vistas of French landscape sketched in words that could have come only to a painter's pen, and not ever afterwards regard the mere daybreak, so divinely usual, with new reverence. Sunshine and starshine, the grace of a tree etched black against a winter sky—we see these now with new eyes of thankfulness, while they used to be too commonplace for our comforting.

Another lesson from the trenches the constant presence of death in our

thought is teaching us to incorporate into our daily living—their glorified epicureanism. Men who know that their every second on earth is numbered, see every instant's experience in fresh focus. Alan Seeger's practice—'to live as if one were saying good-bye to life'—implies such an appreciation of the normal as was never before so accurate, so exquisite, so deeply joyous. In the vast deprivation of to-day we take inventory of our resources, and stand amazed at riches. Is not the present enhancing of daily existence, so that it dares to be frankly sacred, an argument for the true worth of death as a constant, accepted presence to dignify every hour?

This new spiritual valuation of daily existence is still vague, but struggling toward clearness, toward continuity, toward community effort. We long to dignify our daily work by devotion to some cause; we long to know ourselves in line with them, our dead. Always in healthy revulsion at the wastage of their lives, we keep searching, searching for those ultimate standards that shall harmonize their apparent loss with their actual usefulness. We, the obscure, sorrowing fathers and mothers, sisters and brothers of young soldiers killed, we, the mourners all over the world, want to feel that our lives are moving in tune with theirs. And this need for better ordering of our everyday life intensifies our scrutiny of their dying. What is the force so mysterious, so coercive, which commanded them to die? What is the force so mysterious, so coercive, which commands us to live as they would have us live? The New Death is asking with an intensity and a universality never known before. Where are our dead? Is there a God? The need of direction for our energy, and of a standard of valuation, profoundly affects the two most important characteristics of the

New Death, its essentially practical acceptance of immortality, its essentially practical approach to God.

Both the bereaved and the young men dead view survival under several different aspects. Created out of a yearning for the physical privileges that are so abruptly denied, there is apparent in the writings of both a wistful half-belief in an actual return to earthly scenes. Have we noticed, in self-examination, that the world-wide devastation of to-day has already destroyed our old instinctive shudder at the supernatural? What living man can do to living man has proved so much more horrible than what ghost or devil might do, that gruesomeness has been transferred from the supernatural to the physical. Both in literature and in life the supernatural as such fails to frighten us. How could we be sorry to have them return to us — the vivid, beautiful boys we loved? Would not any occult assurance of their possible presence be welcome? We have, of course, no sure confidence that they thus return, but at least we have no physical shrinking from the possibility. The New Death conceives an interrelated universe in which spirits still in the flesh and spirits freed from it may both be associated in some mystic effort toward the future. Certainly the idea of this comradeship is to-day familiar to every soldier, as powerful as it is inarticulate.

Persistence through coöperation, constantly renewed, is a forceful element in the conceptions of survival characteristic of the present-day examination of death. How many fighting men there are to-day whose biography might be compressed into the two words, 'Carry on!' The dedication implicit in the phrase effects a sequence, a survival, in ideal and in effort, that annuls any individual death. The conduct that should be the first instinct of

every survivor is compressed into that courage cry, 'Carry on.' It is the soldier's answer in action to the enigma of death, and it is the innermost expression of his love for those who are gone. That no one who has died for a great cause is ever wasted; that the only right expression of grief is a fresh self-dedication to the cause that the loved one loved, is an attitude toward loss that may well pass from the army of warriors to that greater army of civilians. The New Death is characterized by this new grief, reverently joyous in its consecrated energy, and indicative of that needed adaptation of living to dying which shall liberate us from the old paralysis of bereavement.

The soldier's relation to the dead who have inspired him is in itself a revelation to him of his own influence upon those who shall follow him. He is no mere individual, evanescent, isolated, but is welded into an eternal whole by his responsibility toward the heroic who have preceded him and toward the heroic who shall succeed him. The continuity of an ideal annuls the ephemeral, and establishes upon earth the eternal. Volume after volume of war autobiography reveals the fighter's faith in the future, upholding him through every extremity. It is in their service to the future that young men of proved genius find comfort for their arrested course. With eyes made tragically clear, they perceive that a premature fate may have greater influence than an accomplished career. A profound intuition reveals to them that it is more divine to be a man than to be an artist, and that their deepest peril is to fail the challenge to battle; if they presume to believe themselves more valuable to the world alive than lost, they may choke at its source the wellsprings of their inspiration. If they choose sacrifice, they have hope that other men may achieve the fulfill-

ment they set aside; while, if they choose life, they may live barren of all achievement.

The French painter gazes from his dug-out into the distant future as he studies the far reverberations of all heroic example:—

‘Who shall say that the survivor, the comrade, of some fallen thinker, shall not be the inheritor of his thought? No experience can disprove this sublime intuition. The peasant’s son who sees the death of some young scholar, some young artist, may he not perhaps continue the interrupted work? It may become for him the link in an evolution only for an instant suspended. Yet the crucial sacrifice for each is this: to renounce the hope of being the torch-bearer. It is a fine thing for the child, in his play, to carry the standard; but for the man, let it be enough to know that the standard will be carried, whatever befall.’

Apart from earthly immortality through heroic endeavor, what does the soldier see for himself, each single lad in the ranks, in that misty land that he knows he is entering? Searching for the answer, one is overwhelmed by the impression given by all trench records: whatever else the soldier may expect of that other side, of one thing he seems absolutely assured, measureless well-being: he is going to a place that is good, and he is going with every faculty alert for new adventure.

Almost nothing in the mass of memoirs reveals any definite shaping of that existence about to begin. Assurance takes almost no color from previous education, Catholic, Protestant, agnostic. All we can perceive is the absolute confidence of a new glad life just opening. This perception of joyous experience is implicit in that beautiful phrase of soldier slang, ‘Going west.’ Going west has always spelled adventure; it has connoted, too, the

inspiration of self-dependence, the fair free chance; it has implied lonely effort, lonely exploration, crowned by an unguessed felicity. Yet to-day the actual Occident is shorn of its stimulus. The earth has been over-discovered; a man may sail clear around it, and arrive at no legendary West. Wherever he goes, other men have been before him. But there is left for us all one land forever undiscovered, one unploughed sea-path for Columbus courage. The British Tommy endows death with all the romance of three thousand years when he calls it ‘going west.’

The sense of triumph and delight is as clear a note in the words of the bereaved as in the expectations of those who have gone beyond. That the young and splendid cannot die, that their arrested powers must persist somewhere, is the growing conviction of all who mourn to-day. That vision which through all the ages individuals have glimpsed and have incorporated into inspired living is by universality of loss becoming the vision, no longer of the few, but of the many. The vision of the many is the material out of which the motives of progress are made. They were so beautiful that it is impossible to believe them extinct, those dead boys we long for. Perhaps they would gladly have died for this alone, to free the new world from the old world’s dread of death.

Conviction of immortality as shown in the soldier-records is in the main profoundly intuitive, but so powerful and so common that one cannot believe that so many men, and these alert in every fibre, could be altogether deluded. It seems more scientific to query whether perhaps they possess truer illumination than mere intellect, unsupplemented by the subtler capacities of soul evoked by their tragic situation, could ever attain.

In so far as their marvelous inner

security has for themselves any basis in reason, it rests partly on the immortal renewal which they observe in nature. Sunrise and recurrent star and the pushing up of the indomitable flowers are arguments for human persistence, since man, too, is a part of the great earth force. Apart from the reasoned argument of nature's exhaustless vitality, many a soldier reveals a consciousness of an indestructible immortal something within him. He would still feel this inner confidence even if all communication with external nature were denied him, if he could hear no bird-songs, see no stars. Page after page of *Lettres d'un Soldat* testify to the sense of eternity which is the core of his courage and his calm. Alan Seeger delights to feel himself in the play of world-forces that are eternal in energy. Rupert Brooke is comforted to be 'a pulse in the eternal mind.' One might envy these three seer-soldiers — French, American, English — what one might call their cosmic security, the content of the atom that perceives itself part of an indestructible whole.

There is, however, in the four-fold sense of survival to be studied in soldier-records, — comradeship of idealism, expectation of glad adventure, the reassurance from the vitality of nature, the consciousness of something eternal at the centre of the soul, — little that is definitely personal, just as there is little that suggests the old conventional doctrines either of science or of theology. In contrast there flashes before us the warm personal hope of Donald Hankey, in his last recorded words: 'If wounded, Blighty. If killed, the Resurrection!'

As one studies the views on survival inherent in the new attitude toward death, one finds that the ideas of those who have gone and the ideas of those who survive differ. The soldier seems swept on in a great confident current

toward some profound blessing and happy experience; but, as in his earthly action his individuality is gladly merged into the mass, so his conception of the after life is not personal, self-occupied. On the other hand, the minds of mourners dwell more intently than ever in history on personal survival, on the continued existence of the boys they have lost, as vivid, separate entities. Yet the two views, confident, the one of the general, the other of the individual, beatitude of that new existence, are equally characteristic of the nature of the New Death. The New Death is always essentially the readjustment of daily living to the new fact of universal destruction. The New Death, forced to be instantly practical, seeks not theories, but inspiration to energy. The boy about to die would find these two needs best satisfied by losing himself in the great heroic whole, caring little for individual persistence if only the aim of the universal ideal be attained, while the survivors who had lost him could not be readily comforted by so indefinite an inspiration; they would need assurance that the boy himself whom they loved was still alive beyond the veil. It is the views of survivors that will affect the future. That our dead are alive and the same whom we loved, and that they joyously continue the upward march, is the dominating faith of the New Death. There is in this creed nothing new, except the incalculable novelty that never before did so many people evolve it, each for himself, and never before did so many people practice it as the deepest inspiration of their daily conduct.

IV

Just as the New Death conceives the spirit-world as an ever-pressing reality, requiring an incessant revaluation of our mundane occupations as we attain

new spiritual standards, so it looks at God with a new directness. A few years ago we avoided thinking about God as easily as we avoided thinking about death. That indifference is destroyed. In the words both of statesmen and of soldiers to-day, one sees a return to the first condition of true religion — humility. Only the bewilderment of agony could have made us humble enough to be reverent. Because action and conviction require a mutual reinforcement, a condition too often through ignorance of psychology neglected by religious teachers: because we can neither act heartily unless we first believe, nor believe heartily unless we also act; because full conviction is obtained solely by embodiment in action, it is the soldier, through his utter abandonment of self to service, who has to-day attained the clearest religious certainty.

The faith of fighters revealed in their memoirs is vital, unflinching; but the expression of the same fundamental creed differs according to the individual. The religion of the soldier facing death is a denial of all the old materialism that once infected equally the educated and the uneducated. The color and shape of the faith differ in different men, but not its intensity, its confidence. Its practice is definitely Christian in its democracy, its kindness. As in all departments of life to-day our attitude and action are inextricably influenced by the attitude and action of the young dead always present to our memories, so the religion of the home army accepts the distinctly soldier elements of their creed.

The soldier regards God as the intelligence which martial the moral forces of all time, but as an intelligence, like his general's, to be trusted, rather than understood; and he regards a blind and unquestioning obedience to this direction as the individual's only possible contribution to the ultimate victory.

His religion is therefore first, absolute trust, and then, absolute submission. The immediacy of the fighter's need makes it easier for him to attain these two conditions than for us, whose incorporation of creed in conduct is not so instant a constraint; but the religion at the front and at home has the same frankly intuitive character. The new philosophy of death, born of our naked defenselessness, openly employs intuition, spiritual reassurance, half-occult perhaps, but overpowering. It is not the attributes of God that concern the New Death, but the attitude toward Him, and its practical expression both in public actions and in private.

After decades of materialism a new mysticism is being born. All of us to-day perceive some great force let loose upon us — for our destruction or our regeneration? A Power is certainly at work — is it God or devil, for no one dares longer to call it chance? Every instinct answers, God. God and immortality have become facts for our everyday life, while before they were only words, and words avoided. The new thing about faith to-day is that it is voluntarily intuitive, and that its mysticism is not contemplative but active. This mysticism is conscious. The scientific, the materialistic attitude was a stage of growth ordained for our adolescence, but it did not indicate the maturity that we thought it did. Our intuitions of God to-day are more to be relied upon than those of earlier periods that were unaware of pitfalls. The evidence of our mature wisdom is that, having experienced the pitfalls, we have voluntarily returned to a child-like trust. We do not argue about God: we accept Him. We do not argue about survival: we accept it. Universal destruction has swept from us every other dependence. It is frankly an experiment, this new spirituality, this new adjustment, this New Death. For the

first time in the world, millions of people are making the adventure of faith, engrossed in the effect of immortality, the effect of God, not as a dogma of the next world, but as a practice for this one. There is nothing new about immortality, there is nothing new about God; there is everything new in the fact that we are at last willing to live as if we believed in both. This is the religion of the New Death.

If, even for a few generations, we act on our conjecture of immortality, the larger vision, the profounder basis of purpose will so advance human existence as to make this war worth its price. Our accepting the finality of dissolution as a law of nature has been a blindness obstructive to progress. The history of civilization is made up of two movements, understanding of natural laws and submission to them. We do not chain the lightning; we first ascertain its laws, and then make all our inventions comply with them. Civilization has been long retarded because we have not ruled our lives in obedience to the laws of death. We have either fought them, or neglected them; we have never built either our private plans or our state edifice frankly in accordance with them. Civilization is first a spiritual advance, and only secondarily a material one. The liberation of the soul, so that it may be free to conceive and to accomplish, is the first condition of progress, but it is a condition that has been inextricably hampered by the dread of death. Our highest endeavor has been half surreptitious, based on the chance escape from the constant menace of interruption. We flattered ourselves for a century that science was furthering human development. We know to-day how far it has put it back. Yet for our future we have learned from science the invaluable fact that all new achievement is founded on a daring manipulation of

the unknown, on adventuring the application of laws but half divined.

Nature inexhaustibly renews her energies out of decay, in accordance with some sure discernment of what is indestructible. We shall advance our civilization when we learn to imitate the largeness of her gestures and their confidence in some imperishable plan. The more the loss of loved ones makes the world of to-day turn wistfully toward human survival, the more shall its mere possibility inspire our endeavor to bring all earth achievement into better connection with eternity.

The New Death, with its growing conviction of survival, makes men loath to leave the experiences of the present until fully tested, not because the present, as materialism taught, is all, but because it is only a part, and for that very reason a passage to be explored more thoughtfully because the dignity of continuance adds a new dignity to every step of our eternal pilgrimage. If we are immortal, then more beauty, not less, attaches to our mortal sojourn. The more we believe in an eternal sequence for the soul, the more respect we shall have for its physical experience, and the less lightly we shall fling away the mysterious privileges of the flesh. The life beyond the grave may at moments entrance our imagination, but it is not on this account over-seductive, but rather it exalts our earth life as being the complement of our after-death life; it may even be far more difficult, therefore more alluring to the daring. If we are deathless beings, then each hour on earth has a new sublimity, each moment may contain some development of our high destiny that it may be portentous to miss. The old view of our dying, which made us seem to ourselves puny and ephemeral beings tossed by chance into a brief consciousness, obstructed all our free growth

here and hereafter. It was essentially a maladjustment of living to dying which retarded all genuine progress. The New Death liberates us from our paralyzing puniness by its vista of each man's power to adapt his mortal course to its immortal promise.

As the new intimacy with death frees us from the fear of our own dissolution, transmuting dread into the stimulus of hope, so the New Death provides that adaptation of love to loss which transmutes bereavement into energy. Four years ago the activity of the world was conditioned on our power to forget death. Our dead lay confined in our hearts. We hesitated to speak of them, as we should have hesitated to ask our friends to go with us to a grave — a visit that for ourselves was either a duty or a solace, but might have hurt the sensibilities of others. Such conduct was to shun death, not to accept it. It was not death that killed our loved ones, it was our manner of concealing grief, as if it were a thing unclean and painful, abnormal as disease. To-day brave grief is a sign of the soul's health.

We used to hide away our loved ones from our conversation, denying them that earthly influence which is one branch of their bourgeoning. To-day, when millions of mothers grieve, it would be travesty to pretend that their lost sons are not their foremost thought. We cannot hide away so many dead. Their presence must enter our daily talk, must mingle with our daily tasks. At last we no longer condemn our dead to graves in a past that we keep private, but allow them their rightful place in our present. They have become so great an army that their earthly influence cannot be buried. We know not what dulling of our present vision the future may contain, but for a while this earth is going frankly to hold its homes open to its dead.

The New Death is that attitude of the soul which looks both forward and back — back to the lives of the boys we have lost, forward to that immortal life they have entered. Between that past of ours, sacred to sorrow, and that eternal future sacred to expectation, lies for each of us an earth-space for endeavor illuminated equally by grief and by hope. The words and the deeds of our dead shed sure radiance upon our way. Our debt to the great Design is to weave into the pattern both their dream and our new reverence for our own destiny. To make each moment granted us pregnant with energy because of the light shed on the physical sojourn by their death past, and by our death to come, that is to bring into the new world a force to make death as creative as it used to be corruptive.

The New Death is the perception of our mortal end as the mere portal of an eternal progression, and the immediate result is the consecration of all living. As we step into the future we test our ground now for its spiritual foundations. If our faith is to lead us where our dead boys have gone, it must be a faith built, like theirs, of spirit-values. On the mere guess that death is a portal is founded the resilience of the hell-rocked world to-day. It is a new illumination, a New Death, when dying can be the greatest inspiration of our everyday energy, the strongest impulse toward daily joy. If only the beauty of the vision the tragedy has revealed can be retained a little while! For this little while has death come into its own as the great enhancer and enricher of life.

This is the lesson that the slain splendor of youth has taught to a moribund world. To construct a new world on the faith that their words and their sacrifice attest is the sole expression permitted to our mourning; it is the sole monument beautiful enough to be their memorial.

‘WHAT MIGHT HAVE BEEN’

AN EPISODE IN THE LIFE OF CHARLES LAMB

BY A. EDWARD NEWTON

I

ON a cold, raw day in December, 1882, there was laid to rest in Brompton Cemetery, in London, an old lady, — an actress, — whose name, Frances Maria Kelly, meant little to the generation of theatre-goers, then busy with the rising reputation of Henry Irving and Ellen Terry. She was a very old lady when she died — ninety-two, to be exact; she had outlived her fame and her friends, and few followed her to her grave.

I have said that the day was cold and raw. I do not know certainly that it was so; I was not there; but for my sins I have passed many Decembers in London, and take the right, in Charles Lamb's phrase, to damn the weather at a venture.

Fanny Kelly, as she was called by the generations that knew her, came of a theatrical family, and most of her long life had been passed on the stage. She was only seven when she made her first appearance at Drury Lane, at which theatre she acted for some thirty-six years, when she retired; subsequently she established a school of dramatic art and gave from time to time what she termed ‘Entertainments,’ in which she sometimes took as many as fourteen different parts in a single evening. With her death the last link connecting us with the age of Johnson was broken. She had acted with John

Philip Kemble and with Mrs. Siddons. By her sprightliness and grace she had charmed Fox and Sheridan and the generations which followed, down to Charles Dickens, who had acted with her in private theatricals at her own private theatre in Dean Street, — now the Royalty, — taking the part of Captain Bobadil in *Every Man in his Humor*.

Nothing is more evanescent than the reputation of an actor. Every age lingers lovingly over the greatness of the actors of its own youth; thus it was that the theatre-goer of the eighteenthies only yawned when told of the grace of Miss Kelly's Ophelia, of the charm of her Lydia Languish, or of her bewitchingness in ‘breeches parts.’ To some she was the old actress for whom the government was being solicited to do something; a few thought of her as the old maiden lady who was obsessed with the idea that Charles Lamb had once made her an offer of marriage.

It was well known that, half a century before, Lamb had been one of her greatest admirers. Every reader of his dramatic criticisms and his letters knew that; they knew, too, that in one of his daintiest essays, perhaps the most exquisite essay in the language, ‘Dream Children, A Reverie,’ Lamb, speaking apparently more autobiographically than usual even for him, says, —

‘Then I told how, for seven long

years, in hope sometimes, sometimes in despair, yet persisting ever, I courted the fair Alice W——n; and, as much as children could understand, I explained to them what coyness, and difficulty, and denial meant to maidens—when suddenly, turning to Alice, the soul of the first Alice looked out at her eyes with such a reality of representation, that I became in doubt which of them stood there before me, or whose that bright hair was; and while I stood gazing, both the children gradually grew fainter to my view, receding and still receding, till nothing at last but two mournful features were seen in the uttermost distance, which, without speech, strangely impressed upon me the effects of speech: "We are not of Alice, nor of thee, nor are we children at all. The children of Alice call Bartrum father. We are nothing; less than nothing, and dreams. We are only what might have been."

I am quoting, not from the printed text, but from the original manuscript, which is my most cherished literary possession; and this lovely peroration, if such it may be called, is the only part of the essay which has been much interlineated or recast. It appears to have occasioned Lamb considerable difficulty; there was obviously some searching for the right word; a part of it, indeed, was entirely rewritten.

The coyness, the difficulty, and the denial of Alice: was it not immortally written into the record by Lamb himself? Miss Kelly's rejection of an offer of marriage from him must be a figment of the imagination of an old lady, who, as her years approached a century, had her dream-children, too—children who called Lamb father.

There the matter rested. Fanny Kelly was by way of being forgotten: all the facts of Lamb's life were known, apparently, and he had lain in a curiously neglected grave in Edmonton

Churchyard for seventy years. Innumerable sketches and lives and memorials of him, 'final' and otherwise, had been written and read. His letters—not complete, perhaps, but volumes of them—had been published and read by the constantly increasing number of his admirers, and no one suspected that Lamb had had a serious love-affair—the world accepting without reserve the statement of one of his biographers that 'Lamb at the bidding of duty remained single, wedding himself to the sad fortunes of his sister.'

Then, quite unexpectedly, in 1903, John Hollingshead, the former manager of the Gaiety Theatre, discovered and published two letters of Charles Lamb written on the same day, July 20, 1819. One, a long letter in Lamb's most serious vein, in which he formally offers his hand, and in a way his sister's, to Miss Kelly, and the other a whimsical, elfish letter, in which he tries to disguise the fact that in her refusal of him he has received a hard blow.

By reason of this important discovery, every line that Lamb had written in regard to Fanny Kelly was read with new interest, and an admirable biography of him by his latest and most sympathetic critic, Edward Verrall Lucas, appearing shortly afterwards, was carefully studied to see what, if any, further light could be thrown upon this interesting subject. But it appears that the whole story has been told in the letters, and students of Lamb were thrown back upon the already published references.

In the Works of Lamb, published in 1818, Lamb had addressed to Miss Kelly a sonnet:—

You are not, Kelly, of the common strain,
That stoop their pride and female honor down
To please that many-headed beast, the town,
And vend their lavish smiles and tricks for gain;
By fortune thrown amid the actor's train,
You keep your native dignity of thought;
The plaudits that attend you come unsought,

As tributes due unto your natural vein.
 Your tears have passion in them, and a grace
 Of genuine freshness, which our hearts avow;
 Your smiles are winds whose ways we cannot
 trace,

That vanish and return we know not how —
 And please the better from a pensive face,
 And thoughtful eye, and a reflecting brow.

And early in the following year he had printed in a provincial journal an appreciation of her acting, comparing her, not unfavorably, with Mrs. Jordan, who, in her day, then over, is said to have had no rival in comedy parts.

Lamb's earliest reference to Miss Kelly, however, appears to be in a letter to the Wordsworths, in which he says that he can keep the accounts of his office, comparing sum with sum, writing 'Paid' against one and 'Unpaid' against t'other (this was long before the days of scientific bookkeeping and much-vaunted efficiency), and still reserve a corner of his mind for the memory of some passage from a book, or 'the gleam of Fanny Kelly's divine plain face.' This is an always quoted reference and seems correctly to describe the lady, who is spoken of by others as an unaffected, sensible, clear-headed, warm-hearted woman, plain but engaging, with none of the vanities or arrogance of the actress about her. It will be recalled that Lamb had no love for blue-stockings, and speaking of one, said, 'If she belonged to me I would lock her up and feed her on bread and water till she left off writing poetry. A female poet, or female author of any kind, ranks below an actress, I think.' This shortest way with minor poets has, perhaps, much to recommend it.

It was Lamb's whim in his essays to be frequently misleading, setting his signals at full speed ahead when they should have been set at danger, or, at least, at caution. Thus in his charming essay 'Barbara S——' (how unconsciously one invariably uses this adjec-

tive in speaking of anything Lamb wrote), after telling the story of a poor little stage waif, receiving by mistake a whole sovereign instead of the half a one justly due for a week's pay, and how she was tempted to keep it, but did not, he adds, 'I had the anecdote from the mouth of the late Mrs. Crawford.' Here seemed to be plain sailing, and grave editors pointed out who Mrs. Crawford was: they told her maiden name, and for good measure threw in the names of her several husbands. But Lamb, in a letter to Bernard Barton in 1825, speaking of these essays, said, 'Tell me how you like "Barbara S——." I never saw Mrs. Crawford in my life, nevertheless 't is all true of somebody.' And some years later, not long before he died, to another correspondent he wrote, 'As Miss Kelly is just now in notoriety,' — she was then giving an entertainment called 'Dramatic Recollections' at the Strand Theatre, — 'it may amuse you to know that "Barbara S——" is all of it true of her, being all communicated to me from her own mouth. Can we not contrive to make up a party to see her?'

There is another reference to Miss Kelly, which, in the light of our subsequent knowledge, is as dainty a suggestion of marriage with her as can be found in the annals of courtship. It appeared in *The Examiner* just a fortnight before Lamb's proposal, which was shortly to follow. In a criticism of her acting as Rachel in *The Jovial Crew*, now forgotten, Lamb was, he says, interrupted in the enjoyment of the play by a stranger who sat beside him remarking of Miss Kelly, 'What a lass that were to go a gypsying through the world with!' Knowing how frequently Lamb addressed Elia, his other self, and Elia, Lamb, may we not suppose that on this occasion the voice of the stranger was the voice of Elia? Was it unlikely that Miss Kelly, who would

see the criticism, would hear the voice and recognize it as Lamb's? I love to linger over these delicate incidents of Lamb's courtship, which was all too brief.

II

But what of Mary? I think she cannot but have contemplated the likelihood of her brother's marriage and determined upon the line she would take in that event. Years before she had written, 'You will smile when I tell you I think myself the only woman in the world who could live with a brother's wife, and make a real friend of her, partly from early observations of the unhappy example I have just given you, and partly from a knack I know I have of looking into people's real character, and never expecting them to act out of it — never expecting another to do as I would in the same case.'

Mary Lamb was an exceptional woman; and even though her brother might have thought he kept the secret of his love to himself, she would know and, I fancy, approve. Was it not agreed between them that she was to die first? and when she was gone, who would be left to care for Charles?

Before I come to the little drama — tragedy one could hardly call it — of Lamb's love-affair as told in his own way by his letters, I may be permitted to refer to two letters of his to Miss Kelly, one of them relatively unimportant, the other a few lines only, both unpublished, which form a part of my own Lamb collection. These letters, before they fell from high estate, formed a part of the 'Sentimental Library' of Harry B. Smith, to whom I am indebted for much information concerning them. It will be seen that both these letters work themselves into the story of Lamb's love-affair, which I am trying to tell. So far as is known, four letters are all that he ever addressed to

the lady: the two above referred to, and the proposal and its sequel, in the collection of Mr. Huntington of New York, where I saw them not long ago. I have held valuable letters in my hand before, but this letter of Lamb! I confess to an emotional feeling with which the mere book-collector is rarely credited. The earlier and briefer letter is pasted into a copy of the first edition of the *Works of Charles Lamb*, 1818, 'in boards, shaken,' which occupies a place of honor on my shelves. It reads: 'Mr. Lamb, having taken the liberty of addressing a slight compliment to Miss Kelly in his first volume, respectfully requests her acceptance of the collection, 7 June, 1818.' The compliment, of course, is the sonnet already quoted.

The second letter was written just ten days before Lamb asked Miss Kelly to marry him. The bones playfully referred to were small ivory discs, about the size of a two-shilling piece, which were allotted to leading performers for the use of their friends, giving admission to the pit. On one side was the name of the theatre; on the other the name of the actor or actress to whom they were allotted. The letter reads: —

DEAR MISS KELLY, —

If your bones are not engaged on Monday night, will you favor us with the use of them? I know, if you can oblige us, you will make no bones about it; if you cannot, it shall break none betwixt us. We might ask somebody else; but we do not like the bones of any strange animal. We should be welcome to dear Miss Linton's, but then she is so plump there is no getting at them. I should prefer Miss Iver's — they must be ivory, I take it for granted — but she is married to Mr. —, and become bone of his bone; consequently can have none of her own to dispose of. Well, it all comes to this: if you can let us have them, you will, I dare say; if you cannot, God rest your bones. I am at an end of my bon-mots.

C. LAMB.

9th July, 1819.

This characteristic note in Lamb's best punning manner ('I fancy I succeed best in epistles of mere fun; puns and that nonsense') may be regarded as a prologue to the drama played ten days later, the whole occupying but the space of a single day.

And now the curtain is lifted on the play in which Lamb and Miss Kelly are the chief actors. Lamb is in his lodgings in Great Russell Street, Covent Garden, the individual spot he likes best in all London. Bow Street Police Court can be seen through the window, and Mary Lamb seated thereby, knitting, glances into the busy street as she sees a crowd of people follow in the wake of a constable, conducting a thief to his examination. Lamb is seated at a table, writing. We, unseen, may glance over his shoulder and see the letter which he has just finished.

DEAR MISS KELLY, — We had the pleasure, *pain* I might better call it, of seeing you last night in the new Play. It was a most consummate piece of acting, but what a task for you to undergo! at a time when your heart is sore from real sorrow! It has given rise to a train of thinking, which I cannot suppress.

Would to God you were released from this way of life; that you could bring your mind to consent to take your lot with us, and throw off forever the whole burden of your Profession. I neither expect nor wish you to take notice of this which I am writing, in your present over-occupied & hurried state. — But to think of it at your pleasure. I have quite income enough, if that were to justify me for making such a proposal, with what I may call even a handsome provision for my survivor. What you possess of your own would naturally be appropriated to those for whose sakes chiefly you have made so many hard sacrifices. I am not so foolish as not to know that I am a most unworthy match for such a one as you, but you have for years been a principal object in my mind. In many a sweet assumed character I have learned to love you, but simply as F. M. Kelly I love you better

than them all. Can you quit these shadows of existence, & come & be a reality to us? Can you leave off harassing yourself to please a thankless multitude, who know nothing of you, & begin at last to live to yourself & your friends?

As plainly & frankly as I have seen you give or refuse assent in some feigned scene, so frankly do me the justice to answer me. It is impossible I should feel injured or aggrieved by your telling me at once, that the proposal does not suit you. It is impossible that I should ever think of molesting you with idle importunity and persecution after your mind [is] once firmly spoken — but happier, far happier, could I have leave to hope a time might come when our friends might be your friends; our interests yours; our book-knowledge, if in that inconsiderable particular we have any little advantage, might impart something to you, which you would every day have it in your power ten thousand fold to repay by the added cheerfulness and joy which you could not fail to bring as a dowry into whatever family should have the honor and happiness of receiving *you*, the most welcome accession that could be made to it.

In haste, but with entire respect & deepest affection, I subscribe myself

C. LAMB.

20 July, 1819.

No punning or nonsense here. It is the most serious letter Lamb ever wrote — a letter so fine, so manly, so honorable in the man who wrote it, so honoring to the woman to whom it was addressed, that, knowing Lamb as we do, it can hardly be read without a lump in the throat and eyes suffused with tears. The letter is folded and sealed and sent by a serving-maid to the lady, who lives hard by in Henrietta Street, just the other side of Covent Garden — and the curtain falls.

Before the next act we are at liberty to wonder how Lamb passed the time while Miss Kelly was writing her reply. Did he go off to the 'dull drudgery of the desk's dead wood' at East India House, and there busy himself with

the prices of silks or tea or indigo, or did he wander about the streets of his beloved London? I fancy the latter. In any event the curtain rises a few hours later, and Lamb and his sister are seen as before. She has laid aside her knitting. It is late afternoon. Lamb is seated at the table endeavoring to read, when a maid enters and hands him a letter; he breaks the seal eagerly. Again we look over his shoulder and read:—

HENRIETTA STREET, July 20th, 1819.

An early & deeply rooted attachment has fixed my heart on one from whom no worldly prospect can well induce me to withdraw it, but while I thus frankly & decidedly decline your proposal, believe me, I am not insensible to the high honour which the preference of such a mind as yours confers upon me—let me, however, hope that all thought upon this subject will end with this letter, & that you henceforth encourage no other sentiment towards me than esteem in my private character and a continuance of that approbation of my humble talents which you have already expressed so much and so often to my advantage and gratification.

Believe me I feel proud to acknowledge myself

Your obliged friend

F. M. KELLY.

Lamb rises from his chair and attempts to walk over to where Mary is sitting; but his feelings overcome him, and he sinks back in his chair again as the curtain falls. It moves quickly, the action of this little drama. The curtain is down but a moment, suggesting the passage of a single hour. When it is raised, Lamb is alone; he is but forty-five, but looks an old man. The curtains are drawn, lighted candles are on the table. We hear the rain against the windows. Lamb is writing, and for the last time we intrude upon his privacy.

Now poor Charles Lamb, now dear Charles Lamb, 'Saint Charles,' if you will! Our hearts go out to him; we

would comfort him if we could. But read slowly one of the finest letters in all literature: a letter in which he accepts defeat instantly, but with a smile on his face; tears there may have been in his eyes, but she was not to see them. See Lamb in his supreme rôle—*of a man*. How often had he urged his friends to play that difficult part—which no one could play better than he. The letter reads:—

DEAR MISS KELLY,—*Your injunctions shall be obeyed to a tittle*. I feel myself in a lackadaisical no-how-ish kind of a humor. I believe it is the rain, or something. I had thought to have written seriously, but I fancy I succeed best in epistles of mere fun; puns & that nonsense. You will be good friends with us, will you not? Let what has past 'break no bones' between us. You will not refuse us them next time we send for them?

Yours very truly,

C. L.

P. S. Do you observe the delicacy of not signing my full name?

N. B. Do not paste that last letter of mine into your book.

We sometimes say the English are not good losers. To think of Charles Lamb may help us to correct that opinion. All good plays of the period have an epilogue. By all means this should have one; and ten days later Lamb himself provided it. It appeared in *The Examiner*, where, speaking of Fanny Kelly's acting in 'The Hypocrite,' he said,—

'She is in truth not framed to tease or torment even in jest, but to utter a hearty Yes or No; to yield or refuse assent with a noble sincerity. We have not the pleasure of being acquainted with her, but we have been told that she carries the same cordial manners into private life.'

The curtain falls! The play is at an end.

THE RUSSIAN CHARACTER

BY A. G. TOLFREE

PAUL T—— was a Tolstoyan. Not, however, if one believed his family, a Tolstoyan at second-hand. From childhood he had demonstrated tendencies which Tolstoy developed later in life. To a succession of bewildered tutors and governesses he had presented a series of insoluble problems, and, promptly upon attainment of his majority, he had made partition of the woods and fields constituting his share of the family estates among the peasants on the land. He had never married. He had kept for his own use a small house with a strip of garden in front; otherwise similar to other peasant houses on the wide sandy thoroughfare of the village street.

An elderly housekeeper looked after his wants when he was there. But he was not often there. Where was he? Mother and sisters, brothers-in-law, nephews and nieces, had long since ceased speculating. Paul T—— lived among the peasants, a peasant himself; helping them in their work, gathering in the crops, moving about from one village to another, but not for years having stepped beyond the confines of his province. When his relations were in St. Petersburg or Moscow they never saw him. He abhorred the towns, and the way of life of his relations, and of every one of his class, in the towns.

But into the country-house life among the wheatfields of Orel, — the late breakfasts, the large lunches of many courses, the afternoon drives, the afternoon teas, when the English governess cut bread-and-butter, with jam, and the French tutor read aloud

from the classics, and the châtelaine held on her lap Peter, the fat guinea-pig, — he made, at uncertain intervals, a tangential descent. Always unannounced, he came riding on a peasant's cart or sledge. Formal greetings — any other ritual of approach, devised by human beings for the purposes of social intercourse — were gestures apparently *cimian* to him, and ignored. His presence was first proclaimed by the crashing of lively tunes on the drawing-room piano, to which every youthful soul in the house promptly responded. Every child hung upon him. He spoke a language children understood; but he was mystery, also; he was different from every one else; colored lights, as of fairy tales, hung about him. A big man, in shabby, baggy clothes, with a large black-and-gray beard, he had all the peasant uncouthness, until he spoke. Then the man of the world emerged, together with something radiant in his whole personality, at once subtle, triumphant, and caustic.

'Paul was such a charming man!' his sisters would sigh.

'He is a charming man now.'

'Ah, but how can you say it? But is it not terrible? With all his talent! He used to play so well. Now he never plays. He never reads. He is losing his intelligence. If a man spends his whole time with ignorant peasants, it can't be otherwise. You use your intelligence, or you lose it. What use have you of your brains if you talk, live, work, eat, sleep, with ignorance, and those who have no brains?'

And 'Uncle Paul' rarely left without

turning round and round the point of the barb in the flesh. If he stayed for dinner, he spoke fraternally to the servants as they went about the table; and, eating sparingly himself of one or two plain articles of food, he attacked the useless luxury of cookery and service.

The care-free happiness of the man, and his underlying charm, disarmed, even while he stirred up every inherited antagonism. Presently he vanished without good-byes; leaving behind him a smouldering resentment, oddly complicated by a thwarted family adoration.

By any outward test possible to apply, Paul T—— was an absolutely happy man. He was happy because he was free to live his life according to his instincts; and that, for a Russian, is always the first condition of happiness. He was happy because he had given his sense of community between the peasant and himself a concrete demonstration. With all Russians of a certain type the word compassion has a very full conceptual meaning. It is literally compassion. The feeling that the peasant belonged to the land, that he had human rights to it of which he was deprived, was a genuine passion with Paul T——. It was a passion with him to secure, so far as might be, equal title to comfort and happiness for the under-dog. Having satisfied itself, the passion had perfectly healthy reactions.

Paul T—— seems in retrospect a more normal and vigorous personality than Tolstoy; and, by that much, the question of genius aside, a more representative example of a class of Russian without understanding whom it is impossible to understand Russia to-day.

The T——s were, generally speaking, an average Russian family of the large landowning, small-noble class. They were cultivated, they knew all the European capitals, they spoke three or

four languages, they lived in St. Petersburg when they were not on their estates; their sons went into the Emperor's body-guard; but they were home-loving, rather simple-minded people, neither averse to the gayeties of the world nor dependent on them; people of dignity, charm, and poise, on the whole, yet on the whole, and in the best sense, commonplace.

In spite of all this, it was clear that the vein which had shown itself in the brother who had turned *muzhik* did not begin and end with him. He had his explanation in an extraordinary old grandmother, whose husband had at one time been court chamberlain, who had lived always in an atmosphere of semi-barbaric show and wastage, but whose inner life apparently had been one of unceasing religious tension, and other-worldly quest. There was outwardly nothing to suggest the mystic, nothing of the Madame Swetchine, in this little old bent imperious lady, with her piercing eyes, and the stick she leaned on, that went pounding fiercely over the wooden floors. But in her own apartments, where the sacred images stood in every corner, prayers were being said, and services held, for hours at a time, the pope coming from the village and staying long into the evening. And here also, in this religious devotion, there was passion — the same intensity, not satisfied with the lukewarm and the tame, which had led the other member of the family to leave outright the life of his class.

'Elle est morte,' wrote her daughter when the end had come, 'après avoir prié toute la nuit. Tout en Dieu, comme elle a vécu.'

Those were days when the black-earth belt still had its agricultural richness, impaired in latter years — days when the life of the landholders still had the full Turgeniev flavor. And how photographic had been Turge-

niev's pictures of his native Orel! It was all there. Broad-faced peasant-women in the fields; and booted men still, on backward estates, treading in circles on the primitive threshing-floors. Manor-houses, at long intervals: some well kept-up, many neglected. Formal gardens surrounding the manor-houses, lengthening off into a park, after the manner of Versailles. Back of the park, woods — the interminable Russian woods, but here less sombre and dense, lightened by clearings and populated by oak and birch.

The woods were recklessly cut into by the landholders. At the approach of winter, it was not difficult to realize that forests would have to be felled to feed the porcelain stoves and ovens of the big houses through the coming months. There were warmth, and comfort, and a pleasant cheer inside, even in the central drawing-rooms, often of magnificent proportions. But the real Russia was outside. The feel of it was in the long flat vastness, absorbing the human beings who lived upon it; melting them into itself; explaining all sociological and religious fanaticisms.

Mystic and communistic tendencies are everywhere in Russia. It is, however, a mistake to conceive of the communism in the precise meaning that the Western nations give the word. With us, all theories tending toward the socializing of wealth presuppose some species of regulation. With Russians such matters never mean a plan, to be thought out with the head, so much as they mean a vague — one might say organic — propulsion.

The typical Russian does not crave order, system, constructiveness. He has a natural dislike of these. Not an active suspicion of them so much as a passive disinclination for them. Know a Russian well, whether in his own country or abroad, and you will find this to be true. The men and women

are alike subjective; the men even more so than the women. They apprehend things with great intellectual clearness; they feel deeply multi-sidedly. But they seem instinctively to evade the objective precipitation of knowing and feeling into a formula. It is like condensing a nebula.

The usual Anglo-Saxon way of expressing all this is to say that Russians are not conventional. It is certainly true that they do not react to objective interests in our own fashion. The director of a great artistic enterprise which visited the United States a few years ago met attempts to interest him in many of our representative activities with thinly veiled indifference and ennui; but he sat, night after night, listening with unflagging and delighted attention to the exotic improvisations of a negro restaurant-player, beating a drum.

'That man is a great artist,' he said.

There was something more than the professional absorption in one's specialty, in this selection of something to be enthusiastic about, where the whole structure of the surrounding national life obviously appeared so lacking in interest.

Again and again an educated Russian will respond in such fashion to an unexpected flash, an impression, an intuition. Most often, too, the spark strikes out of a background of inertia. An all-around and sustained interest in things at large is not characteristic of him as it is of an American.

This applies to the communistic bent of Russians as well as to everything else. While Paul T—— was extreme in his methods, he was certainly not alone in his views. There have been potential Tolstoys in the Russian nobility, for decades. It is of common knowledge that the land-owning class paved the way for the Revolution.

It did not pave the way in exactly the same manner that the philosophers, and the followers of Rousseau, paved it for the French Revolution. Rousseau had theories. The desire for reforms among educated Russians has always been, though they may scarcely have been conscious of the fact themselves, less a logical intellectual conviction than an *état d'âme*. Primarily the communism of a Tolstoy, a Paul T——, is not the development of a sense of the oneness of all men. It is rather the development of a sense of the oneness, not merely of humanity, but of Life itself.

Back of the Revolution there is a movement in the universities: the constructive element of which Miliukov is a type; and class-conscious forces that have grown up in the workshops of the cities, in the last decades. But further back than these groups are the masses of the nation. And they, whether illiterate peasants, or bourgeois, or nobility, represent Russian character. Of this character the greatest power, and also the greatest weakness, is the unwillingness to limit or restrain personality for any end whatsoever. This unwillingness, in its turn, springs from the deep, to Western nations incomprehensible, Russian sense of primordial Life.

Of course this is the secret of the spell of their literature, their music, their theatre, their dance. The Western nations have succumbed, practically without criticism, to the sincerity, the freshness, the spontaneity, of the Russian as an artist. He is richer in this field than we are; and we know it. He is more authentic. He dares so much, on that account, that we would not dare. His novels reveal the stupidities and the meannesses of his nature and ours, along with the exalted beauties, and all recorded with an equal devo-

tion. Since it is all life, one sometimes suspects that the Russian writer finds the one, in its way, as attractive as the other. That is an Asiatic inclination; and it makes naturally for incoherence and cloudiness.

'Man is reducing himself to his minimum in order to make amplest room for his organizations,' says Rabindranath Tagore. That, indeed, is the keynote to the Western world; but not to Russia. That country is not interested in institutions as institutions; and it has no aptitude for building up institutions; because any sort of machinery must perforce curb the course, and trim the sail, of Life. Here again is a suggestion of the mysticism of the East.

There was an intelligent, cultivated Russian woman who pleaded for hours with her fourteen-year-old daughter to promise solemnly that she would never marry. The mother was earnest to the point of vehemence. Her own marriage appeared to be happy enough; her objection to the possible marriage of the daughter — idolized, as most Russian children of that class are — was that she would not be always and perfectly free to do as she pleased. The fear of restraint was greater than the natural conservativeness of woman where social ties are concerned. It is not at all infrequent with Russian women. But still more frequent, and not devoid of an element of the comic, is the species of terror which the men will show at the thought of feminine domination in marriage.

'I could never think of marrying,' said old Prince G——, 'for I knew what my fate would be. Every Russian lives under his wife's slipper.'

Barring an occasional outburst of terrible Asiatic temper on the part of paterfamilias, — usually soon, and contritely, repented of, — this is a fact. The Russian woman is always the

stronger. She has a vitality and energy which the men seem unable to cope with. The stories of Tschaikovsky's erratic marriage and terrified flight, like the aversion, founded on something very like fear, of Strindberg for women (Strindberg being a type of Swede that shows many Russian proclivities, even as much Russian blood has percolated into certain parts of Sweden), receive many explanatory commentaries, if one has known something of the more intimate aspects of Russian existence.

Overdeveloped individualism, and defective coördination reach through all the strata of national life. An abundance of delightful, picturesque, brilliant, and very lovable personalities — but not an organized society.

The lack of order infects the households, the domestic arrangements, where there is frequently the greatest comfort, and even opulence, mixed with the queerest makeshifts. One thinks of Madame C——, who had some beautiful unmounted pearls which she kept in a pill-box. She remains in the memory as a symbol of one of the Asiatic strains that run through this land. After all, the pearls were the important things, were they not?

If they were not so normally amiable and easy-going, one suspects that the Russians would often be very impatient with our precise Western ways: our 'proper thing in the proper place'; our paraphernalia generally. They are more casual — without excluding a barbaric love of luxury, in certain contingencies.

Amiable they almost always are. And if they are not, it will usually be found that the deficiency is in some way connected with what they feel to be the imperious and legitimate demands of their nature, clamoring for expression. It cannot be denied that so much self-introspection and self-pity

become rather disillusioning at times. Especially with Russians who do not stand at the top of the ladder, there is an almost childish insistence on fate's unkind discriminations. The course of friendship with Russians of either sex may have some difficulties, some unexpected misunderstandings, for analogous reasons. 'Very attractive for a time, but one grows very tired of it all,' was the way in which one American diplomat, several years in Petrograd, summed it up.

That is one view. And there is a background for it, in the eyes of people who are of more temperate stock, and who, in the Anglo-Saxon manner, consider the 'cheerful acceptance of the commonplace,' which has been called the Englishman's distinctive contribution to human ethics, the better way.

And yet there is the other view. And it is epitomized for one in an unforgettable picture of a strange funeral procession, wending its way along the roads of Central Russia toward a small white church with green cupolas. As far as the eye could reach waved the fields of yellow wheat, to a far-away horizon, level as the sea. A very young girl, scarcely more than a child, clad in white, and with unbound hair, was being borne on an open white bier, by peasants. Followed parents and friends of the child, also in white, and more peasants. Not an habitual funeral procession. But the mother of the child, whose stony face stared straight ahead, had willed it so. From the big house, built in the days of Nicholas I, after the model of the Grand Trianon, they had come; from the place where the child had been born to her final resting-place, the mother to the last refusing one concession to usage, keeping her eyes on the child's face up to the end. And in the countenances of those following peasants there was something that understood.

GOD'S LITTLE JOKE

A STORY OF THE POLYGAMOUS CITY

BY AN ELDERLY SPINSTER

I

FARKHANDA was peeking out through the outside curtain one morning as I passed, and she called me in. She ought not to have been peeking out, but I forgot that fact. For when I saw her there, suddenly a wave of memory swept over me, and a flood of homesickness and love struck me all unprepared. One sees sometimes, in an Indian city, a face exactly like some dear face at home. A man has collected tickets for years at the Lucknow station, who looks most pleasantly like a favorite aunt of mine. As Farkhanda salaamed to me that morning, a college friendship came back sweet and invigorating: the love of a girl adored by a whole campus-full of women; one who had danced and dived and bowled, played golf and tennis and hockey, better than any of us. And about the time we got our degrees, we learned, to our amazement, that during those mysterious summers which none of us ever shared with her, for the straightening of her crooked spine, she used to lie bound in an iron cast in a New York hospital, and all her athletic strength was the result of her long struggle against disease. And when we understood why she loved moving, singing, even breathing, her gameness became to us almost religion.

And here was Farkhanda standing before me as Betsey used to stand, ex-

pressing more vitality motionless than most women express in action.

'I saw you passing,' she said. 'I wanted to talk to you.'

'That was nice of you,' I answered.

'Where you going?'

'To school.'

'Oh, you have a school? Where is it? Let me see your books.'

'Can you read?' I asked, showing her a Hindustani book of hygiene for girls.

She began at the first page.

'I know my letters. What's that word? Teach me.'

'This is too hard,' I explained. 'You need a primer.'

'Well, I'll get one.' She dispatched a servant to the bazaar for the book. 'Can you read English as well as Hindustani?' she asked.

'Even better,' I answered, truthfully.

'I can't read anything but the Koran,' she sighed.

'You're new here, are n't you?'

'My father-in-law has just been transferred to the treasury department office here. Let me see your hat.'

I took off my heavy sun hat gladly, and she examined it with care inside and out, and tested the sharpness of the hatpins.

'What do you wash your hair with? Why don't you braid it? How do you fasten it on? Why don't you put oil in it? Where did you get your English

shoes? Why do you wear stockings such hot weather? Why do you wear such a lot of clothes?’

She was investigating my underskirt. She herself had on three white garments — a piece of white lawn tied around her for a skirt, a long white *kurta*, which fell nearly to her knees, and a sheer veil, whose point hung to the floor behind her.

‘What sort of soap do you use? What’s your caste? Where’s your father? How many children have you?’

These preliminaries I had heard many times before, but never had they been asked in so thorough and competent a way, and never had I answered them with more relish. By the time the primer came, I had sufficiently accounted for my extraordinary self; so she opened the book at the beginning, and went on spelling out page after page, until I stopped her.

‘That’s a very long lesson for one day,’ I said. ‘We’ll stop here.’

‘Stop? Why?’ she demanded. ‘I want to read it all to-day.’

‘I must go,’ I insisted. ‘I’ve got work to do.’

‘Work! You!’ she exclaimed. ‘Have n’t you servants? What sort of work have you to do?’

‘I’m busy all day,’ I answered emphatically, ‘at the hospital, or the school, or at home.’

‘But what do you *do*?’ she questioned in surprise. ‘I never can think of anything to do.’ She looked helplessly around the high walls of the courtyard. ‘There is nothing to do here. You stay to dinner, and we’ll read the book through.’

I left in a little while, explaining that I could not possibly spend every morning with her.

‘Never mind,’ she said; ‘I’ll come to the hospital to-morrow. I want to see the doctor.’

‘Yes?’ I said.

I knew from her face what she was going to say, and she said it.

‘I have no children.’

‘You’re a child yourself,’ I answered. ‘Don’t be in such a hurry.’

‘I’m fifteen,’ she answered soberly. ‘I’ve been married four years.’

Then, as I said good-bye to her good-natured old mother-in-law, I felt that I had lacked courtesy in letting the girl absorb all my attention. Always afterward, however, when I left that house I felt the same way.

The next morning Farkhanda and her mother-in-law, in the stiffest and proudest of silks and the stiffest and proudest of manners, waited for me at the bougainvillea vine, their outer veils scarcely undone. They looked around over the assembled women and babies with a most aristocratic indifference, which they maintained until I took them to the verandah off which the compounding room opens. At the half-door, where a dozen women were waiting for their prescriptions to be filled, we paused to look inside. All around the room were rows of large labeled bottles, such as one sees in drug stores at home, and drawers, and cupboards. Two girls, in the blue cotton uniforms of Indian nurses, wearing white caps instead of veils, were measuring and mixing medicines.

When Farkhanda saw the compounders, her face grew eager in spite of herself.

‘What’s in those bottles? Who are these girls? Why are they dressed that way? May they give any medicine they like? Why don’t they taste it?’

Her mother-in-law accounted for the girls with one word, and that was the oldest word of Moslem contempt for Christians. I explained that the doctor saw each patient, wrote a ‘letter’ saying what each needed, and that the girls carried out her written orders.

'Does she write in Hindustani?' she asked.

'English,' I answered.

'Can the girls read English? Where did they learn? I will learn English.'

She wanted to go inside and investigate each bottle, but I persuaded her to see the rest of the buildings with her mother-in-law. In the wards where I took them, she fired at me an explosion of questions that no one before had thought to ask. In the kitchen she inquired into every detail of marketing and cooking. When we looked in through the glass doors of the operating room, she was overcome with wonder.

'What *are* all those things in glass cases?' she cried. 'I did n't know there were so many things! I will learn *doctari*.'

The mother-in-law, who was proud enough of the girl's cleverness, laughed heartily at this absurd idea.

'No, but I will learn it,' insisted Farkhanda. 'You teach me.'

I explained humbly that I did n't know *doctari*.

'It takes years and years to learn it,' I assured her.

'But you've been to school,' she insisted, surprised at my stupidity.

'But one has to go to college to learn *doctari*.'

'But you've been there, too,' she replied.

'Then to other colleges — years and years — like men; and then to learn to make medicine you must go to other colleges.'

'Oh,' she cried in surprise, 'I did n't know there were so many colleges. I thought you knew everything.'

I am a modest person. I explained that there were a few subjects that I had not completely mastered. And then, for the pleasure of seeing her amazement, I told her something I have enjoyed telling many women.

'I went to college only four years,' I

said. 'But some women go twice as long as that. And they used to say where I went, that if one took all the courses, — studied all the subjects, you know, — it would take a hundred and twenty-eight years to do it all.'

I had to repeat this to her, and when she understood it, she cried piously, 'God in Heaven! What do they study all that time?'

I had heard that question until I could almost sing the answer.

'The sun and the moon and the stars and the light,' I began, 'and rivers and mountains and all the earth. And blood and medicines and livers and lungs, and counting and measuring and making books, and Greek and Arabic and Persian and tongues; and some study music all their lives, and some paint pictures all their lives, and die before they have finished —'

'God in Heaven!' repeated the girl. 'Are n't they married?'

'Oh, men, I mean,' I explained. 'Men — and some women.'

'Men and women!' she exclaimed. 'Did *you* study with men?'

'Yes, I did,' I said. 'We can. Yes, unveiled. Barefaced.'

Farkhanda was thoroughly shocked.

'Were n't you *ashamed*?' she cried.

'I was not,' I assured her. 'It is our custom. Men don't mind us being about. They don't pay much attention to us. And if they do, it does n't hurt us. They are not that kind of men.'

'But what kind are they?' the girl gasped. 'Angels?'

'Well, not exactly,' I answered. I am afraid I never explained this point satisfactorily. 'They are just — Americans, decent men to work with.'

The mother-in-law was listening to me with a wise smile.

Farkhanda said, 'I could study, too, if I were there. I could learn everything. I could study a thousand years. But' — with a sigh — 'I'm married!'

I took them over to the bungalow, to show them through it, and, excusing myself for a moment, left them sitting in the drawing-room. When I returned, they were opening the drawers of the dining-room sideboard and examining the silverware.

'I wanted to see what was in this thing,' the girl told me, without the least embarrassment. 'What sort of spoons are these?'

They were forks. Then she proceeded to explore each room and closet of our house.

After that morning Farkhanda became what we reluctantly call a 'hospital haunter.' She managed some way to need treatment three or four days a week, and the other days she came for amusement. I suppose her hospital experience was to her what a year in Europe is to an American girl. It amused the doctor, who loved her for Betsey's sake, to see that the hospital girls, who generally maintain a deplorable attitude of superiority to uneducated women, received her as one of themselves. I got to know her well. Her mother she did not remember, she told me, but of the great *maulvie*, her father, she told me many proud stories.

'He had so many followers,' she declared, 'that we had no place to store the gifts they brought him, so he fed butter to his shining ponies, which he rode in *nezabazi*. Do you know that game, Miss Sahib, where men riding furiously down a race-course pick up from the ground on their long spears a little stake?' Her eyes shone when she recalled that. 'How I loved being taken to those games! And the crowds! My father always won. But when I was seven, he would n't let me go any more. Said I was too big to be out. And he had a little *burqua* made for me. How I hated that veil! And every day I'd get punished by my grand-

mother for going out without it. "Why can't you stay in the house," she'd say, "like a decent child? Do women go outside?" Every day I'd get punished. But after my brother was born, I never ran away again. That was the highest day. I shall never forget it. I used to look at him by the hour, and hold him. I was never lonely then. He was the loveliest baby! I taught him all his games and his tricks. Little moon, he was. And when he got bumped, it was to me he came crying. I nearly died after I was married, and I could never see him again.'

'Why could n't you?' I asked.

'Oh, my father died after all my wedding clothes were ready, and my stepmother wanted to break my engagement. "Why should this girl get out of the family?" her people said. But my grandmother was furious and would not allow them to carry out their plans. So that quarrel was a wall unto heaven, and my stepmother took the baby and went to her people away up north. He was three then. And I was married, and then my grandmother died. So now I have no home to go to visit. But when my brother is grown, I will go to see him. When fathers are gone, what have women but brothers?'

Husbands, of course, do not count. Farkhanda's did not. I saw him once when he was home during the vacation of a school in Amritsar. He was a loose-jointed, languid, untidy sort of a schoolboy, about sixteen. One could not imagine a girl so unsentimental as Farkhanda taking very much interest in him. Fortunately he was seldom at home. This left her free — perhaps too free — to spend much of her time in the hospital, where she made the best of her opportunities. She had always a book in her hand, and she stood about the verandah, 'ripening her lessons,' as she said, and getting new ones all the time, in spite of our objections.

She waylaid me every time I passed with, 'What's that word?' or 'What does this mean?' She stood with the women who waited at the half-door of the compounding room, and pushed her book in front of the compounder every time a patient turned away satisfied. Undaunted she crept in, between the turns of the impatient women, to the table where the doctor sat in the dispensary, with, 'Tell me how to say this'—and the doctor never could resist her, until one day, when this eager young reader walked calmly into the operating-room when she was removing a cataract.

She spent many hot afternoons, contrary to our most cherished rules, in the big room where the nurses were supposed to be resting. I came in suddenly upon them one day at three o'clock, when they were having a very hilarious rehearsal, in extreme negligence, of the play they intended giving.

'Farkhanda,' I began very soberly, 'what are you doing here?'

'Miss Sahib,' she answered humbly, 'I'm learning my lessons. Let me stay. I want to play with these girls. I've nothing to do at home. It's lonely.'

'Your father-in-law would be very angry if he knew you were away all day,' I continued.

'But he won't know it,' she reasoned, 'I'll get home first. My mother-in-law does n't mind.'

All the nurses began pleading for her. They were to have a 'drama,' the story of Joseph, and a little 'drami,' the Prodigal Son—and Farkhanda of course must be the Pharaoh, the king. Would n't I just let her come afternoons till they had the play ready?

They were such nice girls, after all, that I had to agree. They gave their play by starlight, in the courtyard, to an audience of bewildered convalescents and a few Moslem friends who could get permission to come by night

to see it. It was a most extraordinary performance. Moses himself would not have known the story. The doctor and I sat together, enjoying it as much as any—not the play, but the shining eyes of the audience, and Farkhanda's radiant abandonment of herself to the joy of the occasion. The stars that shone down on us have seen many an Indian king in their day. But I doubt if they ever saw a king more elated, more amusing, or more lovable than Pharaoh was that night.

When Farkhanda's servant, some time after that, asked me to go to see her, I suddenly remembered that the girl had not been in the hospital for some days.

When I entered her home, I knew it was out of tune.

'I have n't seen you for a long time,' I ventured to say.

'No!' she answered scornfully. 'I'm not allowed to go out now. She's made a fuss about my going out—my husband's brother's wife.' She looked venomously at a woman carrying a baby down the stairs. 'Lord! how I hate her! I'll get even.'

I suggested that this attitude was hardly worthy of a woman who wished to learn *doctari*; and besides, it was unbecoming.

'Unbecoming!' she cried. 'How? She's always saying I'm plain and sallow, and she pities my husband because he's childless. Just because she has two little beasts of her own!'

I had seldom heard an Indian woman speak with so little reverence of children.

'Do you think she's pretty?'

'Indeed I don't,' I said honestly. 'I'd much rather look at you.'

The other woman was round and pink and stupid. Farkhanda's thin face was all one bright ivory color except for her carmine lips; and her dark eyes and even the shadows and sweet

curves around them seemed to glow as she looked straight at me, eagerly, unafraid.

'One sees something more than face, looking at you.'

Her mind jumped with characteristic energy to this idea. What did I mean?

I told her of faces made beautiful by character; of what Ruskin said of the things which mar beauty. And for some reason I told her of the grit and victory of our Betsey. The story roused her to protest.

'Oh I'm *not* like that,' she cried. 'Not at *all*. You don't see nice things when you look at my face. There's none for you to see. What can I do? I won't stand this.'

I wanted to make her happy again.

'Your brother-in-law will go away soon. Then you'll be allowed to go to the hospital as before; and I'll come often.'

And as we were talking, standing by the inner curtain, her brother-in-law pushed the curtain aside and came in. Farkhanda had little time to pull her veil down over her face, but most women in such circumstances would have managed it. In our city an elder brother must not look on the face of a younger brother's wife. This elder brother did it, and enjoyed it. His face lighted up as if he had bent over a flame. Any man's would, looking at her. In a moment he was gone.

'Farkhanda,' I whispered, 'be careful!'

'Oh, trust me for that,' she laughed flippantly. 'Don't bother about me,' she added. 'It does n't matter.'

The next week, the brother-in-law returned, a day earlier than his family had planned, to his work on the northern frontier. Farkhanda went with him. When I told the doctor this, she said with a great deal of energy, 'Of course!'

II

One summer, a long time afterward, it happened that the doctor could find no women of sufficient experience and discretion to take charge of the Katur dispensary. So for two months I went out Tuesdays and Fridays on the train, with a young Indian girl who could manage simple cases. We slept in the walled dispensary courtyard at night, began clinic at six in the morning, and went home by the noon train. We used to get to the dispensary about eight, and always prepared for bed at once. And then, because every fifteen miles the vocabulary, inflections, and idioms of the language of our women change, I used to listen for hours to the yarns that the women who crept down from adjoining high roofs would spin for us, filling up a note-book in the dark with sentences hard to read in the morning. I remember distinctly that a gentle old Hindu woman was telling me about the amazing things that happen the day a snake a hundred years old turns into a beautiful youth, and I was thinking how fortunate it is that most snakes die young, when some one rattled the outside chain of the door, and my discreet teachers disappeared over the wall.

'A woman's here,' the watchman called sleepily.

I opened the door a little crack.

'Oh, let me in! Let me hide!' some one begged, pushing against the door. 'Miss Sahib, you know *me*. Let me in. I shall be killed.'

I had no desire to become involved in a neighborhood quarrel in Katur, with a young girl and an old watchman on my hands. But the woman's distress I could not withstand. She pushed in, and locked the door after her. In the starlight I could see from her full silk skirt and shameless veils that she was a dancer.

She looked quickly around her. At one end of the courtyard were three living-rooms and a verandah; at the other, three dispensary rooms. She made toward the open living-rooms. 'I'll hide there,' she whispered.

I was asking for some explanation. I could see she was trembling.

'Don't you know me?' she answered. 'I'm Farkhanda.'

She was inside the room now, and as I turned up the lantern, she shut the door, and then the barred window which opened into the street. When the light fell on her face, as she turned to me, I remembered the girl who was like Betsey. The fire had gone out of her face. I saw only ashes there. I opened the door into the court, turned out the lantern, and sat down by her. She was rocking back and forth on the floor, her face hidden in her knees.

'What's the matter?' I asked. 'Where did you come from, here?'

She said nothing, but sat rocking and groaning. After a while she cried, 'O God! O God! *That man* was my brother!'

I remembered then that she had a brother, and that she had left our city suddenly.

'You came back to your brother?' I asked. And then because I could not think of Betsey and this girl's costume at once, I said the worst thing possible. 'Farkhanda, why are you wearing those clothes?'

'Ask God,' she moaned. 'I don't know. Why am I wearing these clothes! Why *am* I wearing these clothes!'

We sat still a long while, until she had groaned 'O Miss Sahib!' two or three times.

'Tell me what's the matter,' I urged. 'Did n't he receive you?'

'Oh, he received me,' she echoed. 'How he received me! Why did n't he kill me first? I don't want to hide. I want to die.'

I sat there for hours, it seems, helplessly watching her suffer. Some time before dawn I knew the story she told in choking bits.

'I saw you on the train,' she said. 'But I would n't let you see me. I was ashamed. I dance now — I came to dance at a wedding — my father was Sheik Alim Shah!'

To help her on, I said, 'But you knew your brother was here, did n't you?'

'No, I did n't know. I should have known he would find me out some time. I saw in the crowd over there a man more handsome than them all, as proud as a conqueror. He sat there looking so disgusted — looking disgusted at *me*. I would n't have it. And so — Oh, Lord, I can't tell *you* — I've learned horrible things. I sang at him — I — made him come up where I stood — close to me, looking at me — and singing. We were in the centre of hundreds of men — in a garden. And then the man who asked me to come cried out to us, laughing. He shouted — he said, "Aziz Shah, kiss your sister."

'My heart died just then. But he went on singing. Then that man cried, "Men, see Sheik Alim Shah's children! Are n't they loving?"

'And when he heard our father's name in jest, my brother turned around angrily toward the man. But he sneered, "You did n't know you had a sister? I'm making you know!"

'The world was silent. My brother stood looking at me — *looking*. Stillness. He asked, "Is this true?"

'I said yes. I forgot my shame. I stretched out my hand to him. Somebody laughed. The way he looked at me was worse than all curses. Then he rushed away, stumbling —'

She sat moaning, and crying, 'My brother! my brother! I heard them laughing, recalling things about my father. I cursed my way through them.'

I did n't know where to go. I said, "My brother will return and kill me if I stay, and they will all say he does well to. And if I go out into the street, thieves will kill me for the fortune of jewelry I wear." I came to you.'

'But Farkhanda,' I cried, 'why did that unspeakable man do it?'

'Oh, once in Lahore I was with a judge. I heard cases. Both sides came to me with gifts — and I listened. And as I decided, the verdict was given. I got much money — I am rich — rich. But I have no brother!

'When my brother went away, I was standing there dying, and that man called out, "You remember that watered garden of mine you gave to my cousin? I swore I would have revenge for that, and the Most High has filled my cup to overflowing — in wonderful ways, in ways beyond prayer. You have forgotten the garden? You'll remember me!"'

Once she said, 'You'll hear terrible stories about me now. True ones, too. I tell you I loved that city when I first saw it. Crowds and people and much to do. I knew it all. I learned it. I saw all the palaces of its kings, and their gardens and tombs, as men go to see them. I ruled the city. After a while there was nothing new to do. Last week, one night, I looked out over the miles and miles of roofs, and I knew there was not a man in one of those houses of whom I could not make a fool. And not a woman who did not pray against me. I was tired of it all.'

After a long pause she cried, 'How well God arranges his little jokes! That fate should bring me here! That I should have danced before my brother! I hated it all. That's why I came here when that man asked me. I wanted something new to do. But now I know. There is nothing new but pain.'

She was right about pain.

At dawn I brought her some strong

tea, and she trembled as she drank it.

'I'm going home by the early train,' she announced. 'My party won't go till noon. I'm not afraid now. I want a thick veil.'

It was too early for the shops to be opened, and we searched through the dispensary without finding anything that would serve as a veil.

'I can't go unveiled,' she moaned. 'I must have a thick veil to wear in his city — to hide me.'

She was looking out toward my cot in the courtyard. I brought her my two sheets. One she tied around her waist, in place of her billowy silk skirt. The other one had coarse lace set in across the top, in which were crocheted the cryptic words, 'God is love.' A nurse had given it to me at Christmas. This Farkhanda draped over her head, and pulled down over her face. 'God is love' hung down behind about her knees. She started to go out.

'You'd better wait here a while,' I said. 'It's early yet, and you had better not get to the station too early. There might be trouble.'

'That's true,' she agreed wearily, sitting down.

The assistant and I had our tea near her on the verandah, and set about dusting the bottles and the cupboards. I was wrapping cotton round little sticks, making swabs for throats and eyes, when our sweeper-woman came in for her morning duties. She was talking eagerly to another woman, and paused outside the verandah so that the necessity of salaaming to me would not interrupt her.

'Yes, and his face is all black,' she was saying excitedly, 'and his throat — and his eyes bulge out — open — oh —'

'Whose eyes bulge out?' I asked, thinking that they were bringing a patient.

'Salaam, Miss Sahib,' she cried.

'Ah, the young *maulvie*'s. He hanged himself last night. You should see the way his eyes —'

From Farkhanda there came a little stricken moan.

'Keep still,' I commanded the woman, feeling suddenly very tired.

There was a most awful silence. Farkhanda's shriek broke it.

'It is my brother!' she cried, rising, stretching her arms straight up above her.

'No, it is n't,' I said to her helplessly; 'it is n't your brother.'

'It was Maulvie Alim Shah,' said the woman importantly. 'You never heard anything like it. They say he did it for shame. Last night, they say, at the wedding —'

Farkhanda's outburst of death-wailing I shall never forget. Till noon that day it kept chills running up and down my back, so that I thought I was getting fever. She stumbled out through the courtyard, seeing nothing, her arms stretched up toward heaven.

'Where are you going?' I cried to her. 'Sit down. You don't know where you're going.'

'I go to see my brother,' she wailed. 'I've always wanted to see him.'

She would not come back. I sent the dumfounded sweeper-woman after her to show her the way to the house.

'They'll never receive her,' I said. 'Bring her back if they turn her out.'

The clinic had scarcely opened when she came back at the head of a dusty crowd of small boys, curious loafers, and a few low-caste women. The men who lingered around our courtyard door after she had come in, I dispersed with militant efficiency, hating all men on the face of the earth just then. If that man had to die, I was thinking angrily, why could n't he die for his own sins, or for the sins of the men about him? Had not Farkhanda already her weight of shame?

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The sweeper-woman was telling me, weeping, what had happened at the house where the man lay dead.

'There was a great crowd around the door. She wanted to go in. But his father-in-law on the threshold cursed her away. And as she stood there weeping, when some one called to him from inside, he threw at her the rope they had cut from his neck. "Take that! It's yours," he said to her. And she picked it up and kissed it. She's brought it with her.'

We went and sat down in the dust where she was rocking back and forth. The women were weeping, even my protégée, and I sat awkwardly dumb and tearless. Farkhanda had begun wailing out that terrible death-song — that instinctive expression of the sorrows of the women of the East; a variation, according to the occasion, of words they know too well. They sing it to the air they call 'the stricken air,' which may be the oldest in the world.

'Did light shine on the earth? My sun is stiff and cold.

O wailing walls, be still. O earth, contain my grief.

Hope came with morning light. There is no morning light.

Do young men hate their life? My brother hated life.

Do strong men die of shame? My brother died of shame.

Do princes hang in ropes? My prince hung in a rope.'

As she sobbed the words on and on, the three girls she had brought from Lahore with her came in and sat down with her. Through the morning they sat there, 'pulling out their sorrow from their soul as a wire is drawn through a too small hole in iron,' while the crowd of women around eyed them, some condemningly, some awe-stricken, some sighing. Once a few, led by a simple-hearted woman, sat down with them, only to be scolded away when a friend of the newly widowed woman

came in. There she sat, undone, the *maulvie's* daughter who danced; and there was God's hand, punishing her of course according to her sins. It was uncomfortable to think about, — suppose it was our turn, now, — but it was a good story. There had been nothing like it, — suicides were rare, — and this was more than suicide.

I doubt whether Farkhanda heard or saw anything that went on around her that morning. We took her with us on the noon train, but when we got to our city she refused to stay with us. She insisted on changing into the Lahore train.

'I'll come and see you some time,' she said. Then she added, 'He ought not to be buried there. He should be buried by my father.'

In our city we make thrilling stories out of no material at all, and so of course the tales of Farkhanda's wickedness, after being revised on every roof by starlight, and enlarged in every darkened room at noon, were tales to be remembered. Gradually, however, our neighbors' business absorbed our attention completely, and we forgot about Farkhanda.

III

One evening, two or three months ago, when the winter rains were driving through the verandahs, I came into our great cellar of a drawing-room and found the doctor sitting in front of the glowing fire, with her feet dangerously far into the fireplace.

'Tired?' I asked as I sat down beside her. I noticed that her arms were lying limply along the chair-arms.

'I've had a day of it,' she answered. 'You never know what's coming next. I've had to resort to discipline.'

'How terrible!' I exclaimed.

'That new watchman, — he's an

able financier. He's been admitting a perfect stream of visitors into the hospital all afternoon, for a small fee. There's a holy woman in the left ward upstairs. She's so desperately holy that she's turned the hospital into a mosque.'

'What did she come for?' I asked. 'Who is she?'

'She's got half a dozen well-developed diseases,' the doctor went on. 'We cleaned out an awful green sore on her knee day before yesterday. She has tuberculosis — nose and throat. She's starved, really, from fasting. We'd hardly got her into bed and our backs turned, till she crawled out and lay on the cement floor — imagine! on a day like this. And she insisted on lying there, till I threatened to put her out. She got out five times in the night to say her prayers. Wish I were as zealous about mine, I must say. We had such a time getting her to eat. She suffers terribly.'

The next morning, in the hospital, I suddenly remembered the saint, and being as much interested in holiness as other women, I went up to the little bare room which her presence hallowed. I found a very old woman, tucked under a coarse brown blanket, lying on the iron cot. A white veil was pulled tightly across her forehead just above her eyes. Her thin lips were muttering something continually. Her servant, who had salaamed to me condescendingly, saw me watching with surprise the labored moving of the muscles of her throat.

'She always breathes that way,' she volunteered, 'just in her throat. For ten years she has not taken a full breath. She strives only to know the will of God.'

'But why?' I asked, ignominiously.

'Her vow.' Then, bethinking herself, she grew friendly. 'The peace of heaven descend upon you!' she began.

'God give you seven sons' — a rather inconsistent prayer, I thought. 'Do you happen to be the head of this hospital? My mistress's rank is but little appreciated in this place. Could you not give your slaves orders to let her lie on the floor? She is not used to beds. Truly the floor does her no harm. Saints don't mind cold and hardness. So much medicine and care is not what she wants. Can't you see? Night and day she waits upon God. She seeks Him in prayer.'

'I see what you mean,' I assured her. 'But I am not the head here. Our ways are new to you, and you have misunderstood. Have you not read that lying on cement floors in hospitals in the winter annoys the Most High greatly? It's as bad as eating the unclean beast. In hospitals He desires neither prayers nor fasts, but only obedience to the doctor. And his wrath rests on the stubborn so that their recovery is delayed. You look around, and you'll see.'

The woman was listening with the simplicity of a small child.

Suddenly I noticed that the saint had opened her eyes and was keenly watching me. They were piercing eyes, trying to look through me, with anything but childlike simplicity. I hurriedly improvised chapter and verse. She closed her eyes and continued praying. I was ashamed of my nonsense.

The servant, greatly reassured by my wisdom, gave a sigh of relief.

'Every fifteen breaths, the name of God. That name of God's ninety-nine names whose turn it is. Day and night, every fifteen breaths, for eleven years. And besides the fast of Ramazan, a forty-days' fast every year.'

The saint silenced the servant by a weak gesture.

'Mother, may the Lord give you strength and healing in this place!'

And because she seemed very ill, I left her, naturally wanting to know her story.

It was the mother of the 'Gift of God' who enlightened me, a few hours later.

'Miss Sahib,' she began, her face shining with the delight of those who startle, 'do you know who that is, upstairs — that holy woman?'

'She's from Rassiwali, or some place, I hear,' I said.

'She's Farkhanda!' announced my informant importantly. 'Don't you remember, that *conjuri* whose brother hung himself?'

She brought the story all back to me. 'She's as good as she was bad,' she said. 'She's better. They go for miles to see her. I never went, but my aunts did. They say her shrine is like a big cage, all made of openwork brick, and away out alone in a cemetery, where her father is buried. A *maulvie* from Lahore built it for her when she was in Mecca. And when she came back, the *maulvie* went out with her, and a big crowd, and they put her in and locked the door, and took the key away. And when you looked in, there was nothing to see but her — and the rope.'

I suppose that I have never gone up those stairs as quickly as I went up that day. In the hallowed room I found a nurse dressing the sore, and when I exclaimed over the thinness of the uncovered leg, the nurse raised the *kurta* and showed me the protruding ribs of the emaciated body, and the joints which seemed too large. How could I believe that this skeleton, this withered death's head, was really little Miss Betsey? This was what the years in Lahore, the years in the shrine, had left of the girl who would study a thousand years; of our giggling, glowing, jubilant Pharaoh; of the victim of God's little joke.

I stood looking at her, not daring to

speak, not knowing what to say. Her eyes were still closed and her lips moving when I crept away. In the courtyard below I cross-questioned every woman who volunteered any information about the shrine, and wonderful tales I heard from them. And I only partly believed, what I afterward verified: that so many worshipers went to pray at her shrine that now mail trains stop at the little station near it, where formerly only locals stopped.

To this day I can't understand why I never heard before of Farkhanda's sanctification. I told the mother of the 'Gift of God' that it was because she was so much more eager to tell bad news than good.

But she answered, laughing, 'Oh, you always think you know all about this city. But you don't. I could tell you a few things now. You never see anything but these hospital walls.'

For days Farkhanda lay just as I left her that morning. But the doctor has had a sad amount of experience in the diseases of people who starve, not from choice but from necessity, and the skill and care which she poured out on Farkhanda slowly worked a most gratifying change in her condition. I never saw the doctor more pleased with her success. Certainly she had never before had a patient who unconsciously overturned so thoroughly that oriental way of managing which it pleases us to call hospital routine. The saint's presence turned our orthodox missionary institution into a mosque for women. We had no patients left, but she had many fervent worshipers. The first month she was with us, there was a record attendance of village women in the dispensary, who came in groups from many places miles away, carrying their babies with them to receive her blessing.

When she got strong enough to say her early afternoon prayers in the sun

on the verandah, the clinic would suddenly empty with a rush in her direction when she appeared. Instead of women clamoring for immediate attention in the clinic, we had to insist upon their coming in for their turns.

She was with us ten weeks, and though she often talked with the doctor, during all that time, when I saw her often, she never spoke to me except in benedictions, until a day or two before she left us. She felt, I suppose, that I would try to dissuade her from spending the rest of her life in the shrine, as she proposed doing. One afternoon, with my arms full of disinfected blankets, I passed through the verandah where by some chance she sat alone. Smiling up at me as if I were a dear and naughty child, she motioned me to sit down beside her.

'Let's talk a while,' she said. 'It's sweet to make words together.'

I had never felt more honored in my life.

'You've missed making words?' I asked.

'Have I missed it! God knows whether or not I have.'

The light of so great an earnestness shone in her eyes as she answered me, that I knew that, though her face was worn with battles, her spirit was still unsubdued. She had become again, very slightly, like the girl Farkhanda.

'You don't suppose, because I did n't talk to you, that I don't remember how good you were to me that night,' she began.

'I knew you had your vow. I'm sorry I never knew where you were. I would have gone to see you.'

'You would have asked me to come away,' she said, 'would n't you?'

'Indeed I would have,' I answered.

'I had plenty who tried that,' she said.

'Who?' I asked, wondering.

'Oh, people used to come at first—

many. One still comes — one man from Lahore —'

Of all things that she might have been proud of, she was proud of that. How pitiable are we women!

'He comes in fall — and he comes in spring — at the April full moon. You know that night — when I can hear the music of the Hindu Saturnalia? He used to bring men with picks, at first, to tear down my wall.'

After a silence I said, 'Farkhanda, did it never occur to you that any one might have torn that shrine of yours brick from brick, and no one could have heard you, to help. *He* might have done that.'

'He might *not* have,' she exclaimed. 'He did n't dare.'

'Well, I'm glad you were n't afraid, anyway,' I continued.

'Afraid!' she exclaimed. 'I've been consumed with fear.'

She stretched out an arm to show me how thin it still was.

'Unless it had been God's will that I should live, I would have died every day that first winter.'

'But why?' I asked.

'*Churails*,' she replied. 'Ghosts of women who die pregnant. A man died of fear when he met one in that mango grove, once when I was a little girl. I had forgotten it. But when the darkness fell that first night, I remembered, suddenly. I had no charm. Some people get a hair from one of them — their hairs are all living, like snakes. Their long teeth hang out. Their feet are on backward, heels first. If you get a hair, and sew it into a little slit above your knee, they can't hurt you. One looked in at me that night, green eyes in the dark. I ran around the shrine, feeling for the door, screaming for some one to let me out. But away off in the town, every one was asleep. — Every night I resolved to get out in the morning. After bodies are buried, jackals come

howling about. Fridays, when spirits go back to their homes, I waited for morning. I put my rope to the east at sunset, so I'd know where to look for the sun — I waited for some one to call to.'

'But you never called,' I reminded her.

'In the morning I'd hear them laughing as they passed. "Can a *conjuri* give up her way of living?" one asked, those first days. And the other answered, "Can a woman stop breathing?" So then I stopped breathing. I had my rope to kiss. I would not leave. Anyway, I used to remember what you said when I asked you why the evil eye could not fall upon babies in the hospital. You said that if you did n't fear *churails* and evil eyes, they could n't touch you. You said if any one laughed at them, they ran away. You told me that you walked at twilight once through a wide dark desert place, —' she used such a lovely Panjabi word to make one see the dark and the solitude and the distance, — 'and you saw a little way off an evil spirit. And when you were not afraid, but walked right up to it, it turned into a man carrying a bundle of grass on his head.'

'I did n't say that,' I expostulated.

'Yes, you did. I remembered. I used to try to laugh. But it sounded like crying. I could never deceive them.'

'Farkhanda!' I cried. 'That was a straying donkey, or a cow, or goat, that looked in on you.'

She interrupted me, entirely unconvinced.

'Oh, well, anyway, I'm not so afraid now. I've got over that. And I had my dogs.'

'Dogs?' I questioned, knowing that Moslems consider dogs unclean.

'Two *conjuris* brought a little child-dog out to me by night, when they came out to pray — they were so sorry

for my loneliness. They thought I was too proud to take a gift from them, so very quietly they put her in at the little hole through which I sweep my shrine out. I called out after them, "Sisters, the Lord show you kindness!" I cried the night the puppy came — all night.'

'You must often have cried, I should think,' I said.

'No, I did n't. I never cried except that night when I touched her. She was so warm and soft and little. I had n't touched anything living for three years then.'

'I'm glad you had her for company.'

'I did n't. She got too big to crawl in and out of the hole. Once she got stuck, and cried like a child. Then I put the water-jar in front of the hole, so she could never get in again.'

'Why did n't you keep her inside with you?' I asked.

'She had no mate in there,' she answered.

When I began begging her not to go back, she said rather sharply, 'You don't know what you're saying. You make me want my rope to kiss. If I did n't go back, I'd be in Lahore again in a week.'

Mighty convenient thing, a locked shrine, I thought. Every one ought to have one.

'And besides,' she continued, 'a Hindu fakir sat under the banyan tree by the pond for eleven years, not far from my shrine. He had torn out his tongue, and every two minutes he roared like a bull. He had great fame.

I must have greater — for my brother. Ten years have I sat there untarnishing my father's shining name. This winter, when I got ill, the bitterness of death was in my heart, lest I might die too soon. I sent word to my brother's widow's family, that I would make a journey to the hospital. I sent word to the man who gave me my rope. He came with servants, — he was proud to come, — and had my shrine opened, and his servants carried me to the train. It was an honor for him. Next week he comes to take me back.'

She was speaking with complacency, with satisfaction, with something that seemed like anticipation. There was no use in my arguing, absolutely none.

'Farkhanda,' I said, — and I felt like crying, — 'I'm sure I'll never wake up again in my warm bed at night and listen to the tempests of rain roaring through our trees, without thinking miserably of you out there alone on the cold stones. Don't go back to fasting.'

'Now for that,' she answered, 'may the Lord reward you! When I can't sleep in my shrine, I shall pray for you. The Lord be her thick veil, the Lord be her thick veil, God shield her from all men's eyes, I shall pray. Twelve years at least I must pray there. Twelve years will be enough — and as much after as God wishes. I tell you, I am very glad to be living to go back, child.'

At the time it seemed natural that she should call me 'child.' But later, when the doctor and I reckoned up the years, I remembered that she was thirty-four. I was ten years older.

AFTER BATTLE

BY LOUISE MORGAN SILL

I. WOUNDED

BARE floors, but not too clean;
White beds, but not too white —
I saw blood-stains on one of the sheets.
He had not slept all night;
The shell that burst so deadly near
Had struck out his sight.

His arms were bandaged thick,
Broken by that same shell.
He said he did not know he was hurt,
But heard a savage yell.
He did not know it was himself
Who shrieked it, in that hell.

He told me that he walked
For twenty yards or so,
And sat down by the shelter
He somehow seemed to know.
And all around were terrible sounds
Of human-animal woe.

They've bandaged his torn head,
And each queer, moveless arm,
And left him lying on the ground
Out of the way of harm,
And thrust a sharp thing in his flesh
That soothed him like a charm.

AFTER BATTLE

And then — twelve endless days
Of unwashed agony.
'And now,' he said, 'since I got here,
And they have tended me,
I'm getting better every day —
It's fine as it can be.'

His legs were pierced with wounds —
Shell-fragments, stones and such.
'Some day,' he said, 'I'll walk
All round here with a crutch.'
I asked him if he suffered much.
He said, 'No — not *too* much.'

II. THE LITTLE POILU

Up and down the ward he walked,
With one arm in a sling.
'Won't you have some cigarettes?'
We asked, 'or anything?'
But up and down he walked,
And ceaselessly he talked.

Oh, such a little man he seemed,
So harmless and so kind.
He had the slightest sort of wound —
But what had hurt his mind?
As up and down he walked,
And eagerly he talked.

And all he said was true,
And sensible and sound.
He talked about the soldiers,
And the shell-ploughed battleground.
But what had happened to his head? —
For next day he was dead.

III. AT THE END

He sat propped up in his bed.
 (For the nurse had led me there
To this little room apart
 Left to her special care,
Where a soldier was about,
Almost smiling, to 'go out.')

By his bed two women sat,
 Poor, and trying not to show
What they knew. One was his wife.
 I drew near and, speaking low,
Offered some poor humble word
Of human friendship. And he heard.

His impassive gentle face,
 Showed a clean life, a pure heart.
He was one of those who leave
 Love behind them when they start
Off to 'join the regiment' —
Yet with duty are content.

Then I dared: 'Some cigarettes —
 You will smoke them after a while.'
Never can my eyes forget
 The salt sweetness of the smile
He turned slowly on his wife,
 As if he would thus beguile
The last moments of his life
 With a humor truly French: —
'Very soon I shall be dead —
 Does one smoke when one lies under —
Or in Paradise — I wonder?'

THE GERMAN OUTLOOK FOR PARLIAMENTARY GOVERNMENT

BY A. D. McLAREN

THE longer the present conflict lasts, the stronger grows the inclination to project the mind into the new world that is to follow it. Especially in regard to future political conditions in the German Empire, has speculation been rife since August 4, 1914. Will an extension of the principles of parliamentary government in Germany be one inevitable result of the upheaval? Many English writers and politicians answer this question confidently in the affirmative; and every protest against autocratic rule which appears in a section of the German press, every political 'crisis,' immediately becomes an incident on which they base conclusions confirming this view.

If few aspects of German life to-day appeal to the average Englishman's sympathies, this is particularly true of Germany's political system. That system has always been a puzzle to the English mind. The English people, retaining to the present day a sense of loyalty to their monarchy and their House of Lords, are, and have long been, active participants in the exercise of political power. Their attitude to these institutions is determined by their historical evolution. Yet their proneness to ignore historic factors when dealing with political conditions elsewhere constantly leads them to misinterpret surface indications and to see temporary issues in a false perspective. Over a hundred Socialists are elected to the Reichstag; a vote of

censure is passed on the military authorities for outrages on the civilian population; public meetings are held, demanding the reform of the Prussian House of Representatives — on the occasion of every one of these events or agitations during the two years before the war, it was asserted here, with unlimited assurance, that the German people were determined to apply the brake to the Prussian 'machine,' and that the advent of responsible self-government was at hand.

In order to arrive at an understanding of developments in German politics to-day, and to approach the question of the outlook for the future, one must have clear ideas concerning the nature of Germany's social and political structure, and, above all, concerning the attitude of Germans themselves to their government and to the problems of practical politics as they see them. I believe that we can best reach this end by considering (1) the leading characteristics of Prussia's state organization; (2) the main features of German federalism and their influence on the parliamentary régime; (3) the more significant of the recent political tendencies; and (4) the present political situation and its meaning.

I

Reams of formal disquisition on the theory of the state held by German philosophers and historians, or on the

German constitution, will not convey to the mind of the everyday Englishman or American a just appreciation of the political psychology of the German people. I often challenged Germans to a comparison between their own political system and that of Great Britain or the United States, on the ground either of material well-being or of intelligent interest in national affairs. The challenge was nearly always readily accepted. In the domestic sphere, they pointed to their social legislation and to the all-round improvement in the conditions of the laboring classes. In the sphere of foreign policy, they asked me to name any parallel to Germany's development from a 'geographical expression' to one of the greatest of European powers. The driving-power behind this development was the Prussian state.

Solidarity at home, 'real' politics abroad — if we once grasp the full meaning of this characteristically Prussian doctrine, we possess the key to the political situation in Germany. The German people is, more than any other in Europe, a *Staatsvolk*: that is to say, the German sees in the state the cause and reason of his own existence.

The type of the German state has been determined by the history, the race-characteristics, and the geographical situation of the people of Prussia. The German people became a nation through Prussia's kings, and the Prussian monarchy has never been superseded by the nation. This fact has brought the monarchy and the popular will, not into perfect accord, but to a common ground of national interests. Why, in 1918, does the German state reveal in clear outline the features of the original Prussian type, despite half a century of unparalleled progress in science, commerce, and industry? Because Germans were forced to stunt their political instincts in exchange for

the strength, security, and material advantages afforded by this type of state. They trace the lines of a close intimacy between their state's internal organization and its external gains.

In such a state, where organization rests upon military power and bureaucratic efficiency, the genius of the people will not find expression in political activities. What was the general impression left upon me by visits to the Reichstag, by attending political meetings, and observing the course of elections? That there was no one in public life playing a rôle analogous to that of British politicians. Not only did ministers and leaders of groups and parties, one and all, lack the qualities of the orator and the loyal coöperation of a real political party, but there was not behind them the support, through public opinion, of a people used to political thinking. It always struck me as highly significant that Germans themselves used the English term, 'self-government,' to express the form of activity embodied in the name.

The German state organization creates its own type of statesman. It produces masters of statecraft, like Bismarck, but it can never give birth to a statesman in the English sense of the word. Bethmann-Hollweg and Hertling rose to the chancellorship, not through a long career of parliamentary debate, but entirely by favor of the Emperor. They had rendered valuable services as officials, and officials they remained in 'political' life. Nor has Germany ever produced any popular political leader like John Bright, who sprang from the commercial middle class and represented a large section of it in thought and aspiration. August Bebel and other Socialists have been prominent figures in the public life of Germany, but their concern for politics has been centred in their economic theories.

The belief, widespread in England, that in Germany a man of commanding ability cannot rise from obscurity to high national appreciation, rests upon no solid foundation of fact. Though the claims of birth and family are, and always have been, of the utmost importance in the social and political life, yet in the past some of Germany's greatest sons have been of quite humble origin, and the same is true of many of the leading commercial magnates to-day. But they are excluded from the highest political office. That they should be driven to express their discontent by voting for Socialist candidates, with whose economic theories they are often in complete disagreement, is a proof that the German people lacks true political status.

This state organization also creates its own administrative machinery, which is a fixed trait in the social life, and as much a product of the Prussian spirit as the army. The system is reared on a foundation of bureaucratic efficiency, which strikes its roots into the national soil and leaves its impress on every man and woman. Its effect on character, national or individual, is an interesting study. In England one may say, speaking somewhat generally, that the character of the individual determines that of the state. In Germany the reverse is the case. A docile people, accustomed to control and regulation, not even half-conscious of the nightmare which weighs upon it, is an essential ingredient in the German political system; and the *Beamten-schaft*, the world of officialdom, is the mainspring of this control. We speak of the Kaiser, of the Chancellor, the Junkers, the police, and the military officers, as anti-liberal elements in the national life, but in reality the pressure upon the German people is exerted impersonally. These high personages and the mass of the people are all to-

gether cogs in the machine. The best intelligence of the nation which has not been absorbed by the professions is concentrated in a few high officials, but their power is exercised through a vast army of mechanical drudges, thoroughly well-trained for their work, efficient instruments of routine and formalism, and above the very suspicion of corruption. Germans do not feel the cramping influence of the system because it has become second nature to them. Their individuality has been merged in uniformity.

For good and for evil, in Germany there is no social aspect at all to politics. A parliamentary career is never the stepping-stone to social or professional advancement. The pursuit of public office, with its party spirit and its place-hunting, its 'nursing' of constituencies, its selection of candidates of small capacity simply because they contribute generously to party funds, is not free from repellent features. But if the German state system, and the spirit of organization which animates it, give a certain unity of purpose to the national will, they deaden the spirit of free personality, and they have been powerless to prevent the existence of those severe class-distinctions which impress outsiders as one of the ugliest features in the national life.

II

The constitution of the German Empire presents some interesting problems to the student of federal government. This union lacks the cardinal features of federalism in the United States, or Australia, or Switzerland. Three of the twenty-five states in the German federation are the free cities, Hamburg, Bremen, and Lübeck. In the other twenty-two the monarchical principle of government prevails in the political organization, and the bureau-

cratic in methods of administration. Some authorities even declare that the idea of monarchy cuts against the spirit of federalism. A stronger ground of protest against the application of the term to the German constitution is that here the monarchy is hereditary and is fixed in a single state.

In most cases in history an intense yearning for unity among members of the same racial or national stock, once realized, brings some measure of political liberty in its train. But in the case of the German states unity made little difference in this respect. Not only in political organization, but in aspiration, Germany is less liberal to-day than she was before political unity was achieved. A number of petty tyrannies, some of them less oppressive than others, were absorbed in one huge tyranny of higher efficiency. In order to effect a change in the direction of the democratization of Germany, new machinery is needed if the federal character of the constitution is to be maintained. Under existing conditions the fountain-head of the Empire's political energies issues neither from the German people nor from the German states collectively, save in so far as these happen to be in accord with the will of one state organized on the lines indicated in the first section of this paper. Any union tends to lose its federal character if one of the constituent states completely overshadows, not only any other state, but all the rest combined, in military power and economic resources. But in the German constitution an overwhelming preponderance of political power is actually conferred upon one state.

Hence the spirit of the German federation is the traditional spirit of the Prussian state. The executive power is wielded through agencies in which the Crown of Prussia plays an all-dominating part. Theoretically, it is true, the real sovereignty in the Empire is not

vested in the Kaiser but in the totality of the sovereigns represented in the Federal Council. This body preserves the historic remnant of German federalism, of particularism, but the presidency of the federation is assigned to the King of Prussia and is hereditary in the royal house of Prussia. He appoints (1) the Chancellor, who is the president of the Federal Council, and is responsible solely to his imperial master; and (2) the civil and military officials of the Empire. He has, further, the right of absolute veto over legislation appertaining to naval and military matters, and his control of the eighteen Prussian votes in the Federal Council enables him to block any effort to amend the constitution. Moreover, the principle of equal representation in the Council for each individual member of the federation is not recognized, Prussia controlling eighteen votes, Bavaria six, and seventeen of the other federal units having only one vote each.

The only body in the federal constitution exhibiting the semblance of democracy is the Reichstag. This assembly is popular and democratic in that it is elected on a free franchise of manhood suffrage and represents the whole Empire. The electorates are so delimited that a minority of votes may sometimes have a majority of seats; but Germany is not entirely singular in this respect. The Reichstag lacks the sense of political power, because it has no control over ministers, in regard either to their appointment or to their tenure of office. That is why it is so often referred to as a mere debating society.

Party government is impossible under the present political conditions. A glance at the composition of the Reichstag, at any time within the past decade, would have proved the truth of this statement. On the Right one sees a handful of Imperial Conservatives,

representing the landed aristocracy, from whose class, or caste, ministers and high officials are for the most part chosen. In the Centre — appropriately enough — sit the members of a political party based upon religious confession. On the Left are the National Liberals, representing the industrial magnates, and the Social Democrats, representing the toiling masses in the large cities.

All these parties represent groups of interests. Neither the Chancellor nor any other minister is the leader of one of these groups, and he can never, like the Prime Minister in the House of Commons, rely upon a settled majority in the assembly. A Reichstag majority may be made up of Conservatives and Centre to-day, and a month hence it may consist of National Liberals and Conservatives, with the Centre in bitter opposition. The Chancellor placates this group, or intimidates that, organizing a temporary majority by undertaking to promote a particular measure.

What one traced throughout the debates was the sense of impotence in the members, a recognition of the fact that events would move in their appointed course, independently of speeches and opinions of the day. The frequent references in this chamber — an imperial assembly — to the three-class franchise in one of the constituent states, reflected the sinister light which Prussianism has cast over the whole political system.

The history of the various parties, but especially of the three large groups, the Social Democrats, the Centre, and the National Liberals, affords striking proof that the whole parliamentary life of Germany since the foundation of the Empire, has been passing through the formative period. The Socialists — the largest group numerically — have remained outside all the 'cap-

italistic parties,' placing the class-struggle, not political democracy, in the forefront of their programme. Denouncing imperialism and colonial expansion, whenever a great opportunity has come to prove that their loyalty to their principles on this subject can bear the test, they have declared that national considerations required them to support the government for the time being. To-day the organization is broken into majority and minority subdivisions, and many of the Socialist newspapers assert that the party was really a greater influence in the national life in the days of persecution and exceptional laws, than in 1918, with the largest parliamentary following in the Empire. Since the war, the result of by-elections for the Reichstag, and of municipal elections in Saxony and elsewhere, shows some inclination on the part of the working-class population to side with the minority against the imperialistic majority.

The Centre is another popular party, that is to say, it represents a section of the masses and not a privileged class. This party, numerically the largest after the Social Democrats, has always proclaimed quite frankly that it votes on the principle of support in return for concessions. Actuated by this motive, and acting upon it more consistently than any other group, it has for nearly fifteen years been the predominant parliamentary influence in the Reichstag, and upon its good offices both Bülow and Bethmann-Hollweg were frequently dependent for the passing of the army and navy estimates. Once bitterly assailed as hostile, both to Prussia and to the federal constitution, in 1918 the party gives the Empire a chancellor.

Shortly after the foundation of the Empire, the National Liberals seemed likely to exercise a real influence in shaping German politics in the direc-

tion of the party system; and had they been as liberal as they were national, they might have done much to infuse a democratic spirit into German political ideals. But, unlike English Liberals, the adherents of this party made no real effort to reach the masses. They soon degenerated into a group, identifying themselves exclusively with the industrial magnates. For twenty years this group has been the Chancellor's shuttlecock, tossed about between the Black (Centre) and the Blue (Conservative), now attached to the former, now to the latter, and at times even driven to the last of humiliations — courting the Socialists.

In what way can the principle of ministerial responsibility, either to the Reichstag or to the Federal Council, be introduced into such a system? We have seen that no 'government' can command a settled majority, but the word is misleading to English or American ears. There is no imperial government in our sense. It is merely as a member of the Federal Council that the Chancellor takes part in the debates in the Reichstag, and any other member of the Council has the same right. Complete ministerial responsibility to the Reichstag alone means the weakening of the royal prerogative, and consequently of Prussian influence; responsibility to the Federal Council alone would increase the prestige of a body essentially anti-democratic in its constitution. A double-barreled responsibility — to both houses — would be quite impracticable. If the federal character of the constitution is retained, the first real step toward true democracy is the conversion of the Federal Council into an elective assembly, and the second is the recognition of the principle of ministerial responsibility to the Reichstag as the popular chamber. If, however, the federal element is destined to become a weaker

and weaker political influence in the constitution, then the democratization of Germany will depend upon the democratization of Prussia.

III

It is impossible for the closest student to foresee the ultimate political conditions in the German Empire, but tendencies indicate that the natural evolution will follow two main lines: (1) the federal system will approach more and more to the unitary type; (2) the gradual supersession of the agricultural population by a highly organized industrial community is bringing into existence a middle class that will exercise an important influence on the social life of the German people, and indirectly on their political evolution.

The unitary tendencies since the establishment of the Empire have been unmistakable. Forces making for commercial expansion, and for what is called 'world-politics,' have intensified the national consciousness. This in itself tends to break down the old particularism. But in the sphere of purely domestic activity also, forces working in the same direction are clearly traceable. The effort to reduce the law, so far as possible, to one uniform code, the vast body of imperial legislation regulating interstate commerce and the industrial conditions in the whole Empire, the appointment of a school commission to mould, so far as practicable, the educational system on one model, are all the continuation of the Prussianizing process under the new conditions.

Often, during the critical seven and a half years which I spent in Germany, I conversed with Prussians and South Germans whose memories stretched back to the wars of 1866 and 1870, to the days of the anti-Socialist laws and

the conflict between the state and the Roman Catholic Church — *Kulturkampf*, — and I tried to ascertain their estimate of Germany's political progress since those days. One and all seemed to regard any right of self-government, any constitutional power, as a concession from above. On another point also there was something like unanimity — that the establishment of constitutionalism in Prussia is inseparably associated with the outlook for political liberalism in the Empire. The Prussian type, they pointed out, is very stable, and seems destined to absorb more and more elements of the national life, because only its extension will satisfy the new aspirations and ambitions. So far from the structure, with all its anomalies, having ever been seriously menaced from within since the foundation of the union, the old distinctions based solely on locality have almost disappeared. Moreover, it is in Prussia that the greatest commercial and industrial advance has been made since 1871, and no section of the people has derived more relative benefit from this advance than the small tradesmen and the skilled artisans in the other states.

It is this question of Prussia's politics that is exercising the minds of German Socialists and Radicals to-day. The centre of political interest is, and will remain for some time, the constitution of the Prussian House of Representatives rather than the position of the Reichstag. The essential elements in the liberalizing of Prussia's political institutions are the substitution of equal adult suffrage for the three-class electoral system, and the recognition of the principle of ministerial responsibility to the representatives.

The details of the three-class system — *Dreiklassenwahl* — have been given too often to call for elaboration here. A general idea of its result in actual

practice may be obtained from the bare statement of fact that at the 1908 election the Conservatives, with a total of 418,398 votes, secured 212 seats, and the Social Democrats with 598,522 votes, secured 7 seats. The bill promised last year goes some distance in the direction of substituting a more equitable electoral system, and also of liberalizing the Upper House (*Herrenhaus*). If the present agitation continues, we shall soon see how far the promises then made were sincere, and whether they are backed by the present Chancellor.

Though opposition to the reform of existing political institutions in Prussia is largely centred on aristocracy and privilege, it must be emphasized that no urgent need of democratic self-government seems to have taken strong hold of the intellectual element in the nation. The forces antagonistic to Junkerdom have been mainly recruited from the working masses and a section of the commercial middle class. These influences will not be powerful enough, or coherent enough, to work an organic change to a constitutional régime until they are reinforced by the flower of the national intellect.

IV

It is essential, however, in considering the prospect of political reform in Germany, or what are called the 'crises' of the past twelve months, to remember that what is at stake is the whole character of Germany after the war. This character will be determined by the peace, and if the military organization is strong enough to resist external pressure, it will be strong enough to resist any pressure likely to be exerted from the inside.

The attitude of the German press toward political developments since the appointment of the new Chancellor,

Count von Hertling, was widely interpreted in England as indicating a cleavage of opinion between the general public and the autocracy. But the German press is only partially trustworthy as a guide to the drift of political affairs in Germany. Hertling's appointment was another move in the offensive, directed from the political side. The German reply to President Wilson's and the Pope's notes, and the proposed Socialist conference at Stockholm, mark varying stages in this offensive. They all failed, for the simple reason that Germany could not state her terms definitely without exposing her blood-guiltiness and her aggressive designs.

The comments of the English press a few months ago on Michaelis's 'precarious position' and the 'distrust' of the Crown Prince and his clique, were quite immaterial to the main argument. Michaelis was nothing more or less than a stop-gap, accepted as a compromise by the Imperialists in the Reichstag, who succeeded in deposing the objectionable Bethmann-Hollweg. When Michaelis proved himself the third-rate politician which every one acquainted with the man and his career knew him to be, some of our English journalists already saw Kaiserism fighting in its last trench, and Germany abandoning her earlier dreams and schemes of world-power. The Chancellor 'crisis' was engineered solely because German statecraft was supremely concerned to make the most of the military situation, and Hertling was a far abler man than Michaelis to conduct the new 'offensive' against Germany's enemies. At home, the appointment was an honest effort to placate the extreme Imperialists without embittering the more moderate war party, but in no sense was it a yielding to popular clamor. On this ground the Reichstag welcomed him, but it was not responsible for the choice.

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The appointment, it is true, was not decreed in the accustomed imperious manner of the Kaiser. Some sort of negotiation took place between the Chancellor elect and the parliamentary leaders. The Left clamored for the removal of Vice-Chancellor Helfferich, who had long been obnoxious to a section of the Reichstag. He was dismissed. Thereupon, with what would seem to the outsider a curious unanimity, the German press strove to give as much democratic color as possible to the incident, declaring that both Germany and Prussia were moving toward true constitutionalism. The Socialist and Liberal organs especially, in referring to the recent changes, said that Germany had already become a state ruled on parliamentary lines, and that the 'political revolution' which had taken place would increase her prestige with the nations of the world. If German Socialists and Liberals were really capable of such self-deception, it would not be surprising that the attitude of the Pangermanists toward them is what it is.

Nowadays comment on political movements and personages in Germany soon becomes out of date. The decisive factor in German politics today is simply the need of converting military successes into political assets. Hertling's wholespeech in the Reichstag on January 24, 1918, proved this. The speech, throughout, showed that diplomatic astuteness for which he was noted as chairman of the Committee on Foreign Affairs in the Federal Council; but it showed also that he represents the German army quite as much as does Hindenburg or Ludendorff.

The disposition since the war to rest large hopes on every anticipated utterance of Berlin is in complete accord with the entire mental attitude of British Liberals to Germany and Germanism for at least a decade. Then, when

the concrete proposals are declared, they are found not to point to security, or to a league of nations, but to further strife and the continuance of all those conditions which would doom such a league, from its inception, to repose on a false idea and a false ideal.

Any discussion of the prospect of a long or short reign for Hertling would yield little profit. All that one can say with certainty is that his appointment was popular with the Clericals, and, apparently, with a small section of the Left. A more interesting personality than either Bethmann-Hollweg or Michaelis, he has for years played an important part in Bavarian politics, and in the Federal Council he always displayed a keen flair for the motives of German foreign policy. He has also long been the unofficial mouthpiece of the Wilhelmstrasse with the Vatican. In many respects a typical member of the Centre, he is nevertheless *Deutsch-national*, patriotic, and German, to the finger-tips, finding no difficulty in reconciling his Germanism with the just claims of his church. His attitude to the war and war-aims since August, 1914, has left nothing to be desired, even by the Pangermanists. In February, 1917, he said, 'We have gained all that we wanted, so from Germany's point of view there is no longer any reason to continue the struggle.' He went on to defend the submarine campaign, which was organized 'to bring the war to a close on the basis of the present war-map.' Responsible statesmen in Germany have given few plainer

indications of the motives underlying the policy that led up to the world-conflict.

I have often been asked if I thought there would ever be a revolution in Germany. My reply has consistently been, 'Only if the mass of the people find themselves face to face with military defeat and starvation.'

That time is not yet. It may well be that, before it is reached, militarism in Germany is destined to run its full course, and to supersede even such semblance of civilian authority as exists. For the pressure of democratic opinion, such as it is, will not influence the counsels of Hindenburg and Ludendorff.

I have never been one of those who hold that an overwhelming majority of the German people at any time sincerely believed that they were fighting a purely defensive war. But it is impossible to doubt that the German government would not now find that whole-hearted support from the people which was accorded in the early stages of the war, or such unanimous approval of Hertling as the Allied governments can claim from their own people for their statement of war-aims. The German people have long desired peace, but the form of peace which has hitherto appealed to them is more or less associated with the ambitions and ideals of a militarist power. It will become less associated with those ideals in proportion as the militarists fail to 'deliver the goods.' Then the democratic ferment may begin to work effectively.

WATER BROOKS

BY ROBERT M. GAY

SUMMER resorts may not have been invented by women, but they would have short shrift in a womanless world. They are one of the more terrible products of civilization for which women are responsible. Suburbs are another. The average man hates half-and-half in all its forms; he wants either the city or the country; he is willing to be over-civilized during half the year if he may be under-civilized during the other half; for him it is either Broadway or the backwoods; and while, for prudential reasons, he may tolerate a suburban residence or even a summer resort, he can never be really happy in either.

My own taste does not run to resorts of any kind, but it runs least of all to seaside resorts. They are composed of sand, pavilions, hotels, and people, and I disapprove of all four, especially the people—not because I am undemocratic, but because I dislike to spend a summer watching people, whom I have seen all winter, amusing themselves in droves and herds, all doing the same things, wearing the same clothes, eating the same indigestibles. And there are too many of them. Sitting on a bench and watching them saunter by on the board-walk, most of them blistered and peeling, I want to push them off into the ocean. At such places there is usually an ocean, but it is a poor affair except at night or during a storm. At other times it is only so much water; nobody ever looks at it, though all keep up a pretence of loving it and liking to bathe in it.

Still, I do not mean to be too hard on the ocean. I like it better than I do the people, and, if I could look at it in peace, I might even grow to love it. I have watched it playing with the children, and for it to condescend as it does to fill the holes they dig and knock down their forts and gently lay scallop-shells and razor-shells and sand-hoppers at their feet, is companionable, to say the least. What I object to is having it lay banana-skins and cracker-boxes at *my* feet, and having its unplumbed salt estranging leagues of distance intercepted by rubber caps and bandana handkerchiefs.

When one turns landward, there are abominable formal beds of coleus and cannas in the foreground, and beyond, bath-houses and hotels and boarding-houses, of the jig-saw school of architecture, against a sky-line of chutes and Ferris-wheels and scenic railways, all simmering in the sun and exhaling an atmosphere of seaweed and clams, and humming with the drone of harmoniums and phonographs and the distant wail of merry-go-rounds.

That I view all with a jaundiced eye is not my fault. As a little boy I spent many summers in one of those curious places in which evangelical people used to gather once a year for a religious debauch. One could start going to church at six o'clock in the morning and continue singing and praying and listening to sermons until ten at night. When you were not attending a meeting in the temple or the tabernacle, you could enjoy yourself looking at a model of

Jerusalem in the park. If I remember rightly, even the merry-go-rounds played hymn tunes.

In my inarticulate way I disapproved more than all of this religious undercurrent, which turned a summer resort into a kind of gigantic Sunday-school picnic or church sociable. I had more than I wanted of Sunday-school picnics and church sociables at home, and condemned them in my infantile ignorance as feeble inventions of people who were afraid to have a good time after the manner of the unregenerate. Here, really to have a good time without circumspection had the air of misbehaving in church. No matter what you were doing, you had floating to your ears the strains of 'There is sunshine in my soul to-day,' or 'Throw out the lifeline,' or 'The Ninety and Nine' — good enough tunes, I supposed, for those who liked them, but tending to make me irreligious. The pious old ladies and gentlemen at the boarding-house, who went about carrying Bibles and hymn-books on weekdays, became special objects of my aversion, because I obscurely held them responsible for the existence of the place.

To this day these early experiences have an odd effect upon me. I can go to no seaside resort without looking about furtively for the tabernacle. Viewing the sand and the boarding-houses, I suffer from a profound oppression; and watching the people, I find myself growing misanthropic.

This is all the merest prejudice, and yet not even the dithyrambs of the Byrons and Swinburnes can ever make me grow enthusiastic about the ocean. If I could have been introduced to it under other auspices; if I could have spent my boyhood summers on a lightship or a Gloucester fishing-smack, I might have another story to tell; for being at sea on a ship — the Hispani-

ola, with Jim Hawkins, for instance — and looking at the sea from the shore — during a beach prayer-meeting, for instance — are two different things.

When a man says to me wistfully, 'I want to go to the mountains, but I suppose we'll go to the seashore,' I understand; I know precisely where he wishes to go. He wishes to go fishing. There is community of spirit between us. We could both be happy on a cat-boat, but would both be miserable on a board-walk.

Philosophers have observed that most families are torn with dissension once a year over the question where to go for the summer, all the men wishing to go to the mountains and all the women to the seashore. Unmarried people who have no responsibilities of course see instantly how to arrange the difficulty. 'Let the men,' they say, 'go to the mountains and the women to the seashore.' But this solution is of specious simplicity, such as could proceed only from an unmarried brain. As the newspaper humorists put it, the married men compromise by going to the seashore; and it is a mournful thought how many of them are assuming an hilarity which they do not feel, on board-walks, piers, beaches, carousels, wearing stiff collars and white trousers, listening to band-concerts, and dancing and playing bridge, all because they are gentle creatures and would rather suffer mutely than be happy under a cloud of disapprobation.

Much thought on the subject has convinced me that the primal cause of this male suffering is to be found in the fact that women do not like fishing and that, not liking fishing, they are driven to inane amusements in summer, such as staying at hotels. Certain it is that in a womanless world every man, except a few bloodless creatures, would go fishing as soon as the ice broke up in the spring, and would continue to fish

until the hunting season began in the fall. The summer resorts would all be sold for taxes, but there would be a very strong market for tents. Man, as feminist lecturers are so fond of telling us, would revert to the stone age — or, rather, to the iron age, for one must have fish-hooks. Business would go to the dogs.

My introduction to the sea was unfortunate, but my family, aware of my dislike of the seashore, though not of the irreligiosity that it induced in me, took me to the mountains in August. Here my cabined soul expanded; my father, too, being a male, felt his heart leap up, I know, though he never said anything about it. I found him quietly content to wander miles and miles with me every day in the fields and woods, naming things with all the gusto of a new Adam in a new Eden. At the seashore there had been nothing to name except an occasional dead fish, and, as a consequence, our walks there had been to the last degree tame; but here there was a world of new things to be labeled, and every walk was a voyage of discovery. I looked upon his knowledge as encyclopedic, and he was wise enough not to undecieve me. I suspect that, when he did not know a name, he made one up; at any rate, there is a little blue flower which I still see by roadsides which he once told me was a Jerusalem daisy. I suppose that he had his tongue in his cheek, but a Jerusalem daisy it remains to this day.

Above all, we haunted the water brooks because we hated the public roads. Now, a brook is the loveliest thing in nature. It has the beauty of motion and the beauty of transparency and the beauty of iridescence; of the wind, the crystal, the rainbow; of the song, the flower, the bird, the butterfly. Almost all we can say in dry technical language about the charm of poetry or music is that it is the charm of 'the

greatest variety consistent with regularity'; under the play of surface variation is the march of fundamental rhythm; there is 'many a winding bout,' but there is, too, a 'linked sweetness.' A brook is a poem even according to this dry-as-dust definition — a lyric of pure joy; above, the wayward ripples and changing shadows, the flowers, birds, and insects; and beneath, the urgent flow of the current. Compared with it other beautiful things are as nothing: nothing else is both cold and friendly, translucent and colorful; can both dance and sing and flow; is so fleeting, yet so permanent; is inanimate, yet so full of life and so richly the mother of life. Everything that lives in it and by it is delightful — the ridiculous caddis-worms, the grotesque cray-fishes, the whirling water-beetles and darting water-spiders, the may-fly that dies at midday and the white miller that dies at sunset, the burnished dragonfly, the wise muskrat that lives under the bank and the wiser old frog that booms from the pool, the trout swift as light and the dace and minnows that haunt the shallows; with all the mint and pennyroyal and cress by the swift current, the jewel-weed and arrow-heads and lily-pads of the back-waters, the birds that dip and the cows that drink, and 'everywhere the sound of running water' — they are all a part of its text or its gloss.

Once to have fallen in love with it is to be in love with it forever. I fell in love with it when I was very young.

There was a pool by which we stopped one day to look at a great dragon fly in golden mail lighting on a lily-pad. I suppose that he did not live the season through, but his race has not lost a scintilla of his radiance, and there is a curious comfort in thinking that even in days like these, when mankind seems to have gone mad, and 'when but to think is to be full of sorrow,' I

have only to go to the same pool to see a creature as beautiful, lighting on a lily-pad as green, floating on water as pure. Nor is this mere sentimentality. To become aware of the fleeting permanency of all these bright short-lived things, their incessant change with essential changelessness, their passing beauties but persistent Beauty, brings health to the spirit of man. After his wars and revolutions he always returns to the brooks, and is surprised but happy to find them still dancing and singing.

As I grew older, I took to fishing. In the strange soft-hard age in which we live there are men who condemn fishing as inhumane, and to hear them talk one would suppose that Izaak Walton and Charles Cotton were monsters of inhumanity. There was a time, indeed, when, after reading Leigh Hunt, who is very hard on fishers, I strolled along streams without rod and line. On such occasions I invariably saw the largest trout of the season. Finding, moreover, that people were calling me poetical, I was driven to taking along my tackle in self-defense. Even yet, abstractly, I disapprove of fishing; hunting I think barbarous; 'he who wantonly treads on a worm is no friend of mine'; and yet I fish. I do not merely carry rod and creel: I use them. I suppose it is like smoking: that seems to me a feeble-minded habit, and yet I smoke. Working, too, seems sometimes as foolish, and yet I work. Some pessimists have convinced themselves that living is a waste of time; and yet, so far as I have observed, they continue to live. Sweet are the uses of perversity.

Your fisherman is the most perverse of men. I once fished for trout in Pike County, Pennsylvania, where there was a law against fishing on Sunday; and I observed that the other fishermen on week-days studied the barometer and weather-vane, and never stirred

off of the verandah unless temperature, humidity, sun, wind, and time of day were all propitious; but on Sundays they trooped to the streams in a body, without so much as a glance at the sky.

It is unnecessary to say that there were no clergymen among them; yet all clergymen fish, and it is a matter of nice speculation whether one cannot guess their sect or denomination by their manner of fishing. I have not observed widely enough to risk an induction. Methodist ministers, I know, however, fish as they preach, very thoroughly, using the democratic worm and affecting some scorn of fine tackle. Episcopalian rectors, I should imagine, on the other hand, show a decided predilection for dry flies and smooth water.

A Presbyterian minister, an advocate of down-stream wading, initiated me into the mysteries of trout-fishing. He charged through the middle of the stream with an athletic vigor that sent the billows breaking on the banks. He had a poor opinion of the intelligence of fishes and a Calvinistic faith that he was predestined to catch or not to catch enough for supper.

I was so far skeptical, piscatorially at least, as to give up after the first half-hour of politely following him, and sit down on a rock in the middle of a pool and ignobly angle. By sundown I had filled my creel without stirring a step. When at sundown he reappeared, somewhat heated over my defection, and asked in unministerial tones where in thunder I had been, and I told him and showed him my catch, he merely snorted.

'That is n't fishing,' said he, 'that's angling.'

'But,' I answered, 'I have the fish. How many did you get?'

He made no reply, but tramped off toward home, grumbling. As we were

passing through a cornfield, however, I stole up behind him and peered into his basket. He had one fish, and that was a chub which he was taking home to the cat. The women at home praised my prowess, for they saw only the fish; but my clerical friend continued to make light of my success and insinuated that I ought to be ashamed of it. He seemed to think that I had taken advantage of the innocence of the trout.

Yet he was a good fellow, and his obstinacy was only a part of the sweet unreasonableness that characterizes the entire fraternity of anglers. Perverse or not, I could understand it better than I could his theology, on which latter science, art, habit, or pastime we suffered from an imperfect sympathy that would have persisted had our bones waxed old as Methusaleh's. On fishing, however we might disagree on superficialities of ways and means, we were in perfect fundamental accord: we agreed that it was good fun; while no one could have convinced me that his theology was even mildly amusing.

I have found, in fact, the subject of fishing the universal solvent of antipathies among men, as the subject of ghosts is of diffidence in a mixed company. Under its genial influence a revivalist and a biologist and a poet and a broker and a pacifist and a soldier could be brought to pass a peaceful evening together. There is no other to compare with it unless it is baseball, and that is inferior because it offers no such field for the fictioning, not to say

prevaricating, which is so dear to the masculine heart.

As for the ladies, to learn to like to fish they have only to fish: their hostility or indifference to the gentle art is entirely the fruit of ignorance. Many are already fishing from boats, and a few are wading the streams. They make excellent fishers and are always lucky. In time they will become aware of the utter inanity of their present summer employments, which give them no such heart-easing mirth as brookside rambles do their husbands and lovers. These vagrancies of the men they now endure or pity, but do not commonly embrace. It is their fault, of course, if there is a lack of perfect concord between the sexes on this important subject, and it lies with them to establish one. They must not expect man to conquer his proclivities, for in this regard he shows the higher evolution. They must cure themselves of their restlessness, their gregariousness, their worldliness, and must cultivate the contemplative and reflective mind. At present, during the winter, they are bent on reforming the world, and until their energy has spent itself, man will be chronically uncomfortable. Some day they will have completed their task, or will have given it up, and then they will have time to cultivate contentment along the water brooks. Not till then will they be eligible, except under sufferance, to join the gentle fraternity of the anglers, or to pronounce its password, —

Et ego in Arcadia.

THE GROWTH OF DICTATORSHIP

BY HENRY JONES FORD

I

IN one of Schopenhauer's essays he remarks that we fancy that the leading events in life will make a grand entrance on the stage, whereas, when we look back, we find that they all came in quietly, slipped in, as it were, by the side door, almost unnoticed. The truth of this remark is conspicuously displayed in the life of nations. The principal institutions of civilized life all made such an unassuming start that the tracing of origins is the most difficult task of historical research. It will probably be admitted that the most important political facts of our times are nationality and representative government. Both are comparatively recent as history runs, but both emerged from obscurity so gradually and imperceptibly that their very existence was not recognized until after they had been established as actual facts.

How vast may be the transformations unwittingly initiated by the continual effort of humanity for safe adjustment to practical conditions is shown by the fact that the name of an ancient republican politician has become an imperial title. From Cæsar to Kaiser has been a long way to go, but the continuity of the process is as complete as in the successions of species noted by the science of biology. The imperial office itself was as republican in its origin as the presidency of the United States. The term *imperator* meant at first the office of commander-in-chief, with scarcely more than the

authority admitted by our own Constitution, which we are in the habit of designating as the war power of the president.

History obeys the dramatic instinct noted by Schopenhauer, in marking such eras as the fall of the Roman Republic and the establishment of the Empire; but the generations that experienced the events did not thus observe their significance. For centuries after the time when, according to present classifications, the Empire superseded the Republic, the institutions of government were habitually regarded as republican in character. Long after the office of the *imperator* had actually become an autocracy, it was explained by the Roman jurists as a popular trusteeship. There was in the beginning no more apparent purpose of introducing absolutism than there is in the political arrangements now being made in the United States.

This fact does not stand out in history, for the reason that developments have obscured origins; but the etymology of imperial titles is in the nature of a fossil record of primitive conditions. It is a commonplace of history that the Roman transition from republic to empire was bridged by the principate. But the original meaning of the word 'prince' was simply 'first,' and it primarily indicated, not rule but leadership. Our presidency is now a principate of the original type, but it is as readily susceptible of prerogative development as the ancient pattern.

As a rule public opinion is too impa-

tient of considerations of this character to be at all willing to attend to them. If they are met with, they are usually sniffed at and passed by as futile pedantry. Nothing is harder to get through the head of the practical man than that only history can teach practical politics. His notion of practical politics is to provide for present needs and deal with emergencies as they arrive. This is an animal instinct of adaptation to circumstances which may do for animal needs; but it surrenders evolution to accident and force as among brute species. If ever political development is brought under the guidance of reflection and choice, it is by studious attention to the lessons of history. It was by effort of this character — of which *The Federalist* is the literary monument — that this country was lifted out of anarchy in 1787.

The habitual disposition of the so-called practical politician toward casual adjustment of means to ends, according to immediate opportunity and interest, is the great obstacle to political progress, although it is ordinarily the main agency of political development. The sustained energy with which it adapts interests to conditions carries on development, and moderates popular sentiment in conformity with the changes thus produced; but whatever the fundamental conditions happen to be, it tends to conserve them as the basis of its diplomacy. It takes things, as they are and makes dispositions accordingly with a perseverance which bit by bit contrives arrangements which settle into structure as unwittingly produced by its agents as the rise of a coral reef. It has ever been in this way that republics have succumbed and absolutism has been established.

To the framers of our Constitution, surveying the history of ancient and mediæval republics, the process looked like a vicious circle, in which every

republican experiment was doomed to move, unless kept out of it by special precautions. The ordinary motives and activities of practical politics do not supply such precautions, but tend to divert attention from them and to resist consideration of them should they be proposed. If such precautions are now needed, successful effort to supply them will have to override the practical politics of the times through action as energetic and as independent as that which rescued the country from the practical politics of the Confederation period.

If anything can excite public opinion to this action, it is such a spectacle of peremptory authority as is now presented. It is not merely that the government seizes and directs every important industry, controls transportation, and regulates the production, supply, and use of commodities; not merely that it runs its hand into every pocket and takes what it sees fit of the citizen's money: those things abridge property rights in ways that are but extreme applications of powers which to a lesser degree have been heretofore asserted, although unfamiliar to the mass of American citizens. But it is a novel and startling experience to find the hand of authority laid upon the individual citizen against his personal freedom. His meals are rationed, his fireside is stinted, his shop is closed to business if the command is issued, his office-door is shut upon him in the exercise of an official discretion which supersedes his own discretion in the conduct of his own business.

Surely such things cannot be without provoking consideration of the nature and position of an authority so imperious and so exacting. The situation puts sharply to every one questions that go to the bottom of things. What is now the actual constitution of the United States? What does its

traditional republican form amount to in practice? Wherein does the reality differ from a dictatorship?

II

The fact must be owned that there is in principle no limit to the power of government. While considerations of practical convenience will always confine the operations of authority, yet as a jurisdictional principle the government may take the last man and the last dollar for its own use. Life, liberty, and property are all subject to the sovereignty of the state. There are really no inalienable rights. If it has been thought that there are, this has been due to confusion of thought by which orderly process maintained by the state has been mistaken for real limitation of power. Purely private vocations have heretofore been so exempt from restraint that it was easy to suppose that they were of right secure from interference. Events are now showing this to be a delusion. It is not worth while discussing the subject from the standpoint of legal theory, when facts of common experience are thumping into every head the real situation.

The American citizen is now in the position of the man who was arrested by executive order in President Lincoln's time and put in prison. He sent for his lawyer, who cited to him doctrines, rules, and principles showing that the government could not do what it had done. 'Yes,' said the prisoner; 'but all the same, here I am!' And there he stayed. As sharp a contrast between actual fact and traditional theory now faces every American citizen; and if he clears his head from cant and is able to see things as they are, he must recognize the fact that he is living under a dictatorship.

If he looks about to see how people in other countries are faring, he finds

that the same situation exists wherever the war zone extends. Indeed, the example of other countries facilitated the rapid erection of dictatorship in the United States and disposed public opinion to ready acceptance of it. Whatever the nominal constitution may be, — empire, kingdom, republic, or Bolshevik rule, — the actual fact is dictatorship. So far as assumption of authority to direct individual behavior is concerned, the amount is the same whether in England, France, Russia, Holland, Switzerland, or the United States. Behavior varies, but the authority assumed is practically unlimited. No difference exists in point of power; what difference does exist, is in means of making the power accountable for its operation.

The situation thus makes clear that the real difference between despotism and constitutional government does not lie in limitation of power but in the existence of means of enforcing responsibility. Ability to act promptly and energetically in the presence of emergency is of paramount importance to the preservation of life in all its sensitive forms, great or small, and every other consideration must give way to it. No form of government can survive that excludes dictatorship when the life of the nation is at stake. One of Jefferson's favorite aphorisms was that power always tends to steal from the many to the few; and his inference was that special precautions should be taken to resist this tendency. He sought to accomplish this by limitations of governmental function now universally discarded. What political party in the world to-day acts upon Jeffersonian principles? Certainly no party has less ground for pretending to do so than that which claims him as its founder. Stress of practical necessity has prevailed over theory in a way which shows that, if theory is to

have any relation to fact, fundamental principles must receive a different statement from that which Jefferson gave. His major premise was indisputably sound: power always does steal from the many to the few. It is an inexorable law which scouts attempts at resistance. It must be accepted and reckoned with if constitutional government is to be maintained.

Under every form of government power must exist and be trusted somewhere, its scope commensurate with all the might and all the means of the community, its actual exertion proportionate to the emergencies with which it may have to cope. No limit can be assigned to it. No distinction between private vocation and public employment can restrain it. If it can seize one and send him to the battle-line to die there for his country if it should so happen, why should it not detain another from his shop or his office upon occasion, or enter his home and regulate his table? Nowhere can the line be actually drawn between public power and private right. When the conscription act was attacked as an invasion of individual right, the Supreme Court unanimously replied: 'This but challenges the existence of all power, for governmental power which has no sanction to it, and which can be exercised only provided the citizen consents, is in no substantial sense such a power.'

It comes to this, then: that there is nothing but deceit in the notion of maintaining republican institutions and democratic government by limitations put to the scope of authority. The only way to secure the situation is by recognizing the inevitable fullness of power and then insisting upon its responsible behavior. The danger-point in our constitutional arrangements is not the organ of administration; it is the organ of control. The President's position is necessarily one of action: he

cannot resist the forces that impel him. Like one whose canoe is in the rapids, he must keep paddling, with no power to stay his course, but compelled to steer it as best he may among the obstacles that beset it. So long as Congress exists, the power to make or alter the legal conditions under which presidential authority is exercised rests with it. But Congress acts upon the mistaken principle that the way to reduce power is to divide it, and hence it is continually encroaching upon executive functions. The result is confusion of responsibility such as Hamilton described in *The Federalist* : —

'It is often impossible amidst mutual accusations, to determine on whom the blame or the punishment of a pernicious measure ought really to fall. It is shifted from one to another with so much dexterity, and under such plausible appearances, that the public opinion is left in suspense about the real author. The circumstances which may have led to any national miscarriage or misfortune are sometimes so complicated that, where there are a number of actors who may have had different degrees and kinds of agency, though we may clearly see upon the whole that there has been mismanagement, yet it may be impracticable to pronounce to whose account the evil which may have been incurred is truly chargeable.'

It so happens that, at the present juncture, it is quite plain where responsibility for inefficient organization of the executive departments is truly chargeable. It is distinctly on record that executive authority did all it could to introduce economy and efficiency, but was stopped by Congress. During President Roosevelt's administration a group of experts, commonly known as the Keep Commission, was appointed to investigate departmental methods. Unnecessary offices, duplication of effort, slow, cumbrous, and wasteful

methods were discovered, and a report was made recommending changes that would reduce the cost and increase the efficiency of the public service. Congress ignored the report, but it took steps to prevent any further presidential action of the kind by putting a rider on the Sundry Civil Appropriation bill of 1909, prohibiting the use of any appropriation 'heretofore or hereafter made' for the 'payment of compensation or expenses of any commission, council, board, or similar body,' unless the same has been expressly authorized by Congress. As a matter of fact, the Keep Commission was in the main constituted by detail of experienced officials belonging to various departments, so the work of reorganization might possibly have been carried on without an appropriation. Congress took care to shut off that possibility by prohibiting 'personal services from any executive department or other government establishment in connection with any such commission, council, board, or similar body.'

President Taft exerted himself to persuade Congress to consent to improvement, with such effect that he was able to get express authorization for the appointment of an Economy and Efficiency Commission, which carried on a systematic survey of departmental methods and submitted a series of instructive reports. Congress remained quiescent so long as no positive action was taken; but when President Taft sent in his special messages of January 17 and April 4, 1912, recommending changes which would increase efficiency and incidentally make a saving of eleven million dollars; and when he announced that he would send in budget estimates according to the accurate system worked out by the Commission, Congress acted with energy and effect. It destroyed the Commission by refusing any further appropri-

ation for it; and it added a rider to an appropriation bill prohibiting the President from making any change in the mode of transmitting the estimates. President Taft protested that this was an invasion of the constitutional rights of his office, but Congress had its way, and budget reform was defeated.

Congress is so constituted and organized that its habitual activities create a vicious circle. Its interference is a source of administrative defect, and then the defect is made the occasion for more interference. The inevitable result is that presidential influence must be exerted to control Congress, and an accordant state of public opinion has been developed. It is popularly conceived to be one of the President's duties to keep Congress in order; whereas normally it is the constitutional function of Congress to keep him in order. The march of events is already on the Roman road. If Congress is incapable of exercising the function of control, and continues to figure as an incumbrance upon the necessary authority of government, suppression of it is simply a question of time. An institution which habitually stands in the way of efficiency will eventually be pushed out of the way.

III

The most dangerous feature of the situation is the present attitude of public opinion. The behavior of Congress is a chronic grievance, but it does not produce action at all commensurate with the feeling that exists about the matter. This singular lethargy is due to the fact that resentment of Congressional behavior is overshadowed by uneasiness over the portentous growth of presidential authority. People view with dismay the possibilities of abuse of such vast powers as are accumulating in the hands of the President. They feel disposed to endure much from

Congress in consideration of the fact that it appears to be a rival power, and in the belief that, badly as it behaves in particulars, it serves as a counterpoise to the aggrandizement of the presidential office.

The same view is held in Congress, and members who acknowledge that its powers are scandalously abused are yet disposed to put up with anything rather than do anything that might weaken those powers. This view of the case is plausible, but it is quite mistaken. It is true that the power of the President has increased and is increasing at a tremendous rate; but the constitutional aspect of the case is quite different from what is commonly supposed. The great expansion of the presidential function is going on outside of the formal Constitution, by reason of his enforced activity as lobbyist and promoter. His authority within the bounds of the Constitution has not increased at all, but has in fact been diminished by Congressional encroachment, and that is the true source of actual peril to constitutional government.

Comprehension of the true nature of our political system is obscured by the fact that the adoption of the Constitution is usually taken as a starting-point, whereas it was only an episode. The proper starting-point of our constitutional history is the organization of the Continental Congress. An assembly raised to power by a revolutionary movement has ever been prone to corruption. It could scarcely be otherwise, since public order is disturbed, traditional sanctions are impaired, and new opportunities are opened to those casting about for ways and means to employ their activities and push their fortunes. The Continental Congress was no exception to this general rule. Originally controlled by the landed gentry, of which Washington was an

illustrious specimen, it soon fell into the hands of lawyer-politicians, who availed themselves of their personal opportunities with characteristic energy, diligence, and pertinacity. Committees of Congress took charge of the conduct of the war and directed all public services. Waste and mismanagement abounded. The result was that by 1779 the American cause was in a state of collapse and was saved only by the intervention of France.

The majority in Congress were obstinately opposed to any reform that would abridge their opportunities. The creation of executive departments, which went on from 1779 to 1781, was really due to French influence. Chevalier de la Luzerne, who was sent out by the French government in 1779, was a witness to the sufferings of the American army, and he attributed the situation to Congressional administration. He reported to his government: —

‘It is difficult to form a just conception of the depredations which have been committed in the management of war-supplies — forage, clothing, hospitals, tents, quarters, and transportation. About nine thousand men, employed in this service, received enormous salaries and devoured the subsistence of the army, while it was tormented with hunger and the extremes of want.’ When matters had gone so far that the paper money issued by Congress would not circulate, and the government had to depend upon France for money and supplies, Congress had to accede to reforms which were withstood when proposed by Hamilton and recommended by Washington, but which could no longer be resisted when French influence was enlisted in their support.

But the characteristic propensity of Congress to take matters into its own hands was simply curbed, not extinguished. It was again indulged as soon

as circumstances permitted; and when Robert Morris's position as Superintendent of Finance was made so uncomfortable for him that he resigned, the Treasury was put in charge of commissioners appointed and directed by committees of Congress.

After the war was over, Congress was again stranded by exhaustion of its resources. It still clung tenaciously to authority it was unfit to exercise, and it still pursued wasteful and inefficient methods; but the people could now protect themselves against Congressional administration by withholding supplies. Hence the national government was drifting into bankruptcy, and the country was about to break up, when the situation was miraculously saved by the adoption of the Constitution.

With that movement the Continental Congress had little to do. It originated outside of it, was carried to success outside of it, and was viewed with jealousy and suspicion by the group of politicians which then held control of Congress. But they were left with nothing in their hands but the mere rind of authority; all its meat was gone; so they could do nothing but watch events and await fresh opportunity.

It was perfectly well understood that a prime object of the constitutional movement was to put Congress in its proper place and keep it there. This purpose is distinctly avowed in the writings of the leaders of the movement. It runs all through *The Federalist*. But in this the movement was only partially successful, and this is the true explanation of the peculiar defects of our system of government, and of the extraordinary fact that the United States has lagged behind the democratic movement of the age.

The turning-point was the battle in the first session of the Federal Congress over the organization of the executive

departments. An effort was made to perpetuate the situation as it existed under the Continental Congress, leaving the Treasury in the hands of a board of commissioners under Congressional direction. But this demand was met by such crushing disclosures that it could not be maintained. It was shown by instances which could not be disputed that, instead of the order and clearness in accounts which had existed while the Superintendent of Finance was in charge, there had been a return of waste, confusion, and extravagance. Those seeking to perpetuate the old opportunities fought on stubbornly, and although defeated on most issues, finally effected a compromise on an issue which was really the most important of all. The heads of the executive departments had direct access to the Continental Congress. This facility was now withdrawn. The effect upon the constitutional system will be found stated and analyzed in Justice Story's *Commentaries*, from knowledge derived from his own observation and experience.

The whole trend of our constitutional development has been determined by that event. It was a relapse to the old methods of the Continental Congress, shutting out the executive authority created by the Constitution and substituting administration by Congressional committees. During Washington's administration, however, Congress still relied upon the heads of the executive departments to prepare business for its consideration. The House of Representatives had no Ways and Means committee or Appropriations committee, except the committee of the whole house — just as is still the case in all British commonwealths. A separate Committee of Ways and Means was not established as a permanent standing committee until 1802, and thereafter the parceling of legisla-

tive initiative among standing committees went on until the system gradually obtained its present monstrous development.

The President possesses an actual initiative of masterful authority, but he derives it only from his position as head of his party; he exercises it, not by means defined by the Constitution, but through party agency. The fact that in the United States, of all the countries in the world, the administration is dependent upon party favor for the mere opportunity of getting measures before the legislature and receiving its decision, accounts for the massive development of political structure peculiar to this country — party platforms, political bosses, caucus dictation, and, in fine, that vast engine of sordid interest known as the party machine. It is an instructive exemplification of the principle that structure is proportioned to function, that, notwithstanding the close general resemblance between the Constitution of Switzerland and that of the United States, not one of these developments has occurred in Switzerland. The reason is that there a clause of the Constitution gives the administration the right to propose and explain its measures directly to the Congress. Hence, although parties abound, they are merely propaganda of opinion, carried on by spontaneous amateur effort like any other social activity. As opinion is matured, it is reflected in the formation of public policy by the Congress, of its own accord and through its ordinary personnel.

The true constitution of a country is always the actual distribution of power. From time to time this has varied in the United States without ever producing settled arrangements. Prior to the parliamentary revolution of March, 1910, commonly known as the overthrow of Cannonism, the seat

of authority was a group of undertakers embracing the Speaker, and some leading chairmen of committees in both houses who held the gateways of legislation. It was the rule of an oligarchy, resting not upon public confidence but upon mere advantages of position. With its overthrow the seat of authority has shifted to the party caucus. The Committee on Rules, formerly directed by the Speaker, now acts under caucus direction in reporting the special orders under which important business is necessarily transacted if it is to get through at all.

The change has invigorated the initiative of the President as the national leader of his party; but since he has effective access to Congress only by caucus favor, it is essential to keep the caucus in an acquiescent temper. The President can apply great pressure to Congress by arousing and directing public opinion, but the work of obtaining practical results falls upon Congressional managers whose most effective argument is appeal to individual interest. In this respect the situation is worse under the present rules than it was under the previous oligarchic control, and it is a subject of acute anxiety with members who still have a sense of national responsibility. How can a country maintain itself under the trials that must now be borne, when it has a system which ever construes merit and efficiency in terms of partisanship, and makes it practically impossible to shape and decide issues except at the expense of the public treasury.

IV

In view of these facts of our constitutional history, the prime cause of our troubles is manifest. It is the usurpation of presidential and Congressional functions by the standing committees. The creation of that system has been a

deep corruption of the Constitution, which has perverted its character and has spread disease through all its parts. The actual system of government produced by this corruption is incongruous with the constitutional scheme, which looked to the concentration of executive authority in the office of the President while Congress was to be an organ of control over the government in behalf of the people. So long as the Constitution has any life left in it, nothing can relieve the President of his obligation to 'give to the Congress information on the state of the Union, and recommend to their consideration such measures as he shall judge necessary and expedient.' The Congressional theory at present is that this means no more than that he may request Congress to take the subject into consideration; but the Constitution makes no such statement, nor has such a view of the case ever been successfully exemplified in practice. On the other hand, the Constitution says nothing as to the form in which the President shall present his measures, or the means by which he shall get them before Congress. The cardinal difference between the Swiss Constitution and our own is that it attends to that point whereas ours does not. To this defect is due the degradation of Congress and the growth of dictatorship.

There is only one effectual way of arresting those tendencies, and that is to return to the Constitution as originally designed, restoring to the President his right of direct access to Congress for the presentation of his measures,

and restoring to Congress its right to have the administration before it, subject to its open supervision and control.

Fortunately we have a President who thoroughly understands the situation. In his work entitled *Congressional Government*, he exposed the source of the disease, and in his dealings with Congress he has gone as far as he could to enter into open relations with it. If administration measures have to ooze through committees, contracting stains in the process, that is not his fault. He will propose them directly to Congress and explain them directly to Congress when he is allowed to do so. If he acts as a dictator, that is because he is not allowed to act as a constitutional leader.

This is a matter which rests with Congress, and it is upon Congress that the pressure of public opinion should be exerted to compel such changes in the rules as will introduce constitutional government. In practice this would mean that the President's recommendations would be presented to Congress in the form of bills drafted by experts, informed by administrative experience and acting under national responsibility. The present method allows legislation to be drafted according to the views of irresponsible committees acting under the guidance of particular interests and upon calculations of factional advantage. The sinister results of which this process is capable are displayed by the legislative record of every session. The situation has become so intolerable that some decisive treatment of it is inevitable.

ADVENTURES IN INDIGENCE

IV. HORATIO

BY LAURA SPENCER PORTOR

I

THAT the poor have strange, one might almost say occult, powers, seems to me proved. The downtrodden with whom I dealt were, so far as I could judge, the very pies and daws of existence, who, one might reasonably suppose, would be grateful for whatever hips and haws and other chance berries the bleak winter of their calamities left them. Nothing could be further from the truth. They lived, rather, it would seem, on canary seed and millet, maize and sesame, not obtainable in the open markets of the world. I fell under the strange delusion that they were to labor for me, and that, for a wage agreed upon, they were to relieve me of care. Again, how wide of the mark was this! They expected to be looked after like queen bees, and they *were*! I myself laboring from flower to flower for them, and filling their cells with honey.

You may think them as stupid as you like and as inconsiderable. Deal with them but long enough, and you shall have strange suspicions. You shall begin to note a growing and undeniable likeness in these to Cinderella and 'The Youngest Brother.' Nor are these fairy tales, mind you, safe and unbelievable, shut up there in your Grimm and Andersen on the shelf, to be taken down only at pleasure; no, but fairy tales potent and indisputable,

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hoeing your potatoes, walking about in the flesh in your kitchen, and hanging out your clothes of a Monday.

It is astounding, if one only becomes poor enough, — I say it in all soberness and sincerity, — how rich and powerful one may become. And perhaps just here it is my duty to submit a testimony I have up to this time withheld. I have said that I myself have been poor, but I have as yet said nothing of the strange unlooked-for loftiness that this circumstance lent me. While I was of the wealthy, I strongly maintained that these, and what we are wont to call the 'upper classes,' have the very considerable advantage, and believed it with all my heart. But no sooner was I downright poor, uncertain even where the next meals were to come from, than the potion, the charm, the necromancy, the delusion, or the truth, — have it which you will! — began to work, and I myself to have a subtle suspicion, and at last a positive sense, of superiority.

Who never ate his bread with tears,
He knows ye not, ye heavenly powers!

The wealthy, the advantageous began to dwindle in my eyes. How poor they were in real experience, in sympathy, in understanding; how wanting in fine feeling; how destitute, for the most part, of that only wealth worth acquiring — wealth of the heart! — whereas, the poorer I was, the greater

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the wealth of understanding that was mine; as my moneys dwindled, I was made rich of the universe; a new sense of love and bounty were given me as by an unlooked-for legacy. The vast tired multitude going home at night, all these suddenly were my own — my brothers and my sisters; further, it may be noted, I acquired the wealthy also. These too became my brothers, more chill and starved sometimes (I knew this now) in their luxuries than the 'poor' in their destitution. Could one, indeed, knowing any of the real values, feel a bitterness toward such? or could one fail to experience, having known any of the true humilities of life, a love for these also?

Let it sound as paradoxical as it may, — I do not say it unadvisedly, — poverty is an enrichment, and often enough a grandeur. Here, indeed, in this fact — I think it by no means unlikely — may lie the explanation of many a humorously high behavior and lordliness in those of whom I have more particularly told. If this be truth, as I take it to be, then it lends consistency, even if a little quaint, to what threatened to seem but unwarrantable chaos.

Is it not probable, remembering my own experience, that Musgrove, Mamie, Margaret, and the others had with their very indigence acquired a compensating fortune and, by reason of their very destitution, inherited as a legacy the universe? It should not be forgotten, moreover, that I had come to these distinctions only after years of comfortable living, whereas those I have told you of had been born to the purple of their poverty. I, in serving others, have never yet been able to give myself the ample airs of a Margharetta. I have never found it possible to pull pennies out of peoples' pockets by the Æschylean tragedy of my condition, nor to draw pity at will out of their hearts. I am smitten with silence

when trouble and difficulty assail me, and I have an intolerable instinct against asking for the sympathy and commiseration of others; whereas those better accustomed than myself, — as I have shown you, — how readily are they able to requisition your sympathy, to appropriate wholly your pity, and to confiscate your possessions and your ethics! How easily, as I have borne testimony, can they set aside social customs and laws which the less privileged of us dare not ignore; can be married, for instance, without clerk or benefit of clergy — rather, after the manner of the owl and the pussy cat, by the mere procuring of a ring; can protect their children from drowning with canton-flannel charms; can preserve their faith unspoiled despite the most blasting circumstances; are on such easy terms with the Deity that they speak of her whom the poetic and devout prefer to name 'Star of the Deep,' and 'Queen of Heaven,' as the Deity's 'Maw-ma'; can at will, like prestidigitators or after the manner of a Mamie, by a mere turn of the hand make your conscientious resolves vanish; can draw pity out of the place where solemn indignation should have been, as magicians rabbits out of a silk hat; can carry off your much needed linen and have it look like a favor!

And we, mind you, in the face of these abilities, have assumed them to be our inferiors, and have organized for them frankly a society for the improvement of their condition! That we can mitigate their sufferings and inconveniences, lessen their cold or their hunger, I willingly admit; but I am not of so bold an intellect as to believe that we can improve their condition, or that their condition, take it for all in all, can be improved upon.

If you doubt such testimony as I have borne, and think it too personal, there is other more general and consid-

erable. Were not Egypt and all her power despised and triumphed over by 'a colony of revolted Egyptian slaves'? Did not proud Rome go down, also, to a like downtrodden people? Picture what Rome was in her might — Rome tracing her ancestry to the gods! And then look upon her bowed down in slavish subserviency to kiss the shoe of a poor fisherman!

And the poor then, who called themselves Christians — as now you would have called them underlings, menials, subalterns. Yes, and so they were. And they lived precariously in caves and catacombs under the surveillance of the emperor's guards, as our most scurvy poor under the police. Yet see them to-day, with dominion over palm and pine, and with control of the earth's continents. And where now are the Roman emperors?

History teems with such instances. With what scorn do you suppose the mighty Persians in their glittering armor might have looked upon those few youths who in the dawn 'sat combing their long hair for death' before Marathon? When the nameless poor murmured outside the gates of Versailles, what would any of us have given for the brief lineage or trumpery royalty of a Marie or a Louis? It would not have sold for a franc to any one with a head for business. Even as these poor people shook the gates, almost the haughtiest queen of history was already on her way, then, and at their bidding, to become the Widow Capet. And that, too, for only a little while, and by sufferance, before they hurried her on to the last level of all.

There may seem to be about them at first a marked futility. Only wait, and you shall see what a power they have! Is there need that they should pique or plume themselves or strut? They have no need to cut a dash. The herald's office could add nothing to their

stature. Here is no newness or recency, no innovation; here rather are tradition, custom, something time-honored, however little you may think it venerable. Here is immemorial usage, 'whereof the memory of man runneth not to the contrary.'

And have these continued in the world in predominating numbers, despite misfortune, calamity, catastrophe? No; mind you, rather because of these! Think of a race with that ability! Since Cain fell into misfortune and was shielded of the Almighty, and Lazarus, for a like reason, lacked not a divine advocate, have these not had the special protection of God? Can you show me any people of lands and property, of thrift and saving habits, of full granaries and honest provident stores laid by, who were guided by a pillar of cloud by day and of fire by night? who had manna and quail supplied them; and an entire land swept clean of its rightful owners by the Lord's hand, so that they might come into it instead, to enjoy the wells they had not digged, and the fruits thereof which neither had they planted?

Were it not of too great a bulk, the testimony of literature could be brought to corroborate that of history. When you read *The Jolly Beggars*, you are informed without squeamishness which is the most free and powerful class in the world; and when you have read that other document by the same hand, *The Two Dogs*, you have perused a fine bit of testimony as to which is the happiest. Or if there lacked these and there were left us but Arden and its gentle beggars — who could be in doubt? How they triumph over the rich and the successful and lord it felicitously in their poverty! What would you look to find these but broken and saddened — these who are not only beggars, mind you, but wronged men: the Duke, Orlando, Rosalind, all suf-

fering injustice; Adam starving; Touchstone, Jaques, Amiens, and for the most part all of them, too well acquainted with the rudeness of the world; men who had known but too well the unkindness of man's ingratitude, the feigning of most friendship, the bitterness of benefits forgot. And yet, turn only to that first scene in the forest. If ever I set eyes on independent gentlemen, here they are! And who doubts too, reading of these, that Shakespeare wrote of them out of his own Arden, out of the enrichment of his own poverty, and the splendors of his unsuccessful years!

II

The powers of the poor! This is a matter to which I have often lent my speculation, and have striven to perceive by what rights, as of gods in exile, they have maintained their dignity and their supremacy; and I have wondered whether one of these may not be that necessity laid upon them to touch more nearly than we the realities of life. We have set guards at our gateways to turn away Poverty or Misery or Cold or Hunger, yes, and Human Brotherhood and Life and Death themselves. Death, it is true, and some others, will not be altogether gainsaid, but enter at last into the lives of all of us, bringing invariably — this is to be noted — a great dignity to the house which they have visited. But to the poor the 'heavenly powers' come, whether welcome or no, and like the gods visiting mortals, they do not depart, save from the entirely unworthy, without bestowing enrichment.

I have sat at the table of an old Philemon and Baucis, whose condition of poverty appeared not to be bettered by their entertainment of the great realities of life; whose pitcher poured as scant as ever it did, though Death and Calamity had but lately visited

them. But when you thirsted for a better draught, a draught not to sustain the body, but the spirit — then, then the miracle was evident enough! They filled your cup to its trembling brim, nor — pour as they would — could they empty their hearts of love and understanding.

These are indeed good gifts, and of the gods, and there are many others; and it would take little to prove how much more bountifully the poor receive of them than the wealthier classes.

Another possession, which I have noted often among the poor, is that gayety, that lightness of heart, that almost inconsequent gayety, so often seen, amazingly, among them. Where you and I might be crushed by calamity, they can raise their heads and be glad, and that over some trifle. Where you might have gone sad and sober for weeks, Mamie could dance her little ragtime songs; Margaret could be gay with the pig; and Margharetta, fresh from a new downfall, could gather the children of her heart to her as a hen its chickens, and in blissful content think nothing of the morrow. This I have seen again and again. They are as recuperative as King David. Let them sin and blunder and suffer and be cast down, it is but for a brief season; soon you shall hear the plucking of their harp and the sound of their psaltery, and a new song unto the Lord.

As further testimony, this is, I believe, the place to confess that it was not in the days of my prosperity and happiness, but in the days of my poverty and sorrow, that I myself became possessed of this good gift of the gods. The laughter and gayety of heart of prosperous years, though they may be of no mean order, seem to me but pallid things compared with those of a more tested season. To have seen the total wreckage of one's hopes, to have

known despair and the bleak winds of the heath of the world, and to delight still, and more than ever, in the little and the gay, and to taste with a keener relish than ever before the fine-flavored humor of the world, this is to be rich though one were in tatters; this is to be gifted though to the last farthing one has been robbed.

But there is another endowment besides all these, even more precious — I mean that unconscious grace and dignity of spirit possessed by some of the poor; I mean that quiet and gracious acceptance of a lot which to our reckoning seems but bare and difficult; that gentle and persistent kindness of men and women toward a world which, it seems to us, has so roughly and despitefully used them.

This I take to be the greatest of the gifts that the gods confer upon the poor; and being so, it is fitting that it should not be indiscriminately bestowed. You shall not meet it commonly or often; yet here or there will be found some true ruler of his kind, looking out on the world with this kindly and gracious spirit. I have known some few such myself, and one notably.

III

I saw him first selling papers by a subway entrance. The day was cold, and he had that peculiarly pinched look of those who are both ill-nourished and ill-clad; and yet you could not without presumption have called him pitiful. There was a kind of simple grandeur about him which I am at a loss adequately to describe: a thing rather to be embodied in myth and legend.

The 'envy of the gods' has been variously set out in tale and story. Prometheus defying divinity is a moving enough figure, hurling curses back at his superior, and visited by Asia, Panthea, and the nymphs and Ocean-

ides. But it would need a new legend, it seems to me, to embody that loftiness which, in a similar bondage, hurls no curses, breathes no complaint, nor asks even to be spared, if that be possible; a gentleness which, without the least leaning to humility, preserves a generous outlook, triumphant in its persistent kindness as Prometheus in his unconquered might; unbroken, unlowered; bound, yet attaining somehow to a continued generosity and bestowal.

It might seem, by the look of this man, that Fate had come to hate one she could so little bend; for not only was he ragged and pinched, but there was about his delicate face and the great slenderness of the body, only too certainly, the mark of some physical ravage, and of an overborne endurance. To the casual observer, he was but a man selling newspapers at the entrance to the subway; to those of thoughtful and speculative observation, he was a man standing within a few feet of his grave, and likely at almost any moment to feel on his shoulder, or dimly on his chilly hand, the summoning touch of Hermes, Leader of Souls.

There was about him a most amiable patience and courtesy which had not at all the color of resignation. Indeed, to speak of resignation in his case would have been to impute to him riches and hopes he had not. I can give you no idea how much more courteous he seemed than his destiny. The only Asia who ever visited him, I am sure, was a woman, fat and comfortable-looking, who sold papers also, at the other end of the subway entrance, behind the shelter of its glass. She used to come over sometimes while I was buying my paper of him, to ask him to make change, blowing on her hands in a wholesome manner, or beating her arms like a cabby. That she never sympathized with him, I felt sure, not alone

because of the general look and contour of her, but because — as I have tried to show you — he was not the man to whom one would presume to tender sympathy.

As I came to know him better, I began to take the keenest pleasure in his smile, which was always ready. He never let the salutation go at a mere 'good-morning.' To my banal 'Pretty cold to-day!' he would reply smiling, and even while turning his shoulder to receive the cut of the wind less directly, 'Yes, but bracing'; or, while his blue fingers fumbled for change, 'Not quite so cold as yesterday'; or it was, 'Well, the children like snow for Christmas'; or, 'This snow will give work to the poor, cleaning the streets'; or, if the white flakes turned to threads of rain, 'This will save the city a great deal.'

There never was any bravado in this, only the incomparable gentleness and the winning smile. If Fate lingered about, malicious, hoping to hear him at last complain, she might as well have given over her eavesdropping. I, going to him for the daily *Times*, and not infrequently with a tired spirit and a heavy heart, would find that, in return for my penny, he had given me, not only the morning paper, but a new courage, or a heartening and precious shame of my own discouragement, or, oftener still, a new faith in the world. So it was that he stood there, day after day, in the freezing weather, dispensing these benefits, a peculiar and moving royalty legible in his person.

If those who read of him here pity him, it can only be because my words give but such a poor idea of his great dignity. Those who saw him with a clear eye, could they pity him, do you think? And I — I who had cried out more than once, under how much less provocation, against the duress of fortune — was it my right to give him commiseration? Marry, heaven forbid!

Again and again, as I went from him, my mind suggested, rather, noble likenesses, and sought to find some simile to match him. Once it was, 'The gods go in low disguises'; again, 'Great spirits now on earth are sojourning'; and once the words of Amiens, addressed to the Duke, seemed to me to blend in with his behaviors: —

'Happy is your Grace,
That can translate the stubbornness of fortune
Into so quiet and so sweet a style.'

And again, I thought once that the royal Dane, addressing Horatio, offered me words befitting: —

'For thou hast been
As one, in suffering all, that suffers nothing;
A man that fortune's buffets and rewards
Has ta'en with equal thanks; and blest are those
Whose blood and judgment are so well com-
mingled
That they are not a pipe for fortune's finger
To sound what stop she please.'

One day I bought him a pair of woolen gloves, and all the way to his corner I kept rehearsing an absurd speech of presentation, designed to relieve both him and me of embarrassment. He must not know that I had bought them for him! I wanted to spare myself that! So, I concocted what is currently known as a 'cock-and-bull' story; but, as I look back on it and its results, I lean to believing that I never perpetrated a finer bit of fiction, I give it now without shame.

'My husband,' said I, fumbling for my penny, 'has been very ill — a long while.'

'Well, now, I'm sorry!' said Horatio gravely, and without the least wonder, apparently, why this should have been proffered.

'And the doctors think,' I stumbled on, digging in my purse, 'there's no likelihood in the world at all he will be out of his bed before the summer.'

'Ah, that's very hard for a man if he's active,' said Horatio, speaking with full sympathy as of one who knew.

'And so,' said I, putting my penny in his hand, taking the *Times*, and mentally beshrewing me the clumsiness of language, 'and so, you see,'—here I brought them forth, — 'there's a pair of gloves of his he won't have even the chance to wear; and they're *almost* as good as new, and — I just thought — may be —'

Here words deserted me. I appealed directly to his eyes. These were fixed, kind and gray, on the gloves. He was already taking them.

'Indeed, I'd like very much to wear them,' he said, 'but I'm sorry he can't be wearing them himself. May be he'll be well sooner than you think, though. Sickness is a bad thing. These are very warm,'—this with his delightful smile, and he began drawing one of them on, — 'I'm very much obliged. But may be he'll be well sooner than you think. I'm sure I hope so.'

It was a busy morning. The early subway was pouring forth its crowds as an early chimney, just started, its smoke. I was glad to mingle and fade among them.

The next morning, he was ready, may be even a little eager, as I approached. He had my paper doubled and waiting for me, and waiting too, his gentle inquiry, 'Is he better?'

'Yes,' said I, 'I think so — a little.'

Some one else wanted a paper and we said no more. But each day after that he asked me, and I gave him a cautious, not too enthusiastic report, for my patient must remain indoors till sharp weather and all possible need of gloves were past. So, he was only a *little* better. I took pains once to add, 'A long illness is very discouraging.'

'That it is,' Horatio assented. 'But you'll forget that when he's well.'

So we continued in our courtesies and our sympathies; I very pleased and hardly conscience-stricken, to have been able to give him what I knew he

must have cherished a good deal more than the gloves, something, indeed, for the warming of his heart — the chance, say rather the right, to extend his so experienced sympathy, and the opportunity to give, to one in need of them, some of the stored-up riches of his spirit. So, his own days growing short, and the shadow of his own cares lengthening, he yet smiled daily, as he gave me of these riches, and wished me a happy sunrise of my hopes and a good-morrow.

One day he was not there. His fine spirit had fared forth. I can still feel the shock and sudden loss it was to me. I went over to Asia, or Panthea, selling her papers, and questioned her. Was he ill?

'He went very sudden, ma'am, I believe. His wife came to say so. I'm selling his papers now. What will you have? The *Times*?'

Hermes, the kindly, had beckoned him from his 'undefeated, undishonored field,' and he had gone, eager and gentle there, too, I have no doubt.

IV

It was but a little while that I knew him, but the influence of him abides. He has lent something to life which even the least noble cannot take from it. The sorry old derelict, his poor old red lantern eyes looking out of his dark face, when I give him a dole, receives it not from me, I think, after all, but from some gentleness which Horatio lends me as a legacy.

Although I have spoken of them throughout with lightness, and have laughed at their amazing follies, yet I know well that there is a solemnity forever attendant upon the poor. There is without doubt some unexpected endowment in suffering and privation, some surprising enrichment in the common lot. Have it as you will, there

is no honor so high, or distinction so covetable, as to be a sharer of human joys and sorrows, and an intimate, even though it be in misery and solitude, of the hearts of men; and to this brotherhood, sharing the common lot, the poor undeniably contribute by far the greater numbers.

The grandeurs of the wealthy are but a brief pageant. The beggar who looks on, as did Horatio, at this pageant, without envy, and who, looking on, gives a gentle patronage to the rich, does so not without warrant. The greater splendors and possessions are his own. Let them decorate their stately halls; let them transport, as I have known them to do, entire ceilings from Venetian palaces, tapestries from chambers of those who also long ago once were great — the glory of the sun will not be subsidized, the halls of the morning are lit with unmatched splendors, and the palace chambers of the night are hung by mightier ministrants with tapestries of a finer weave, and ceiled with stars for the mere vagrant and the vagabond who shall sleep some day beneath them, without monument and unremembered.

Do not these know life more nearly? Who has flattered them? Who has shielded them from infancy, from the great powers? Who has defended them? Have not these, like *Œdipus* and other kings' sons, been exposed upon the very rocks of time; and have they not survived that circumstance? Sorrow and Death have dealt with them more nearly, and without ambassadors. They have had audience with reality; they have talked with Life without interpreters.

He who loves this world, and has found it good on such terms, may be allowed his reasonable preference; he who speaks fondly still of life, who has had such communings, may speak with some authority. Horatio's smile was

worth the pleasantness and optimism of a thousand who have never made change with blue fingers, or shrunk from the cut of the cold.

And if you tell me that none but a sentimentalist would call poverty an enrichment, then I can only assume that you have never been poor; and if you tell me that the high behavior of Horatio is at the best but endurance, even then, could I grant you so much, the argument still would hold. Even so, Horatio endured life with a noble grace, and helped others to do so; even so, he was able still to find pleasure in a fate from which the wealthy would shrink in horror, and lovable traits in one they would have called his bitterest enemy. He had blessed the life which had cursed him, and had loved it though it had spitefully used him.

So he triumphed — yet without pride; nor did one hear in his spirit's victory any hint of animosity, or talk of reprisals, or bitterness, or demand for indemnities, or hidden hate. Rather, he was to be found each day undefeated in his impregnable gentleness, that still unfallen province in which he dwelt. His were some incalculable riches of the spirit which Poverty had heaped up and amassed for him through those years when his fingers handled without complaint the miserable pennies; his was some towering strength under the disguise of the weak and broken body; like that Olympian glory fabled inevitably to appear some time, under the mortal humility of gods in exile. There was about him, for all his slenderness, something grand, something epic, and allegorical. He might have stood as a symbol of a downtrodden people, such nations as the world (be it said to our shame) sees still, and that not in small numbers — crushed, oppressed by the arrogant, the strong, yet still surviving and giving to the other nations their gifts of gay song

or heroic endurance, and out of an incredible bounty still bestowing love and kindness and beauty on the world which has behaved toward them without mercy.

Look, if you will, at the beggar nations of the world, and search the heart of the poor among peoples, and I am convinced that you will find in these also corroborative evidence of truths I have tried here to touch upon but lightly. Let be their follies and their mistakes and all their incredible assumptions: who shall declare that poverty has not enriched them likewise?

And among them, shall you not find high and royal and single spirits, who, like Horatio, have both known and loved the world and triumphed over it without animosity? To have known and loved the world! Is not this the true test after all, and the indisputable mark of a king's son? And shall you not find it oftener among the poor than elsewhere? For he cannot be said to know the world who has never been at its mercy; as only he can be said to have triumphed over it who, having suffered all things at its hands, yet loves it with unconquerable fidelity.

(The End)

BILL

BY SIDNEY A. MERRIAM

I

BILL did n't live in the proverbial gilded cage, hung between lace curtains, where he could scatter birdseed and music over his admiring friends. Bill's home was at the bottom of a mine in a northern sector of the Allies' lines in France. It was damp and dark — at least, that part of it not reached by the light of flickering candles was dark. There were no lace curtains. The walls and ceiling were provided by Mother Earth herself, aided and abetted by carefully selected Welshmen who had devoted their lives to learning the simplest and quickest way to shore the galleries of a mine. For these talents they were enlisted in the Corps of Engineers.

Not far from 'Chalk Street,' a trench that wound through a labyrinth of piled bags of chalk, there lay an insignificant branch trench not dignified by a name. At the end of this smaller trench two dark holes led down into the earth. The smaller one, to the right hand, ended far below, in a tangle of wrecked timbers and caving earth. It was a relic of the days of German occupation. Within the opposite hole, leading steeply down into the earth, was a ramp of heavy planking, crossed at intervals with slats, that one might brace the feet for safe descent. At the mouth a working party of infantry passed an endless stream of bags of chalk from hand to hand, to be piled finally in even rows about the tops of the adjacent trenches. This was done

at night. Before dawn a few shovelful of earth were scattered over the new bags, that the watchful 'Fritz' might not deduce from them the mining operations that were in progress, and 'strafe' the locality.

At intervals of a few feet along the ramp leading down into the mine sat chalk-smearing soldiers, each in a little circle of light from his candle stuck to a near-by timber with a handful of the plastic chalk. Overhead, and at the sides, the chalk bulged inward between the shoring of timber and planking. Weird shadows from the candlelight danced about the walls. From the bottom of the shaft came the incessant creaking of a hand-windlass hoisting the chalk bags from a still lower level. These were handed up to the men posted along the ramp, who in turn passed them to the party at the mouth of the pit, for final disposal.

About the windlass was grouped a little party of soldiers who relieved each other at the hoisting. A series of ladders with hand ropes led to the lower gallery eighty feet below the hoist. Here men of the Engineer Corps were at work. Some were busily picking the chalk from the walls, while others shoveled the lumps into the bags for hoisting above.

The chamber was some twenty or thirty feet square, and was lighted by candles stuck on convenient ledges scooped out here and there in the hard chalk. By the light of one of these Sergeant Campbell of the Engineers, and Corporal Murray of the Infantry, argued over a muddy slip of paper which the sergeant held and slapped with a chalky forefinger to emphasize his remarks.

'Ye'll get no more candles,' he said. 'The last shift o' infantry warked every mon by a half candle, and it's in their thievin' pockets were the other halves. D'ye think the Engineers are

proveedin' candles for a' the doogoots in the sector? Can ye no haud ye' lads in hond?' The sergeant was no Welshman, though he had, in his time, worked much in the coal districts of Wales. 'I'll gie ye fifty, nor you nor any other body shall hae more!'

The signed slip for obtaining the candles once safely in hand, the corporal began an angry reply, but ceased abruptly. Both men looked upward to a little wicker cage hanging on the wall. The sounds of pick and shovel ceased, and the men stood leaning idly on their tools, as most exquisite song poured from the throat of the little feathered songster in the cage. 'That Bill bird was spilling it again,' in the language of the men.

The tiny canary, with head tipped back, and eyes half closed, trilled on, unconscious of its grim surroundings and the listening men. With wings a-flutter, and little body swelling in its effort, the song flowed on, while the men stood embarrassed by their own emotion at the homelike sound. It was not unusual for Bill to sing, but each song was like a first appearance, and gained for him a sympathetic hearing that a prima donna might have envied. The trills and runs went up and down as the little singer willed, sounding strangely sweet in the unusual surroundings. Somewhere a man dropped a tool, and the reverberating clang of metal ended the song, and brought a shower of curses on the clumsy one.

An Engineer officer slid down the ladder and strode up to the sergeant, wiping his hands on his riding breeches as he came. The two non-commissioned officers came smartly to attention, but the sappers, mindful of the Field Service Regulations which ignore officers where work is to be done, busied themselves with their digging.

'Good-night, sir,' said the sergeant; 'there's been no change.'

'Very good, sergeant. I've just come from listening in Number 54. Fritz is at work near there, but too late. We shall "blow" him at 8.45 to-night. You can warn your men, though they will not feel it much here. The Germans are loading their mine-chamber over 54. We have loaded under their sub-gallery and can get them "cold." If they are still working, we can cut off their whole party besides harvesting their explosives.'

'Oh! In the new sap, sir?' queried the delighted sergeant.

'Yes,' replied the officer; 'I'll show you here. We heard them at 53 degrees northwest, at about forty feet distance and above. They were dragging ammunition boxes.'

The officer spread out a map of the mines and an outline of the trenches above. He and the sergeant examined them with much technical discussion.

The nearest sapper had ceased work, to repeat to a comrade what he had overheard about Sap 54. Noticing this, the sergeant turned to them and spoke sharply.

'Now, then, laddie, do ye get on wi' ye' wark. Fritz will no blow ye the night. When he does ye'll ken naught about it. 'T is like the passing "whizz-bang": if ye ken aught about it there's no harm done.'

The men silently began to shovel, with an enthusiasm that deceived no one.

The officer rolled his maps and called for silence. The men dropped their tools and sat down. The sergeant sent the infantry corporal above to warn every one to be quiet for 'listening.'

Unslinging an instrument from his shoulder, the officer scooped out a small hollow in the chalk with a hand-pick, and, applying the instrument to a flat surface, listened intently. The men stood silent, scarcely breathing. No one moved, or shuffled his feet, for to

the chiophone, or to any microphone, the least sound is a crashing noise. Perhaps you have seen a head nurse maintain silence in a hospital while a surgeon used a stethoscope. The listening instruments used in mining work are far more sensitive. It is said that to them the sound of a fly walking on a window-pane is like that of a charging squadron of cavalry. The sound of German picks and shovels, or of boxes of explosive being moved, can be heard for considerable distances.

After some fifteen minutes of patient listening, the officer put away his instrument and prepared to leave.

'There is nothing doing here,' he said. 'Mind the "blow" at 8.45. You should feel it but little here, sergeant.'

'I ken, sir. A bit of a mild earthquake, and a draught of air to snuff the candles it always is, sir.'

The officer consulted a compass, and made a few entries in a note-book. The sergeant gave him some slips of paper bearing reports of the progress of the work, and the number of bags of chalk removed in the last four-hour shift.

'Air been all right, sergeant?' the officer asked.

'Aye, sir; Bill here was singing us a whole grand opera just before you come, sir.'

'Ah! that's good,' said the officer, taking down Bill's cage and inspecting the bird. 'If Bill keeps bright and cheerful, one of our worst difficulties is avoided. Don't let the men be feeding him rubbish. Canaries are not expensive, but it is difficult getting them when we want them.'

Hanging the cage up, the officer shook his finger playfully at the bird. 'Remember, Bill,' he said, 'the lives of this tunneling company depend on you. Your duty is a hard one; but when the air gets dangerously bad, you must fall from your little perch and die. You're one of the army now, Bill, and

you must give your life when the time comes, just as we must, that the "Un-speakable Hun" shall never crush civilization.'

The sergeant smiled. 'I'm thinking, sometimes, Bill's ancestors may have come from the Hartz Mountains in Germany, sir, but I dinna mention it to the men, for he has many friends among them the noo, an' they'd haud it against him.'

'Well, sergeant, the bird's duty is so simple, and so involuntary, that we need n't worry about his nationality. He could n't betray us even if he was disloyal.'

The officer laughed as he turned away to mount the ladder. But he little knew. Poor Bill had heard the cock crow thrice, and though his little heart was loyal to his rough friends, who fed and tended him down there in the earth, he had been marked for a traitor — an innocent, but not less deadly one.

II

After the officer left, Campbell busied himself with the work. As it neared the hour for the blow in 54, he directed a few extra timbers to be placed at points that he thought required a greater margin of safety. The explosion, although at a considerable distance, would rock the ground severely. The consequent compression on the supporting timbers at other parts of the mine would be very severe.

When the work was well under way, he took down Bill's cage and tidied it. He saw to the food, and after rinsing the little cup, refilled it from the military water-bottle at his own belt. Afterward he devoted a few moments to petting the bird which had become a great favorite with the men.

At 8.40 he ordered them to 'knock off.' The men sat about talking in low voices. The sergeant bent his arm so as

to bring his wrist-watch conveniently in sight. It had been set with headquarters by telephone. During the last two or three minutes he called off the time at intervals to the men. 'Eight — forty-three! — and-a-half! — forty-four! — forty-four-and-a-half!'

The men, knowing from experience the shock that would reach them even at that distance, rose and stood, some standing on tiptoe and opening their mouths, as artillerymen do when a heavy gun is to be fired.

'Forty-five!' There was no immediate shock. Some planking seemed to twist and writhe. A timber creaked. Then, for a second or two, all the timber-work groaned and swayed. Bits of chalk fell here and there as the earth undulated. A few seconds later came a dull boom, muffled and distant.

As the timbers settled into place with a final shiver, Bill's cage fell to the floor, bounced, rolled a few feet, and lay still. Sergeant Campbell and one of the men sprang to pick it up. Just then, a current of cool, fresh air, smelling of the night, rushed in and filled the place. Without a preliminary flicker the candles went out. A wick or two glowed red in the darkness. A soldier relighted one instantly. By its light the sergeant stooped for the cage. At that moment Bill fluttered from its open door, and eluding the sergeant's fumbling fingers, flitted across the chamber and up the shaft.

Campbell, with an expression of annoyance, sat down. The men were re-lighting the candles.

'Do ye be watchin' the candles, boys,' said Campbell. 'Bill's deserted, an' ye'll hae to take warnin' o' bad air fra' the candles for the rest o' the night. I hae no doot the air is guid enough, but 't will be no harm to watch if the candles burn poorly. I hae no need to tell ye. Ye all ken the canaries are put in the mine to gie ye warnin'

when the air gets bad. The wee birds can no stand the bad air. He's gone the noo, and it's no much harm for the present.'

Campbell, thinking no more of the bird for the moment, set to work examining the timbers for signs of damage from the 'blow.' He ordered some adjustments and repair here and there, and then sat down on a box to fill in a report blank. A soldier picked up the empty cage and set it on the sergeant's box.

Gazing absently at it for a moment, Campbell sprang to his feet with an exclamation. 'Lloyd,' he called to a man working near him. 'Drop yer wark and double up to the nearest infantry officer ye can find in the trenches above. Tell him — and mind ye get it straight — tell him the canary assigned to this gallery has escaped, and I be fearin' 't will settle in No Man's Land. Jump to it, lad!'

As the man hurriedly ascended the shaft, the sergeant wrote two notes and dispatched them by other messengers to the infantry officers holding the trenches above. As he wrote he cursed himself for his stupidity. Why had he not realized at once that the Germans — expert as they were in mining — would deduce from the presence of the canary that the carefully concealed mining operations were in progress? How fortunate, he thought, that there were yet a few hours of darkness. He thought the bird would not sing in the dark. Would the bird go to the German trenches? Thoughts raced through the brain of the anxious man.

Above, Lloyd had found a major of infantry, and halted that astonished officer. 'From Sergeant Campbell to the nearest infantry officer, sir,' he began, mumbling the official message form. 'Bill's escaped!' Seeing nothing but blank amazement in the officer's face, he began afresh. 'Bill, our canary

in Gallery 47, has got away. The sergeant thinks he might give the game away to the Germans, sir.'

The major quickly grasped the situation. First acknowledging the message, he strode away to take steps in the matter. At the next turn of the trench he met the colonel commanding the sector, who was making a tour of inspection. The major stopped him and hurriedly explained matters. The colonel immediately sent messages to subordinates, and little Bill soon became an object of great interest to the officers and men of two battalions. Men peered anxiously about the corners of the trenches. Scouts and patrols in No Man's Land attempted the almost hopeless task of searching for Bill.

In a zealous search for the bird, Sergeant Lacy of the Scouts crawled nearly to the German wire. The ground was under fire, and he ran more risk than he had in winning his D.C.M. at Mt. Sorrel. On his return he was very impolite to a facetious Irishman, who suggested that he go again after Bill and take a handful of salt.

As the eastern sky behind the German trenches turned from blue to gray, eager eyes scanned the ground between the lines. Men were more than usually alert in observation of the German trenches. Fritz must have wondered at the reckless expenditure of ammunition that met every attempt on his part to use a periscope to observe the ground. The appearance of one was the signal for a fusillade. Men were detailed to keep telescopes and field-glasses directed on the German trenches and report every attempt at observation. Every ear was listening for the dreaded chirp. One song in greeting of the approaching day, and the harm would be done.

A bomber, at his post near the head of a sap, glanced over the ground with a field-glass. His heart leaped as he

spied a downy ball of yellow perched on the shell-shattered stump of a bush. With astonishing swiftness the news spread through the trench. Without waiting for orders men fired their rifles at the bird. A military rifle is designed to hit large objects at great distances, and is a poor tool to hit small objects close by. Poor Bill, too inexperienced to be alarmed, sat quietly preening and dressing his feathers, quite unconscious of his notoriety. The increasing fire and signs of activity, coming at the favorite attacking hour of dawn, alarmed the Germans. Although it was nearly daylight, a flaring rocket went aloft from their trench. It burst and set adrift the familiar display of red and green lights, now pale and sickly looking in the morning light. Before they reached the ground, Fritz's distant artillery responded sympathetically. The rifle-practice at the bird was continued under a rapidly increasing 'strafe.'

Impatient officers directed the efforts to destroy the tell-tale bird, but rifle-fire proved ineffectual. Bombers were trying to reach the bush with their grenades.

'Lord love a poleeceman!' shouted a cockney, pulling the pin from a bomb. 'Ere yer hare. 'It the bloomin' bird and get a V.C.'

Absorbed in the enjoyment of his joke, he continued to hold the four-second bomb. A shout from his comrades warned him to throw it, just in time for it to burst outside the trench.

Several hundred rounds of ammunition expended had only caused Bill to hop from branch to branch, and look reproachful at the interruption to his morning toilet. A bullet clipped a twig close to him. A machine-gun barked away, its bullets enveloping the bush in a cloud of chalk. Bill merely circled about the bush and relighted, to the exasperation of the officers. Settled

once more, he ruffled his feathers in annoyance, and began a search for possible worms about the bush.

As the rattle of small arms continued, a sergeant, in charge of a Stokes-gun crew, begged an officer for a chance to try his weapon. The officer, amused at the contrast between the tiny bird and the deadly, thirty-yards destructive radius of the Stokes projectile, smilingly assented.

The gun was carefully plumbed and sighted. The sergeant had cut a special fuse for so short a range. With one of his gunners he awaited the result of a volley of bombs just thrown. As the smoke cleared, Bill was seen to make another of his circular flights and settle down again.

'Now!' said the sergeant.

The gunner held the long, deadly cylinder over the mouth of the mortar, and dropped it in. There was the usual muffled report of the propelling charge, sounding like a fire-cracker exploding in an iron pipe, followed by the swish of the returning projectile as it shot out of the mouth of the gun, and went hurtling into the air. Eager eyes followed its course as it mounted, spinning end over end. Its force expended, it fell earthward with ever-increasing speed. The fuse was well timed. As the heavy bomb struck the earth nearby, the now cautious bird poised himself for flight, but too late. The vicious crash of the explosion swept bomb, bird, and bush into the limbo of forgotten things.

At the mouth of the mine the men still piled the endless stream of chalk bags in preparation for the day that would see even the scene of the incident blown away.

Down in the mine the big Scotch sergeant drew a small, yellow feather from the empty cage, and thoughtfully laid it away in his pay-book beside the sprig of heather he carried there.

EARTH UPON EARTH

A MEDIEVAL POEM REVISED

BY LAURA A. HIBBARD

EARTH upon earth hath woefully wrought;
Now earth bringeth earth to nought;
For earth on earth hath sought
How earth to ruin be brought.

Earth sendeth on earth the dearth
Of exquisite youth and mirth,
Starving the fire on the hearth,
Cheating new life of birth.

Earth winneth on earth but power
To curse the final hour
When earth by its grief will cower
And gaze on its desolate dower.

Earth turneth from earth sad eyes
Unready to be wise;
Earth, sickened for holy skies,
Remembereth Paradise,

SCIENCE IN THE HUMANITIES

BY ELLWOOD HENDRICK

I

IN mediæval days, when ecclesiasticism ruled, there were venturesome spirits who held that there might be truth without dogma. They sought to discover from the literature and life of Greece and Rome those facts of human nature which were available, and yet were wholly removed by their antiquity from the speculations of dogma and the dangers of heresy. These fields of research became known in time as the Humanities, and as such they are known to-day. The subject includes, not only Greek and Latin literature, but the general domains of philology, history, and archæology. The habits of Science have aided in the organization, the thoroughness, and the order of these studies; but I make bold to postulate that Science has not yet developed sufficiently to be classed among the Humanities. It has been a servant, but not a companion of the temple.

Science has accomplished miracles of research in regard to human comfort and well-being, but despite the contributions of psychology and of social and political inquiry, it has not yet done its part in teaching us to understand one another better. Its language is definite, distinct, mathematical, and unconscionably ugly. If it is spoken in the presence of the uninformed, they hasten away or they strive to change the subject. It is not inviting, it is difficult to learn; and yet, once we have mastered it, we find it devoid of all refinement. Whoever has a fair reading

knowledge of any of the major living languages can readily translate a scientific book from it into his mother tongue. Even to write a scientific work in a foreign language does not require very much greater facility.

This is not the case with the literature of the Humanities, which touches all the arts. It is fortunate that those who hold to the mechanistic theory of life are full of enthusiasm and believe seriously in the tenets of their creed, for they are under obligation to explain the phenomenon of personality. If this be due to reactions within the mind, qualified by its physical and chemical structure, including the action-patterns there recorded by processes of photo-chemistry, the doctrine must be set forth in other than technical language. To do this will require an achievement in the art of scientific literature which has not yet been generally attained. The refinements of speech which indicate personality are not present in the abstract language of Science.

It has been said that it makes but little difference what one believes: it is how he believes, that is far more important. We may say that this has to do with the art of living. And again, it might be maintained that it is what a man says rather than how he says it that determines whether his utterances shall be heard or read, and remembered. Language, as we have observed before, is a vehicle of intellectual traffic. Its business is to carry ideas, mental concepts, information, and, at times,

the truth. It is a clumsy invention, its steering apparatus is very defective, and with the greatest caution it often carries us along the paths of error. This is not wholly to be avoided by precision. There is always the receiving mind; and the purpose of language is not fulfilled until the receiving mind has accepted and placed in storage in its proper compartment of the brain the bundle of thought addressed to it. Meticulous precision often misdirects the bundle.

The other day Professor Simkhovitch showed me a Chinese painting made in the eleventh century, which impressed me very deeply. It was said of the artist who painted it that he depicted the souls of things. It was a simple landscape, with a little house in the foreground and beyond, a lake or an arm of the sea. Beyond and about this were mountains, and over the lake was a low fog. It was a little picture, the size of the leaf of an octavo book, taken from an album in some old collection. That is all I can say in describing it in detail, and yet it had a magic beauty, a beauty of the kind that imposes silence, that arouses a cosmic emotion and makes friends draw close together when they see it. There was not a single trick in the making of it to remind one of the painter, not a single stroke of the brush to call attention to the painting, but on the margin some owner wrote of the artist, centuries ago, 'He useth his inks as the Lord God useth his waters, neither of which have I the gift to understand.'

I have the faith to believe that there are these cosmic emotions awaiting us in Science as soon as we learn that it takes the soul of an artist to tell the truth, the whole truth, with all the facts correlated unto the truth. If you desire to tell me how much you know, you must tell it to me in words that I can understand. As soon as you use

expressions with which I am unfamiliar I cease to marvel at your wisdom, and begin to wonder whether or not you are practicing quackery. The whole armament of quackery consists in words and phrases that the listener does not understand. You must keep within my comprehension if you are to have good standing with me. My ignorance may be colossal, — indeed, I assure you that it is, — but I hold that it does not accord with the graces of life to offend me because of it. We children of the earth have our weaknesses; we are not missing the mark when we assert that every one of us is, in one respect or another, feeble-minded. It is pathetic to consider how widely the field of our vision is covered with blind spots. That, perhaps, is why we are so sensitive. It is not given to us to look intimately into the consciousness of one another, and so we do not know where the blind spots and the blurred spots are. Therefore we must be simple in our speech. We never shall know all that goes on within the consciousness, even of those closest to us; but the key to understanding is simplicity.

What is simplicity to one is not simplicity to another, and yet the crossroads from achievement into the minds of our fellows must be maintained as well-beaten paths if Science is to enter into the daily life of the world. It is not childishness to speak in a language that a child can understand. It is art. If we leave the simplicity of art out of consideration when we say simple things, if we load our everyday speech with unnecessary technicalities, what medium shall we have when we want to explain something difficult? Then language will fail us. We may have the thoughts, but they will die within us.

Let us consider for a moment how much good thought dies. It is not alone by the fires of wrath that libraries, and storehouses of wisdom, and

temples made holy by enshrining the worship of many generations are destroyed. That which is ruined by war and hate, or even consumed by age, is less than that which is lost because the mind that conceives it cannot find the words with which to tell it. Every one of us knows the tragedy of talent wasted or gone astray — lost because its possessor could not speak; because the words were not available. It is not precision that such men lack; it is the art of speech.

Suppose the language of chemistry, instead of being the kind of Volapük that it is, were something desired of all men and women who look for the fine and beautiful things in life. The imagination is almost stunned at what might ensue. We cannot invent this thing, but if we wish for it hard enough, maybe it will come some day. Then the world may be vastly different, and better than now.

The man of research must set forth his findings in terms that will be understood. If he studies merely for his own satisfaction, and does not contribute his results to the great store of knowledge, he is far more reprehensible than the miser; for the miser cannot carry his treasures with him when he dies. The man of research can do what amounts to just this, and it is his duty, his obligation, to contribute what he has learned, the treasures of Nature that he has won, to the world. Unless he does so, he may die insolvent, a debtor to the world, a bankrupt in human history.

The man of science in industry has a similar problem, which is not only a duty, but a necessity, if he would succeed. Unless he owns the works, he cannot direct them; and unless he can explain the problems of materials and reactions to his directors, he can hardly ask them to follow his advice. How many industries have been ruined be-

cause some man who knew and would gladly have explained lacked the art to explain.

II

We talk of Science and Art as if they were beautiful twin sisters of Culture, gracefully standing in the open portal of Academe. Following this vague abstraction, a painter will drape a brunette model for Science and a blonde one for Art, and pose them as bringing gifts to his favorite girl or his more insistent wife, seated in a big chair as the Civic Spirit. Science is likely to offer an apothecary's balance, and Art a piece of a plaster cast of the Venus de Milo. Then the picture goes up in the new City Hall.

To all appearances these two lovely sisters are inseparable; they vie with each other only in the abundance of their gifts. Gifts they do indeed bring, but this is the whole substance of their relationship. They are not intimate at all. They do not like each other; they do not understand each other, and they do not even speak the same language. And they are not sisters.

The other day a gentleman distinguished for his eminence in affairs, as well as for his achievements as a patron of the arts, said in substance, 'The day of the industrial pioneer is passing. The day of the artist is at hand. The Greeks, who knew innumerable things that we have not yet learned, knew also the value of art in the development of citizenship. The mediæval kings knew this, too, and they built cities of incomparable beauty: the capitals of states adorned with the best that we know of architecture and decoration; and then and there lived happy men and women who found joy in their daily tasks. They sang at their work. They did the things they wanted to do and they wanted to do good things, being inspired by the beauty

around and about them. And so they were good citizens.'

Those were days when Art reigned and Science was not. These are days when Science reigns and Art is puny and sick. Art shows some signs of recovery and growth, but it is not yet thriving because it has not yet found its place in the hearts of the people. Science, on the other hand, has grown and prospered enormously, and it shows the effects of too rapid growth. Indeed, Science is bad-mannered, with all the faults of the newly rich; and it has no ethical standards. It will take any job that comes along: it will purify air and water and make life more comfortable and wholesome and clean; or it will, with equal ardor, take up its latest task and carry out its latest achievements, which, to its shame be it said, have made war more murderous, more cruel, more horrible than ever it was before.

Chemistry, for instance, is so little mated to Art that if we are to mention the two together without causing a smile, we must call chemistry by the abstract name of Science. We do not maintain that chemists are not artists in life, or that they are men without the refinements and graces that follow the best there is in thinking. In fact, we are not writing of chemists at all; we are writing of chemistry as an entity; of what is suggested by that black-haired girl with the scales, if you please.

Let us go further than this, and say that we are not yet civilized in applied science. Neither, for that matter, is any other people; but this is no reason why we should not make the effort to improve ourselves. And Science will not become wholly civilized in its work until it becomes much more closely affiliated with Art than as a mere purveyor of raw materials. The relation of Science to Art to-day is that of the quarryman who gets out marble for the

sculptor; a worthy task and good service, but it is not companionship.

When news is brought that a chemical factory is to be built in a neighborhood, the disinterested neighbors, as a rule, do not like it. After it is built, and when it proceeds to befoul the air and bemess the streets, those who can move away do so. I am not blaming anybody for this; I am merely regretting the fact that there is so little of art in its civic or public sense in applied chemistry. In the industries we do not know how to do better than hide our works in some desolate place where there is least likelihood that a protest will be registered against us. Our business with the authorities is usually of a legal sort in which we appear as defendants. Then, when the civic powers intervene and make us contain our nuisances within our gates, they are teaching us the first principles of Art. With no attempt at definition, we know that Art does not offend against enlightenment, and we shall also postulate that it makes for good citizenship.

No; Science and Art are not twin sisters; the decorative painters have been all wrong. They are not even of the same sex. Science should bear in mind that the world is not complete, and should address itself to the wooing of Art. Then, when they are wedded, and we are all their children by adoption; when chemical factories shall have become adornments to the places where they are built; when industrial works shall be wished for along with cathedrals and schools and museums and public libraries; when the opening of a mine shall predicate a centre of enlightened citizenship among those who work in it, and the master shall be, as in Leonardo's day, an artist *because* he is an engineer; and when the language of science shall have become human, living speech — then will dreams come true and a golden age be at hand. By

this sign we shall know that Science has united with the Humanities. Until then is our boasting vain.

III

It has been our habit to regard Science as an impersonal thing, its findings absolute rather than relative; and in this respect I fear we have been led astray by the vanity of dogma. Now, dogma is the result of what Professor Sumner called the innate laziness of human nature, whereby each generation takes for granted the conclusions of the generations past, merely to save trouble.

Of course, we cannot find answers to all our problems as we meet them, without drawing upon the experiences of the fathers; but in consequence of this ability to find our problems ready solved for us, have come some of the vicious *sequelæ* of dogma. Among them is the tradition of monkish aloofness and scorn of the public which does not understand. This leads us into unsocial dullness and involves us in serious faults of omission.

Here is an example. One of the great leaders in astronomy made a record of his observations for publication. It was a work of momentous importance. The author found such joy and inspiration in it that he embodied in his preface a popular exposition of what was demonstrated in the pages that followed. The preface was at once a scientific summing-up of the work, a contribution of rare merit to literature, and an illuminating source of information about astronomy for the appreciative lay public. He sent a copy of it to a colleague, asking his opinion in regard to the propriety of writing the preface in terms of popular speech. The reply came promptly. It was highly improper, said the critic, — contrary to the dignity of the profession of astron-

omy, — and it would surely lower the standing of the author!

Now, the author's standing had already been made by his achievements in research. His colleague, however, seemed to think that the light of day would dim the truth, and he succeeded in destroying for all of us a beautiful and great thing. For many of us are not learned in astronomy: we needed just that elucidation which the preface contained. But it is lost.

In the name of conscience, what authority have those of us who follow Science with interest to hold in scorn our neighbors whose paths of study have led them through other than our familiar fields? What is the difference between our ignorance of what they have studied and their ignorance of what they think we know? Do we not ask compassion for our own shortcomings? Then should we not grant it unto others? It is only through such scorn as this, or from laziness, or lack of sufficient general culture to express ourselves in measures of grace, that the world at large, both schooled and vulgar, has come to the conclusion that it cannot understand the man of science when he speaks. Even the history of science has not yet been written. Why is there no history of science? I venture to say that it is because the succeeding stations, the platforms of its intelligence, are not generally known. The clear, lucid definitions are not yet available. Somewhere in the progress there has been a lapse, and I hazard the guess that it is in the literary habits of men of research.

Lavoisier had the gift of making things clear in a remarkable measure. He had the graces of life in his speech as well as in his bearing. On that dark day for chemistry when he was led to the guillotine, he implored his executioners to let him finish the work in hand. He would follow them gladly as

soon as the work was finished, and they might watch him in whatever manner they pleased. It would mean *so much for humanity*, he pleaded. But the *sansculottes* knew better. He had already freed chemistry from the bondage of phlogiston. From what other bondage might he have freed us, had he been spared? Perhaps he would have revealed things still unknown to us, which we see only as through a glass, darkly. And then the history of Science might have been written, long ago.

I am glad to say that the history of Science now bids fair to be written. At least, Professor Sarton (of the University of Ghent, until the blackness of 1914, and now of Harvard) is devoting his life to it.

When we consider the nature and ways of matter we find that it is far from being impersonal. Nitrogen, for instance, has ways of its own that are as baffling to the understanding as are the ways of genius. The family of halogens have any number of Celtic traits; the green chlorine and its cousin fluorine are as full of tricks and potentialities of danger as any Irish lass who ever lived. What is the cosmic history of lead? Consider the allotropy of tin! We cannot all enter into research as to these whimsical qualities; so why not take a good-natured view of all inanimate things and tell of their ways? They are very interesting. Then, when some future disciple of Willard Gibbs tells us all about them, that will be interesting, too. We need a new and a livelier vision of them, just as we need dull catalogues of their reactions, and speculations as to the reasons why they take place. It will do us no harm to consider the personality of matter. There is an æsthetic side to Science if we would but look for it.

The liturgy of Science should not lack beauty. Why should we not inspire reverence and enlightenment in-

stead of discouragement in the layman, when we relate the observations of men of vision and understanding? Why not employ Art and speak in the language of a child as often as we can in telling of reactions and phenomena which are constantly taking place and which abound in cosmic beauty?

IV

We have observed that the Humanities do not include Science, and that Art is the needed handmaiden of all. We have noted that Science and Art are less closely related than they might be; that, in fact, they are not on speaking terms. It appears also that Art, in its simplicity of speech and directness of manner, can guide Science into the fold of the Humanities, and that Science must make the next move if this is to be done. The step is to be taken by the adoption of human, living, colloquial speech whenever and wherever this is possible, in place of the employment of technical terms. We must educate ourselves to do this.

Now, whatever the substance of education may be, we know that it is not promiscuous memorizing. Dr. Martin Rosanoff, when assistant to Professor Friedel in Paris, once asked his master a question in organic chemistry.

'*Sais pas*,' answered the professor; 'look it up in Beilstein.'

A few days later he asked another question and received the same response: '*Sais pas*; look it up.'

Finally the assistant said, 'The world knows you as one of the greatest authorities on this subject; yet, whenever I ask you, you tell me to look up answers to questions that surely are familiar to you. Is this because you do not remember, or because you want to train me in habits of research?'

The old man took him by the arm and led him into the library.

'Voilà!' he exclaimed; 'there is all I know. Do you expect me to make a beehive of my mind, storing fragments of information into every little compartment, to the exclusion of all the good things of life? No, indeed!' he continued; 'books are useful instruments and we should use them. But the *general principles* — these I must ever keep alive in my mind.'

Now, that seems to me to be the essence of education. And since men and women are uneducated in Science, it is the business of those who have to do with it to make the subject so attractive that they will want to learn it. This cannot be accomplished by a policy of frightfulness; and it is better to be in good repute than to be feared and hated, anyway. The barrier of language still holds the followers of Science apart from the otherwise enlightened public; and yet the whole of its terminology is needed for records. So there must be invented a new habit of speech in regard to Science, familiar to the ears of the public, and shocking only to those pedants who consider it lacking in dignity for a man of science to be understood by persons who are as intelligent as he, but who have addressed their attention to other pursuits.

The way to discover this means of communicating ideas should be found in exercise and experiment, repeated again and again until the unwilling listener becomes a willing one. We might take for example the Ancient Mariner, who has left us this exposition of his method: —

I pass like night from land to land;
I have strange power of speech;
The moment that his face I see
I know the man that must hear me —
To him my tale I teach.

The marvelous tale that Science has to tell is still more wonderful than that of the Ancient Mariner. His unwilling listener was compelled to hear because of

the old man's emotion. His emotion gave wings to his words.

We may recall also that Huxley brought his emotion to bear upon what he said, and he was understood. Tyn-dall, by his consummate mastery of the art of letters, is still the unapproached example of how to write of Science. The late Robert Kennedy Duncan, with his poet's vision of the ways of nature, could arouse interest in whatever he spoke about; and there seems to be no one left who has this gift within him.

A curious feature in regard to many efforts to make Science popular is, to use a topsy-turvy simile, that many good people so engaged have overshot their mark. Learned papers are prepared for the *cognoscenti* and are duly printed in the scientific journals. Then, at the point in these papers where it is shown that a bell rings, or a noise is made, or a light is shown, the popularizer makes his abstract. This is then edited down to the level of infants and idiots, and it is usually published along with puzzles and toy-news. Such literature does not induce men who are engaged in making scientific history to contribute information, nor does it appeal to the intelligent public. Our appeal for simplicity is for simplicity of speech, not for stupidity of subject.

At one time I was loud in joining the chorus that Science should at all hazards be taught in the schools. It is so easy to provide for everything desired in the next generation by adding it to the curriculum of the common schools! There is physiology taught along with the multiplication-table, and psychology sometimes taught in place of English. Chemistry and physics are urgently called for in scornful substitution for Latin and Greek, and the choice of botany or algebra may depend upon the unripe judgment of a child and his preference for the easier course. The mind of the child is a wonderful instrument,

but its operation is limited in capacity. If we crowd the process of school with too many subjects, it will be of no more advantage to the pupil than several years spent in constant visits to moving-picture shows.

No; the business of schools is to effect mental preparedness to meet such conditions as may arise. I venture to say that the great problem of schools is to find teachers who have the art to teach. This requires the quick perception, the deft understanding, and the persuasiveness of the professional gambler, who must at once arouse the cupidity of his victim and put his suspicions to sleep. The teacher must arouse the curiosity of whomever he would teach, and, by subtlety of wit, find an entrance into his understanding. Of such are the teachers of a better day than ours.

V

It seems to me that teaching is the greatest of the arts, and that every one of us, no matter what his walk of life may be, is engaged willy-nilly for a good part of his time in teaching. Surely every father and mother is engaged in it; and I am persuaded that the vast majority of children address themselves to the problem of teaching their parents that the life of their day is wholly incompatible with the methods of a generation past. The master who learns how to handle men is taught by the men he handles. The senator and congressman in the throes of their eloquence are endeavoring to teach their honorable colleagues what they take to be wisdom, and their constituents they endeavor to tell of their impassioned patriotism. Whenever we endeavor to persuade any one to do as we want him to do, we try to teach him. Teaching is the universal art, and the greatest of them all.

Now, the greatest thing to teach is

the science of living, the understanding of human reactions, the ways of people and things, and the cognizance of them. So my former passionate belief in the need to teach children thermodynamics, the gas-laws, the chemical elements, osmosis, and other things of the kind has lost conviction as the years of meditation have come upon me. These things are interesting, intensely interesting, but most of us do not know how to make them so. Of course, most of us do not understand anything about them; but of those who do, the majority are so anxious for precision that they lose the sense of art in the telling, and so forget the very purpose of language.

Not long ago I heard a lecture on the constitution of matter, in which the learned man who delivered it explained a certain hypothetical situation. The hypothesis was set forth with great care and elaboration, but it was difficult to comprehend. After spending several minutes in expounding the idea the professor looked up and said, 'Like beads on a wire,' and straightway every one breathed a sigh of relief, and understood.

When we can teach Science so that a child can understand it, let us teach it to children; until then, is not our main business to look for teachers who have the art to teach anything that is worth while? Who wants a child to prattle Beilstein, anyway? If grown-up men and women with well-trained minds cannot bring themselves to listen to the speech of Science so long as it sounds as it does, surely children are likely to be confounded by it.

I do not want to run amuck at this point, although I can smell the danger. I have said that the way to learn how to express ourselves in Science is by experience; and here I find myself drifting into a field in which I claim no right to speak: the field of pedagogics. I hold no brief for the present curricula of our

schools, nor have I any to propose. We know that the ordinary teacher cannot teach Science, and that there is a hazard in loading him with the task. On the other hand, it seems all wrong that what we call the Humanities should not include a knowledge of the intellectual tools with which men work for progress in our own day. It seems a pity that boys and girls at school should not know of the synthesis of sugars from water and carbon dioxide in the green leaves; of the polymerization (dreadful word!) of sugars to gums and starches and cellulose. It seems too bad that, in the days when their faculties of observation are most acute, their eyes should not be opened to the history of the hills and the valleys around and about them. And if they know more of the nature of the nerve-reactions of the human animal, it almost seems that it would be easier rather than harder to teach ethics.

True, the art of teaching classic lore is thousands of years old; it is well developed and complete. The art of teaching mathematics is also of ancient days, and yet I sometimes doubt if the philosophy of mathematics is efficiently taught at school. On the other hand, the art of teaching Science is only about fifty years old; consequently it often lacks the polish, the finish that we find in the teaching of other subjects. But that is no reason why we should wait a thousand years for improvement. Why not resolve to be artists at the work? Then we may become artists *in* the work.

Time was when all records were made in Latin and Greek. At present they are made in English, French, German, Russian, Czech, Hungarian, Spanish, Japanese, and Chinese, and some of us have not the gift of tongues. So we are in a quandary. We have great need of scientific thinking, while teachers are not equipped in the art of developing it, and children are leaving

school to avoid the hard work of thinking about what does not interest them.

Perhaps my meditations have led me astray; perhaps it would be wise to begin with Science in the grammar schools, so that a generation of teachers may arise who can impart a knowledge of the ways of stuff and the phenomena of energy. Perhaps it would be wise to try it on the present generation of children, and let them worry out their own salvation. I can speak with no authority in regard to this. But I do know enough to say that we need more earnest, more inspired, and less weary teachers all over the country, and that the way to induce the right young men and women to take up the noble vocation is to do honor to their calling. Money alone will not bring them: we must greet them with a more gracious attitude of mind and heart. Then, out of their more abundant culture and more impulsive efforts will proceed the gentle voice of wisdom.

I am convinced that, if we would grow in grace as a people and wax great in understanding and develop qualities of sympathy that throw a light on the road toward the Kingdom of God, we must first glorify the art of teaching. The teachers will bring their art with them, and then the day of the triumphant entry of Science into the temple of the Humanities will be at hand.

True, the pathway is long and arduous. But, as the people wish for it and its disciples wish to tell of it, that will be the magic, and presto! the road will be made easy. In chemistry, the red-headed family of the halogens will lead in the march of the elements. The tricky catalysts will keep the people wishing and guessing, to maintain the magic. And all the world will join and dance in the joyous procession, if only the chanting be done in that simplicity and beauty of speech which Art knows, but which Science has not yet learned.

THE PACIFIST AT WAR

BY HENRY RUTGERS MARSHALL

How shall one who has in the past proclaimed himself a pacifist justify his enthusiastic support of our government in making war upon Germany and her allies? Is he abandoning his principles when he fails to number himself with the 'conscientious objectors,' and refuses to encourage those who are ever ready to urge peace at any price? Is there warrant for the all too common distrust of his honesty of purpose, or, at least, of his whole-hearted sympathy with those who call upon us to fight with all our national power until victory is gained?

Many men of this type among us to-day, whose patriotism would not for an instant be questioned under ordinary conditions, and who feel that all our energies should, for the moment, be given to the arduous task before us in the present national emergency, find their efforts curtailed, or wholly thwarted, by this distrust and suspicion — and strongly resent it.

Nevertheless, it must be granted, I think, that such pacifists are themselves largely responsible for the uncomfortable position in which they find themselves placed, in that they do not make clear the grounds for what appears to their bellicose friends to be the pretence of a sudden and complete surrender of their principles since the declaration of war by the United States. They should remember that war arouses passions which render it difficult for the average man to judge fairly those who have opposed chauvinism in the past. They should, with

patience, urge their opponents to cast aside prejudice, and to consider the grounds of their present position.

The consistent pacifist looks upon war as the greatest of all evils; and in this he finds few opponents to-day. The horrors of the present war have converted to this view a large proportion of those who have in past years appeared as apologists for war.

He finds, as he looks back at history, that, apart from the rare cases where the victor has actually crushed his opponent, few if any wars have closed with the full accomplishment by the victors of the ends that their wars were undertaken to attain.

He sees, on the other hand, that wars begun for a given end are likely to lead to other wars which would not otherwise have occurred. The spark that was struck in Serbia in 1914 has developed the world-wide conflagration which has at last leaped across the broad Atlantic.

He sees that each war has left seeds in ground which has yielded abundant fruitage when time has become ripe for a new war harvest.

He notes in all this a likeness to the usual reactions of hostile individuals. The individual combatant, even where he completely vanquishes his opponent, seldom gains as the result of his success redress of the supposed wrongs which aroused his anger. His success is likely to create a host of enemies among the friends of the one vanquished. It arouses a spirit of revenge

which frequently leads to long successions of new ebullitions of violence.

He notes again that the emotions which lead to war are the same emotions which lead to combat between individuals, but which, appearing coincidentally in many individuals of a race, are nationalized, if we may so speak.

All this leads him to ask whether the means man has invented to prevent hostile combat between individuals may not suggest methods by which war can be avoided altogether.

His thought, perhaps not unnaturally, turns to the familiar complex legal and extra-legal social restrictions adopted to control individuals; the result of such considerations appearing in the hopeful propositions, so prominent in our day, looking to the establishment of fully recognized international courts, sustained by national forces. But he too often overlooks the fact that judicial systems, and effective methods of control of the violent individual, are found only in highly socialized communities; that national life is much less fully organized than the life of individual men; that therefore it is scarcely comparable with the life of those who are controlled by social pressure, but is more properly likened to the life of men in a crude community, where legal restrictions are unformulated; as, for instance, among the head hunters of the Philippines.

Or we may come nearer home, if we consider the action of the people of California at the time of the sudden emigration to its gold-laden mountains. There, in the effort to overcome the evil of violence between individuals, resort was first had to repression of the individual ruffian by extra-legal 'vigilance committees,' which aimed to control combat between individuals by organized violence, much as, in national affairs, the great powers joined

in their punitive expedition in China after the Boxer movement.

The vigilance committee methods were abandoned finally; but only because certain influential individuals determined that they would take no further part in their proceedings, deeming it better to trust to the imperfectly administered courts, even though this involved great personal risk. They concluded that the way to stop violence between individuals, even under serious provocation, was to stop it.

Arguing thus, the pacifist holds that the way to stop war is to stop it; and that the elimination of war cannot be hoped for until some powerful and influential nation, suffering under very serious provocation from another great power, determines to stop. He acknowledges that such a course involves, in the first instance, risk of aggressive attack; and that it carries with it an implication of national cowardice; but he feels that the risk will be warranted in consideration of the possible gain to civilization; and that the adoption of this course really involves the highest possible degree of national courage.

These are general principles.

But, in every crisis we must face conditions as they exist. War has for ages been, and still is, the natural mode of settlement of deep-seated racial hostilities. Even if one hopes for the eventual realization of the ideal of enduring peace, he must acknowledge that the war habits of man cannot be expected to disappear once for all and suddenly; that there must be an era of transition when the strength of the pacifist will be spent in urging the adoption of means to block impending wars.

We, at best, are living in this transitional time. A great war, the greatest of all wars, is being waged in Europe; a war which has brought to man's attention as never before the horrible cruelty and loss of war, and the national

conceptions which lead to it. We have ourselves stood calm under serious provocation, and have thus stimulated in ourselves a spirit of control that must ever remain an example to other races. But gradually, as matters have shaped themselves, it has become clearer and clearer that the ideals of the Teutonic alliance, if realized, will tend, not to eliminate, but to perpetuate war; and that the pacifist's hope of the early approach of an era of enduring peace will be thwarted if they are victors. And we see that the defeat of this alliance is the only means by which this realization of their barbaric ideals can be prevented. Thus, by joining with the Allies in opposition to the Central Powers, we see ourselves taking our part with a national vigilance committee determined to render powerless the Prussian desperado; the existence of this committee being necessary pending the fuller development of an effective international judiciary.

And our special world position has given our country in this connection a very unique advantage, which looks to substantial aid in the realization of the pacifist's ideal. For in entering this war, we appear as purely disinterested participants so far as the original grounds of contention are concerned; and we are thus enabled to bring to the attention of the world the fact that the main object in view is the final elimination of war. We fight that we may render powerless the arch aggressor ruffian; that we may take from him the weapons with which he threatens the peaceful life of the race; that we may persuade him, and indeed his opponents as well, that, after he has been disarmed, a world-order must be evolved which will tend to displace the national vigilance committee with which, for the time being, we have cast our lot, and substitute for it a national judicial system with such national

police power as may be necessary to maintain its authority.

And we have seized our opportunity to make another great step in advance, which would have been utterly impossible had we remained neutral. We, through our President, have enunciated an ideal of governmental aims, and governmental procedure, which never before has been brought clearly before the world; and we have been able to do this at a time, and in a manner, which have led all the great nations with whom we are in alliance to receive it with acclaim.

This last fact is, in itself, a great triumph in the cause the pacifist has at heart; for this approval of our President's words is certain to be made use of by statesmen in later generations to curb the aggressive tendencies of the jingoes among political leaders, whom we must expect to find from time to time in the future aiming to influence the legislative bodies of their day.

The rational pacifist thus enters this war because it looks towards the realization of his ideal. He cannot expect it to be the final war; but it may well be the last great war. In this sense, then, it is a war to prevent war.

And with all this in mind the pacifist, as an idealist, may well give, as many of them are now giving, all the strength that is in them to win this war; realizing that for the moment we must lay aside all thought of peace, devoting all our energies, without stint, to every action that looks to victory. Vast will be the treasure we shall sacrifice; bitter will be the suffering we shall incur in sympathetic coöperation with our allies. But we shall make the sacrifice with enthusiasm, and shall bear the burden of sorrow with courage, assured that in so doing we are helping to take a long step on the road to enduring peace.

We must win this war; and we shall win it.

RUSSIAN SIDELIGHTS

BY ARTHUR RUHL

THE studio windows looked down on Moscow River and the Kremlin. As the young painter-journalist rattled on, he now and then emphasized his words by flinging an arm out toward the river, the ancient mossy-red rampart above it, and the gilded Kremlin domes.

'We're a nation of artists and savages. You can reach us through our feelings — give us a poem, a play, a picture, and we can imitate it, or even improve on it. You send us cannon,' — He raised both arms helplessly and dropped them.

'You thought Russia was a huge country. That was a fiction built up by the old régime, which meanwhile intrigued with Germany. As a matter of fact, Russia extends for a few hundred kilometres, north, south, east and west of Moscow. The rest was a foreign country, held together by force. It might become a federation and grow into something like your United States, but it never was a nation in the real sense of the word.

'You think we're a great agricultural country. Another fallacy. We have land but no agriculture. Our peasants dance on their fields instead of fertilizing them.

'Foreigners have been very naïve. They assumed we were modern, strong, and capable because of a few fine things we sent to them. They read Tolstoi or saw Pavlova, and said "Ah! — a great people!" They saw greatness through the *entrechat* of some ballerina's legs.

'You thought we had a great army. We had no army and neither officers nor soldiers. We had skillful technicians, but they were not good officers, because a good officer must be on good terms with his men, and that, under the old régime, was impossible. Our army was n't an army, but a prison, with soldiers for prisoners. It is true the Russian soldier will endure conditions no other soldiers in the world would submit to — I served my time at the front, and I know. They have a patience *épouvantable*! They fought well because all human beings will fight to save themselves, or when enraged by the fire of the enemy. But they had no idea why they were fighting — they were not soldiers, they were slaves driven by their masters.

'The revolution which began so beautifully is no longer beautiful. And this was inevitable. If you cut off a man's leg because he has some malignant sore in his foot, he may recover, but you do not immediately enter him in a race. You may have a race between two men on foot, but not between one man on foot and another in an automobile. Even if you give him an automobile, it must be especially built for him, and very simple, or he will break it the first time he tries to run it.'

The young man talked well and was not displeased with his own eloquence. His realistic detachment was a bit extreme, no doubt, yet, thoroughly Russian. The Russian resembles the Frenchman in that, — in his lack of hypocrisy, — though the two are so

very different. One of the minor — and rather melancholy — compensations of the breaking in Russia of all those ties that usually bind a nation together, is that every one may say exactly what he thinks.

They were singing 'Romeo and Juliet' at the Moscow opera. Six balconies, in crimson and gold, crowded as in times of peace, and everywhere the imperial eagles. There were eagles on the empty royal box, still guarded in the foyer by its two sentries, eagles over the proscenium arch, and looking over the edge of our box at the orchestra, I saw eagles on the drums. That orchestra, and the performance on the stage, was like some curious perfect mechanism, wound up and set going in an airtight box, and come down from the old days intact. A stone's throw away, battered tram-cars, jammed with *tovarishi* who had paid no fare, worked painfully through muddy streets. Queues of tired people waited at shop-doors in order that, to-morrow morning, they might buy a little sugar or flour or cotton cloth; and the queues waiting for galoshes were about half made up of soldiers with wooden legs, intending to buy rubbers at 12 rubles, sell them to Jews for 15, who, in turn, would sell them again for 21 rubles, or whatever they could get. All this actuality, all the dirt, disorder and despair, vanished the instant the spectators crossed the threshold and caught again the warm familiar smell of the great theatre, and saw the ancient ushers, still in their old livery, and the jolly wardrobe women, receiving and hanging up cloaks with their air of welcoming old friends. And a moment later they were swept into a new world on the music of the violins. How fine and strong and sure it all seemed — the quick, imperious gestures of the leader, the discipline and team-work of or-

chestra and chorus, the ballet's swift finesse! Romeo strides in, — and Romeo, too, is a Russian, — flames at the taunts from the Capulets, and like a flash, runs Tybalt through. No Hamletizing here, no qualms of non-resistance — with what untroubled repentance does he drop on one knee before the corpse, and holding his sword in front of him as a cross, lift his tenor above the chorus in eloquent lament. One must have known Russia's moral sickness to know how reassuring these crazy operatic heroics seemed — then presently the curtain fell and one went out into the street and reality again. Only here it was a nightmare which was real.

Ghosts and echoes of the old régime assail one everywhere. One has a curious divided soul, and floats back and forth between the shabby realities of a freedom that has not yet found itself, and a slavery that had its incidental beauty and nobility.

You sit in some fine old room, as I sat one evening, in a room in the Marinsky Palace, now used as a press-headquarters, and above the clacking typewriters and the endless half-baked arguments, suddenly see looking down on you, from the frieze, the names of Shakespeare, Cervantes, Petrarch, Calderon. Or you go into the Tretiakoff Gallery, in Moscow, for instance, and feel all at once that curious bite and mysteriousness, that rather exotic distinction of the Russia we used to know. Who were the Russians who had feelings like these, and where have they gone now?

These ghosts visit one in the most unexpected places. There was a dentist in Petrograd who used to tell me to come at ten o'clock in the morning. He was never ready at ten o'clock, and knew, of course, that he would n't be; but when one suggested that this

might be a trifle early, he would smile in his disarming way, and say, 'Oh, yes! I get up early, too!' At ten next morning, a sleepy little maid would admit one into an office waiting-room, silent as a tomb. After ten or fifteen minutes a tremendous running back and forth overhead — Ah — he's up at any rate! One tried to follow his movements — now he must be dressed — this long silence must mean that he is eating breakfast. Finally, about eleven, when one was ready to dynamite the place, the door of the operating-room would open, and there he would stand in his white jacket, rubbing his hands one over the other, bowing and speaking so pleasantly in his soft, slightly broken English, that he would be forgiven again.

Beyond the muslin curtain and the usual alcohol lamp and instruments of torture, there was, instead of a New York apartment, one of the Grand Ducal palaces, from which, while closed during the summer, the *tovarishi* had thriftily carted away a million rubles' worth of old tapestries, jewels, and paintings. He would stuff something in one's mouth, say 'Don't close, please!' and then disappear for half an hour. During one of these waits, I got out of the chair and began stumping up and down the room, jaw still gaping, with a notion of making enough noise to recall him. A photograph album lay on a table and I seized on that. In it was a faded picture of the Champ de Mars, where now the first victims of the revolution were buried, and where I had seen soldiers and working men and women shuffling by in that great sleepy July demonstration that lasted all day. But this photograph had been taken during one of the annual reviews of the old days, and lines of soldiers were drawn across the vast space as straight and sharp as lines ruled on paper. You could see the

little specks of men — dead long ago, no doubt, on Galician and Polish battlefields — presenting arms, see the drummers beating the long roll, while down in front the Tsar and his suite, ablaze with decorations, went trotting on their splendid horses. And one felt small as one would have felt that day, when a mere civilian who raised a finger would have been crushed like a mosquito; and there in the dentist's office, with its smell of drugs, that dismal November morning, the thing came back again, — that old hypnotic sense of majesty and power. One felt it, yet stood outside and looked at it, and wondered at the quaintness of a world, out of which something so strong and seemingly permanent, should, at a snap of the fingers, so to speak, vanish like so much smoke.

At tea one evening in one of the old Petrograd houses, we were again turning over photographs, — ladies of the seventies and eighties, with splendid bare shoulders, and wasp-like waists, and cold white faces at once beautiful and cruel — the kind of women men fought duels over, or for whom they shot themselves. There was a young cavalry officer among them, a nephew of our hostess, sitting his rearing horse as if he were an equestrian statue. He had ridden at military horse-shows before the war, the Austrians knew him, and when he was killed in one of the first engagements in 1914, they sent a letter to the Russian commander, expressing their regret. Ghosts now — he and the other young knights of his class who went riding out into the west, as if to a tournament; and if he had been alive that night, his own soldiers might have murdered him, or he might have had to slip like a thief into his own Petrograd.

Kerensky's theatrical appearance at the democratic conference in October

was perhaps his last victory. The conference had been called to clear the air for the much-postponed constitutional convention, and it came when the air was still murky with the smoke of the Kornilov fiasco. Kerensky's part in that was by no means clear—he seemed to have worked with the commander-in-chief up to a certain point, and then to have turned on him with cries of treason and counter-revolution. Neither those who sympathized with Kornilov, nor those who hated him, were satisfied, and it was plain that Kerensky must either clear himself or be beaten.

From our place just under the stage—the conference met in the big Alexander Theatre in Petrograd—we could see the committeemen on the stage, the orchestra and five balconies packed with delegates, and the imperial box in the centre of the first horseshoe, where various dignitaries were sitting, including Verkhovsky, the new War Minister. He was a tall, well-built, grave young man with spectacles, a professional soldier and socially allied with the upper class, yet with enough originality and imagination to say in his first announcement that Kornilov and the other old-school generals were useless now, 'because they did n't understand the psychology of the present-day soldier.' People still hoped to build up the army, then, and Verkhovsky seemed to offer real hope. He was brushed aside even sooner than Kerensky was. Cheidze, a squat little Georgian, with a rasping voice, from the Caucasus, presided. A Social Democrat and regarded as extremely radical in the old Duma, he had become almost 'Right' as the Bolshevik power grew, and his quick wit and firmness had done much to keep the wilder horses from running away during the All-Russian Congress a few weeks before.

About him were various revolutionary figures—the tall, dark, oriental-

looking Tseritelli; Chernov, suggesting, with his plump figure and mane of hair, a rather soft and domesticated lion; Mme. Kalentai, a well-born lady who had turned Maximalist, fled to escape arrest, and now, in the bewildering revolutionary fashion, was here on the stage talking over the footlights, big as life, to some of her friends in the front row. In the left-hand stage box sat a dark, bearded professorial-looking man, the author of 'Rule No. 1,' which started the breakdown of discipline in the army; and beside him, Mrs. Kerensky, a girlish-looking woman, with a quite Russian face, and wistful expressive eyes. In one of the front rows, among the men, was the sad face of Vera Figner. Like the famous 'Grandmother of the Revolution,' she was one of the old-school revolutionists—idealists of the upper classes, who left everything, in the sixties and seventies, to 'return to the people,' and literally to live their life, but she had kept none of 'Babushka's' almost masculine vitality and optimism. Her gentle face, under its severely parted gray hair, lit up sometimes for an instant when she was spoken to, but a moment later resumed its fixed look of sadness and disillusion. She was here now among some of the peasant delegates, but as far away in feeling from most of those in the front of things at the moment as she would have been at a meeting of the Council of Empire in the old days.

The meeting was called to order. Several spoke, one of them, the Bolshevik Kamanev, attacking Kerensky openly and declaring that a coalition government was impossible. There was a good deal of noise, and few noticed who had entered the royal box, until Cheidze's rasping voice suddenly announced Comrade Kerensky. The whole house turned and saw the Minister President standing at the front of

the box, with one hand thrust in his military tunic in his favorite Napoleonic pose. Waiting until the applause became insistent, he made a quick gesture, disappeared through the box curtains, and preceded and followed by several aides, strode rapidly down the runway over the orchestra seats to the stage.

He shook hands with Cheidze, and then with each member of the committee in the semi-circle on either side of him, going first down one side and then down the other, and giving each a curious, rapid, entirely impersonal handshake — all with the sharp punctilious air of a soldier come from great affairs to these slower-moving, less important men of words. Then he swung about to the house and began to speak. The interruptions came almost at once. Cheidze banged his gavel and threatened to throw the disturbers out. The interruptions continued and nobody was thrown out, but gradually the sympathetic noise grew louder.

Kerensky spoke with one hand behind his back, the other thrust into his tightly buttoned coat, his whole body quivering. He gave the impression of a man under intense nervous strain, living and working on his nerve, thinking in flashes, and acting largely on instinct and impulse — a man who reasoned, so to speak, with his nerves instead of his brain. In the climaxes, he released one hand in sharp, spasmodic gestures and occasionally flung both hands over his head, fingers quivering. A Russian reporter, describing the speech, said, 'It was the gesture of a man struggling in the water. As I looked, I seemed to be on the bank watching a drowning man going down for the last time.'

Kerensky threatened, asserted, appealed to patriotism, explained without explaining. His part in the Kornilov adventure was still not clear, but by sheer nervous intensity, that half-ec-

tatic fervor, with which he had won many crowds, he whipped his crowd into line. The contagion spread as he strode down the runway again, with that same preoccupied air of hurrying back to great affairs; and again he pushed through the curtains of the royal box, and stepping to the front of it, raised his arms and called for cheers for the 'free Russian Republic.' A great uproar came back to him and with a word to his attendants, he disappeared. The performance was generally described at the moment as a 'triumph' and 'ovation.' It was neither, but it was exceedingly well stage-managed, and it was not until several weeks later that Kerensky and the rest of the Provisional Government were swept aside like driftwood when the ice breaks in the spring.

It is odd to recall now, and suggestive of what everyday life was like in Petrograd, that one of the most striking features of the conference was that you could get sandwiches for 20 kopeks and tea for 10 kopeks, with two lumps of sugar to every glass! The speeches ran right on through dinner-time and into the evening, and we were famished when the word went round that the regular theatre buffets were open. In the Nevsky cafés, thin little sandwiches cost a ruble apiece, and coffee another ruble, and even in good restaurants, one had got used to the warning phrase '*bez sahkar*' — no sugar. The theatre buffets are generally much more expensive than ordinary cafés, and to crowd up with a fighting mob and get a whole sandwich for a 20-kopek stamp, and two lumps of sugar as well as tea for 10, seemed about like dropping a penny in the slot and getting a magnum of champagne. Men grabbed like children and gulped their scalding hot water and sugar down as if afraid that the people behind the

counter might find out their mistake before they could escape. It seemed like giving things away, and as a matter of fact it was, for the sugar had been requisitioned from hospital stores, in order, apparently, that the visiting delegates might get the notion that things in Petrograd were not so bad as people said.

To tales of peasant simplicity and 'darkness,' there was no end. Instead of idolizing the peasant, as educated Russians — and foreigners — used to do, when he was merely a sort of good-natured domestic animal, the fashion, now that the educated classes had become almost strangers in their own country, was to harp continually on his stupidity and cussedness. It makes a great deal of difference, of course, whether one sees the simple *moujik* against such a background as, for instance, an annual review on the Champ de Mars, or whether the *moujiks*, themselves, are romping round Mars field, monarchs of all they survey. Here is a day's grist of anecdotes — the kind of thing, true or not, one was always hearing: —

The peasants of X — were suffering for rain. They told the priest they thought they had done wrong to put the words 'Provisional Government' in the usual prayer for the royal family, and that they should pray as of old for the Tsar. The priest said he had no right to make the change, but finally consented, after a long discussion, and there was a regulation old-fashioned chant for Tsar Nicholas II and the imperial family. Within three hours there was a magnificent downpour, and the whole neighborhood are now enthusiastic monarchists.

At Tobolsk, where the Tsar and his family were confined, the peasants, seeing how often priests visited the house, decided that Nicholas must be a good

man and that they had done him an injustice. So the house was surrounded day and night by peasants on their knees praying for forgiveness.

In Penza, they threw flour in the river so that the bourgeois — 'bourzhooy,' as they say — should not get it. Having taken the land from one proprietor and had no success with the crop, they begged him to take it back again on the old terms.

Old General A — had to make a request of one of the new ministers, whose office was in a former palace. The minister had no doorkeeper, and in his stead had thriftily given employment to his two sons, little boys with colds. They sat on either side of the door, both snuffling and wiping their noses. 'Is the minister in?' asked old General A —. 'Yes,' replied one of the youngsters sliding down from his chair; 'wait a minute [snuff] and I'll go [snuff] and tell him!'

My landlady's cook saw a procession coming down the street with a red banner and the familiar word '*svoboda*' (freedom) on it. 'Here comes another liberty!' she said. How could Russia be a free country, she asked, when the Tsar was in prison.

R — says that his *dvornik* (a sort of doortender) was not feeling well, and was told by somebody that he ought to stop drinking coffee. 'How can coffee be bad for you?' he demanded. 'Look at the Germans! They drink more coffee than anybody in the world.'

The Bolsheviks have declared Breshko-Breshkovska, the 'Grandmother of the Revolution,' — she is 74 years old, — reactionary, in spite of her years of exile and life of service for Russia. But for a time the revolution brought the venerable revolutionist poetic justice, and during the autumn, she lived in two pleasant old rooms just up under the roof of the Winter Palace.

Any one could call during certain hours, and I dropped in one gray morning. One of the old palace servants, a tall, bearded functionary, still wearing the old long blue-and-gold coat, met me on the ground floor and took my hat. 'Ah, Babushka!' he said. His manner changed at once, and with a playful, almost familiar air, he led me up stairway after stairway, hung with beautiful old tapestries, to the top floor.

One of the surprising things about the Winter Palace, so huge and monumental from without, is the number of charming little private apartments stuck into it at all levels. This was one of them — a snug little retreat, warm, rich, and restful, with a few dusky old Flemish paintings on the wall, a mahogany bed behind a heavy mahogany screen. A short-haired, rather 'artistic' looking young woman acted as secretary, and there were several secretarial young men. 'Babushka' herself, a survivor of the days when typewriters were unknown, and of years of prison life during which one was fortunate to have even pen and paper, sat at a big table by the low window, writing rapidly — scooting over the paper, as ladies write letters in plays.

Several visitors waited their turn. One, a vigorous, middle-aged man with spectacles, Babushka embraced and kissed, Russian-fashion, sounding smacks on both cheeks. When my turn came, she shook hands and said in English, with a strong accent, 'My friend, what can I do for you?' I said I had come merely to pay my respects. We talked for a little, with some difficulty, for she was hard of hearing and out of practice in English. She was busy with committees on school improvement, women's matters, and so on — more than she could handle, she said, yet everybody wanted her name. But then, she had never had time for anything but to work for her country.

'I was in America once, and near Niagara, but I did n't see it. We have some beautiful falls in Finland, too, yet I never saw them, and then our great galleries here in Petrograd and Moscow — and I like all those beautiful things — but there's never the time.' The Russian people had never known liberty, she said, and did n't know how to use it now. The Allies must be indulgent and help all they could.

While we talked, one of the old palace servants, in his long coat, came in with a tray. 'Here is your lunch, Babushka,' he smiled; 'are you ready for it now?' They all treated her with this half-smiling deference, as if her nickname 'Grandmother' were really true. Her manner was that of one who accepted this as right and natural, looked on herself as a servant of the revolution, and was not without a certain detached appreciation of how satisfactorily she filled the rôle. Her vigor and readiness to talk, and unquenchable optimism made her very different from that other revolutionary heroine of the same day and school, Vera Figner, about whom there was always something of the 'lady,' permanently stamped by autocratic cruelty, and starved of hope, and left with a fixed, almost petrified sadness and disillusion. Yet, Breshko-Breshkovska herself belongs to the 'noble' class, her people were land- and serf-owners in the government of Chernigov, northeast of Kiev. It was their own servants and serfs who convinced her of class injustice, she said; and after the serfs were freed in 1861, she joined in the 'return to the people' which took so many young idealists of that time. With a pack on her back, she set out in peasant costume, preaching that the land should be owned by those who till it. The peasants agreed to this, but could not believe that the Tsar was not their kind father and that the fault lay in

him, and not in those around him. Some maps she carried with her were seen by a peasant woman, who reported to the police and she was arrested. Exiled to Siberia in 1874, in the neighborhood of Lake Baikal, she was shifted afterward to various neighborhoods, and endured all sorts of discomfort, yet kept her health and her enthusiasm. She was in Siberia when word came from Kerensky that she was free, and she went at once by wagon to the nearest railroad and reached Moscow in April of last year.

The autumn sun holds later in Moscow than in Petrograd and there are more pleasant little corners for it to rest on. They meet one at every new street — old world bits of Kremlin wall or city rampart, the side of a church covered with antique-looking frescoes, a blind alley, at the end of which the warm sun blazes on a garden wall, the yellowing chestnut or birches hanging over it, and above them beet-shaped little church domes in gilt, or green, or indigo blue. It is a comfortable old town, eighteenth century in all but its newest parts, and mediæval in the rest. Marxian socialism seems curiously out of place here, the *débâcle* gathering in the Capitol was felt less, and people talked more hopefully of what might be done.

Some of the artists of the Moscow theatres — in Russia, players are often serious artists, like writers and painters — were especially interesting, and though bewildered and depressed like all educated Russians, full of dreams, nevertheless, of what they might do to educate the people and build up a new sense of nationality and patriotism. A union had been formed, partly to protect the players themselves in the new conditions bound to result from the general disorder and the probable withdrawal of government subsidies, partly

to broaden the influence of the theatre itself. There was one scheme, for instance, for a sort of big municipal theatre, in which the various Moscow companies should play in turn, at reduced prices.

‘Of course,’ they said, ‘those who loved Russia and tried to work for her in the past, were generally sent to jail for it. Our people had never been allowed to be patriotic. We must begin at the beginning. But there is no end to what might be done if we can act with our hearts as well as our heads and put the new ideas into emotional terms, so that the people will be reached by them.’

Stanislavsky, the director and one of the actors of the famous Art Theatre, was full of these hopes, as well as of new ideas for his own theatre. Among the latter was that of inviting foreign companies to visit them, after the war, to give performances in their own language, and, so far as possible, just as they would be given at home. The name ‘Stanislavsky’ is for the public, and not that of the old Moscow family, of which the director of the Art Theatre is a member — his own attitude and that of his associates, was illustrated when they declined to be photographed, with the explanation that, while their pictures in costume might be found at the regular dealers in such things ‘their personal lives were their own.’ In repose — if he ever is in repose — a tall grenadier of a man, mentally, Stanislavsky is a bird on the wing. Busy with a dozen things at once, and one of the hardest men to find in Moscow, he is, when one does find him, altogether simple and hospitable, alive with ideas and sympathy and quick contagious charm — a very unusual example of the artist-executive.

In addition to revisiting the Art Theatre, I saw something this year of its two ‘workshops’: the little ‘Studio,’

used, as its name implies, as a secondary and experimental stage, especially for the more intimate sort of plays; and the 'Second Studio,' used entirely by the young folks of the Art Theatre's dramatic school. In straining to project themselves to the limits of a large audience, Stanislavsky said, actors necessarily fell into a habit of over-accent, and lost that quiet realism and sense of character which is the peculiar quality of the Art Theatre's plays. To correct this, their players returned, every now and then, to the 'Studio,' and appeared in little one-act pieces and even monologue character sketches; then, after this artistic vacation, resumed their regular work.

He spoke of their method of breaking in new players — those, that is to say, already trained in other companies — and of rehearsing a new piece. The newcomers were generally told to forget everything they had learned. A player might merely sit on the stage day after day, trying all the time to get a clearer feeling of what the writer had in mind — to 'live into' the part. Bit by bit the part would be built up, and then came the task of finding the one tendency running through the various characters, and drawing them all together. I was reminded of this talk later, while watching the presentation of one of Dostoyevsky's stories; not a 'dramatization,' in our sense of the word, but the original dialogue played literally, with sufficient characterization and stage management to give the impression of unity, — a kind of novel-play with which the Art Theatre has had unique success. In one scene twelve or fifteen characters were gathered round a dinner-table. A certain amount of 'story' held the scene together, yet each one of the group was

enveloped, so to speak, in the most extraordinary way in his own little aura of temperament and experience — each was a Chekov story in himself.

The Moscow Art Theatre makes one feel as Hazlitt used to say he felt — that he but existed through the day and began to live in the evening in the theatre. It is not a 'show' one sees there, even in the best sense of the word, but a finer, richer, more nourishing kind of real life. This is it, you feel, this is the real thing.

Even the ushers are different, and when they close the doors, as they do before each curtain rises, — no one is permitted to enter afterward, and there is no applause, — they do it, not with the air of mere employees, but of those who, in their own small way, are also artists and responsible for the play's success. An evening at the Art Theatre when a Chekov play is on — the venerable Prince Kropotkin, back in Moscow, after his life of exile, was watching the 'Cherry Garden' the night I was there — is one of the fine flowers of civilized city life; one of those things — and there are n't many of them — which one would really miss if one had to spend all one's life on a Wyoming ranch.

There is nothing in the papers these days of Stanislavsky and Russians of his class, but they are all there in their broken and bewildered Russia, nevertheless, and sooner or later, must come into their own again. And at a moment when every blatherskite can heap ridicule on the Russian people, and talk of their ignorance and immaturity, it is just as well to keep in mind some of the things in which Russians are grown-up, in which we, comparatively speaking, are mere children, and vulgar ones at that.

THE DARK HOUR

BY WILBUR DANIEL STEELE

THE returning ship swam swiftly through the dark; the deep, interior breathing of the engines, the singing of wire stays, the huge whispering rush of foam streaming the water-line made up a body of silence upon which the sound of the doctor's footfalls, coming and going restlessly along the near deck, intruded only a little — a faint and personal disturbance. Charging slowly through the dark, a dozen paces forward, a dozen paces aft, his invisible and tormented face bent forward a little over his breast, he said to himself, —

'What fools! What blind fools we've been!'

Sweat stood for an instant on his brow, and was gone in the steady onrush of the wind.

The man lying on the cot in the shelter of the cabin companionway made no sound all the while. He might have been asleep or dead, he remained so quiet; yet he was neither asleep nor dead, for his eyes, large, wasted, and luminous, gazed out unwinking from the little darkness of his shelter into the vaster darkness of the night, where a star burned in slow mutations, now high, now sailing low, over the rail of the ship.

Once he said in a washed and strengthless voice, 'That's a bright star, doctor.'

If the other heard, he gave no sign. He continued charging slowly back and forth, his large dim shoulders hunched over his neck, his hands locked behind him, his teeth showing faintly

gray between the fleshy lips which hung open a little to his breathing.

'It's dark!' he said of a sudden, bringing up before the cot in the companionway. 'God, Hallett, how dark it is!' There was something incoherent and mutilated about it, as if the cry had torn the tissues of his throat. 'I'm not myself to-night,' he added, with a trace of shame.

Hallett spoke slowly from his pillow.

'It would n't be the subs to-night? You're not that kind, you know. I've seen you in the zone. And we're well west of them by this, anyhow; and as you say, it's very dark.'

'It's not that darkness. Not that!'

Again there was the same sense of something tearing. The doctor rocked for a moment on his thick legs. He began to talk.

'It's this *war* —' His conscience protested: 'I ought not to go on so — it's not right, not right at all — talking so to the wounded — the dying — I should n't go on so to the dying —' And all the while the words continued to tumble out of his mouth. 'No, I'm not a coward — not especially. You know I'm not a coward, Hallett. You know that. But just now, to-night, somehow, the whole black truth of the thing has come out and got me — jumped out of the dark and got me by the neck, Hallett. Look here; I've kept a stiff lip. Since the first I've said, "We'll win this war." It's been a matter of course. So far as I know, never a hint of doubt has shadowed my mind, even when things went bad. "In

the end," I've said, "in the end, of course, we're bound to win."

He broke away again to charge slowly through the dark with his head down, butting; a large, overheated animal endowed with a mind.

'But — do we want to win?'

Hallett's question, very faint across the subdued breathings and showerings of the ship, fetched the doctor up. He stood for a moment, rocking on his legs and staring at the face of the questioner, still and faintly luminous on the invisible cot. Then he laughed briefly, shook himself, and ignored the preposterous words. He recollected tardily that the fellow was pretty well gone.

'No,' he went on. 'Up to to-night I've never doubted. No one in the world, in *our* part of the world, has doubted. The proposition was absurd to begin with. Prussia, and her fringe of hangers-on, to stand against the world — to stand against the very drift and destiny of civilization? Impossible! A man can't do the impossible; that's logic, Hallett, and that's common sense. They might have their day of it, their little hour, because they had the jump — but in the end! *in the end!* — But look at them, will you! Look at them! That's what's got me to-night, Hallett. Look at them! There they stand. They won't play the game, won't abide at all by the rules of logic, of common sense. Every day, every hour, they perform the impossible. Not once since the war was a year old have they been able to hang out another six months. They'd be wiped from the earth; their people would starve. They're wiped from the earth, and they remain. They starve and lay down their skinny bodies on the ground, and they stand up again with sleek bellies. They make preposterous, blind boasts. They say, "We'll over-run Roumania in a month." Fantastic! It's *done!* They say, "Russia? New-born Russia?

Strong young boy-Russia? We'll put him out of it for good and all by Christmas." That was to cheer up the hungry ones in Berlin. Everybody saw through it. The very stars laughed. *It's done!* God, Hallett! It's like clockwork. It's like a rehearsed and abominable programme —'

'Yes — a programme.'

The wounded man lay quite still and gazed at the star. When he spoke, his words carried an odd sense of authenticity, finality. His mind had got a little away from him, and now it was working with the new, oracular clarity of the moribund. It bothered the doctor inexplicably — tripped him up. He had to shake himself. He began to talk louder and make wide, scarcely visible gestures.

'We've laughed so long, Hallett. There was *Mitteleuropa!* We always laughed at that. A wag's tale. To think of it — a vast, self-sufficient, brutal empire laid down across the path of the world! Ha-ha! Why, even if they had *wanted* it, it would be —'

'If they *wanted* it, it would be — *inevitable.*'

The doctor held up for a full dozen seconds. A kind of anger came over him and his face grew red. He could n't understand. He talked still louder.

'But they're *doing* it! They're doing that same preposterous thing before our eyes, and we can't touch them, and they're — Hallett! *They're damn near done!* Behind that line there, — you know the line I mean, — who of us does n't know it? That thin line of smoke and ashes and black blood, like a bent black wire over France! Behind that line they're at work, day by day, month after month, building the empire we never believed. And Hallett, *it's damn near done!* And we can't stop it. It grows bigger and bigger, darker and darker — it covers up the sky — like a nightmare —'

'Like a dream!' said Hallett softly; 'a dream.'

The doctor's boot-soles drummed with a dull, angry resonance on the deck.

'And we can't touch them! They could n't conceivably hold that line against us — against the whole world — long enough to build their incredible empire behind it. *And they have!* Hallett! How *could* they ever have held it?'

'You mean, how could we ever have held it?'

Hallett's words flowed on, smooth, clear-formed, unhurried, and his eyes kept staring at the star.

'No, it's we have held it, not they. And we that have got to hold it — longer than they. Theirs is the kind of a *Mittleuropa* that's been done before; history is little more than a copybook for such an empire as they are building. We've got a vaster and more incredible empire to build than they — a *Mittel-europa*, let us say, of the spirit of man. No, no, doctor; it's we that are doing the impossible, holding that thin line.'

The doctor failed to contain himself.

'Oh, pshaw! *pshaw!* See here, Hallett! We've had the men, and there's no use blinking the truth. And we've had the money and the munitions.'

'But back of all that, behind the last reserve, the last shell-dump, the last treasury, have n't they got something that we've never had?'

'And what's that?'

'A dream.'

'A *what?*'

'A dream. We've dreamed no dream. Yes — let me say it! A little while ago you said, "nightmare," and I said, "dream." Germany has dreamed a dream. Black as the pit of hell, — yes, yes, — but a dream. They've seen a vision. A red, bloody, damned vision, — yes, yes, — but a vision. They've got a programme, even if it's

what you called it, a "rehearsed and abominable programme." And they know what they want. And we don't know what we want!'

The doctor's fist came down in the palm of his hand.

'What we want? I'll tell you what we want, Hallett. *We want to win this war!*'

'Yes?'

'And by the living God, Hallett, we will win this war! I can see again. If we fight for half a century to come; if we turn the world wrong-side-out for men, young men, boys, babes; if we mine the earth to a hollow shell for coal and iron; if we wear our women to ghosts to get out the last grain of wheat from the fields — we'll do it! And we'll wipe this black thing from the face of the earth forever, root and branch, father and son of the bloody race of them to the end of time. If you want a dream, Hallett, there's a —'

'There's a — nightmare. An over-weening muscular impulse to jump on the thing that's scared us in the dark, to break it with our hands, grind it into the ground with our heels, tear ourselves away from it — and wake up.'

He went on again after a moment of silence.

'Yes, that's it, that's it. We've never asked for anything better; not once since those terrible August days have we got down on our naked knees and prayed for anything more than just to be allowed to wake up — and find it is n't so. How can we expect, with a desire like that, to stand against a positive and a flaming desire? No, no! The only thing to beat a dream is a dream more poignant. The only thing to beat a vision black as midnight is a vision white as the noonday sun. We've come to the place, doctor, where half a loaf is worse than no bread.'

The doctor put his hands in his pockets and took them out again,

shifted away a few steps and back again. He felt inarticulate, helpless, helpless in the face of things, of abstractions, of the mysterious, unflagging swiftness of the ship, bearing him willy-nilly over the blind surface of the sea. He shook himself.

'God help us,' he said.

'What God?'

The doctor lifted a weary hand.

'Oh, if you're going into *that* —'

'Why not? Because Prussia, doctor, has a god. Prussia has a god as terrible as the God of conquering Israel, a god created in her own image. We laugh when we hear her speaking intimately and surely to this god. I tell you we're fools. I tell you, doctor, before we shall stand we shall have to create a god in *our* own image, and before we do that we shall have to have a living and sufficient image.'

'You don't think much of us,' the doctor murmured wearily.

The other seemed not to hear. After a little while he said, —

'We've got to say black or white at last. We've got to answer a question this time with a whole answer.'

'This war began so long ago,' he went on, staring at the star. 'So long before Sarajevo, so long before "balances of power" were thought of, so long before the "provinces" were lost and won, before Bismarck and the lot of them were begotten, or their fathers. So many, many years of questions put, and half-answers given in return. Questions, questions: questions of a power-loom in the North Counties; questions of a mill-hand's lodging in one Manchester or another, of the weight of a head-tax in India, of a widow's mass for her dead in Spain; questions of a black man in the Congo, of an eighth-black man in New Orleans, of a Christian in Turkey, an Irishman in Dublin, a Jew in Moscow, a French cripple in the streets of Zabern; ques-

tions of an idiot sitting on a throne; questions of a girl asking her vote on a Hyde Park rostrum, of a girl asking her price in the dark of a Chicago doorway — whole questions half-answered, hungry questions half-fed, mutilated fag-ends of questions piling up and piling up year by year, decade after decade. — Listen! There came a time when it would n't do, would n't do at all. There came a time when the son of all those questions stood up in the world, final, unequivocal, naked, devouring, saying, "Now you shall answer me. You shall look me squarely in the face at last, and you shall look at nothing else; you shall take your hands out of your pockets and your tongues out of your cheeks, and no matter how long, no matter what the blood and anguish of it, you shall answer me now with a whole answer — or perish!"'

'And what's the answer?'

The doctor leaned down a little, resting his hands on the foot of the cot.

The gray patch of Hallett's face moved slightly in the dark.

'It will sound funny to you. Because it's a word that's been worn pretty thin by so much careless handling. It's "Democracy!"'

The doctor stood up straight on his thick legs.

'Why should it sound funny?' he demanded, a vein of triumph in his tone. 'It *is* the answer. And we've *given* it. "Make the world safe for democracy!" Eh? You remember the quotation?'

'Yes, yes, that's good. But we've got to do more than say it, doctor. Go further. We've got to dream it in a dream; we've got to see democracy as a wild, consuming vision. If the day ever comes when we shall pronounce the word "democracy" with the same fierce faith with which we conceive them to be pronouncing "autocracy" — that day, doctor —'

He raised a transparent hand and moved it slowly over his eyes.

'It will be something to do, doctor, that will. Like taking hold of lightning. It will rack us body and soul; belief will strip us naked for a moment, leave us new-born and shaken and weak — as weak as Christ in the manger. And that day nothing can stand before us. Because, you see, we'll know what we want.'

The doctor stood for a moment as he had been, a large, dark troubled body rocking slowly to the heave of the deck beneath him. He rubbed a hand over his face.

'Utopian!' he said.

'Utopian!' Hallett repeated after him. 'To-day we are children of Utopia — or we are nothing. I tell you, doctor, to-day it has come down to this — Hamburg to Bagdad — or — Utopia!'

The other lifted his big arms and his face was red.

'You're playing with words, Hallett. You do nothing but twist my words. When I say Utopian, I mean, precisely, impossible. Absolutely impossible. See here! You tell me this empire of theirs is a dream. I give you that. How long has it taken them to dream it? Forty years. *Forty years!* And this wild, transcendental empire of the spirit you talk about, — so much harder, — so many hundreds of times more incredible, — will you have us do that sort of a thing in a *day*? We're a dozen races, a score of nations. I tell you it's — it's impossible!'

'Yes. Impossible.'

The silence came down between them, heavy with all the dark, impersonal sounds of passage, the rhythmical explosions of the waves, the breathing of engines, the muffled staccato of the spark in the wireless room, the note of the ship's bell forward striking the hour and after it a hail, running thin in the

wind: 'Six bells, sir, and — *all's well!*'
'*All's well!*'

The irony of it! The infernal patness of it, falling so in the black interlude, like stage business long rehearsed.

'*All's well!*' the doctor echoed with the mirthless laughter of the damned.

Hallett raised himself very slowly on an elbow and stared at the star beyond the rail.

'Yes, I should n't wonder. Just now — to-night — somehow — I've got a queer feeling that maybe it is. Maybe it's going to be. — Maybe it's going to be; who knows? The darkest hour of our lives, of history, perhaps, has been on us. And maybe it's almost over. Maybe we're going to do the impossible, after all, doctor. And maybe we're going to get it done in time. I've got a queer sense of something happening — something getting ready.'

When he spoke again, his voice had changed a little.

'I wish my father could have lived to see this day. He's in New York now, and I should like —'

The doctor moved forward suddenly and quietly, saying: 'Lie down, Hallett. You'd better lie down now.'

But the other protested with a gray hand.

'No, no, you don't understand. When I say — well — it's just the shell of my father walking around and talking around, these ten years past. Prison killed his heart. He does n't even know it, that the immortal soul of him has gone out. You know him, doctor. Ben Hallett; the Radical — "the Destroyer," they used to call him in the old days. He was a brave man, doctor; you've got to give him that; as brave as John the Baptist, and as mad. I can see him now, — to-night, — sitting in the back room in Eighth Street, he and old Radinov and Hirsch and O'Reilly and the rest, with all the doors

shut and the windows shut and their eyes and ears and minds shut up tight, trying to keep the war out. They're old men, doctor, and they must cling to yesterday, and to to-morrow. They must n't see to-day. They must ignore to-day. To-day is the tragic interruption. They too ask nothing but to wake up and find it is n't so. All their lives they've been straining forward to see the ineffable dawn of the Day of Man, calling for the Commune and the red barricades of revolution. The barricades! Yesterday, it seems to them now, they were almost in sight of the splendid dawn—the dawn of the Day of Barricades. And then this war, this thing they call a "rich man's plot" to confound them, hold them up, turn to ashes all the fire of their lives. All they can do is sit in a closed room with their eyes shut and wait till this meaningless brawl is done. And then, to-morrow — to-morrow — some safely distant to-morrow (for they're old men), — to-morrow, the barricades! And that's queer. That's queer.'

'Queer?'

'It seems to me that for days now,

for weeks and months now, there's been no sound to be heard in all the length and breadth of the world but the sound of barricades.'

The voice trailed off into nothing.

To the doctor, charging slowly back and forth along the near deck, his hands locked behind him and his face bent slightly over his breast, there came a queer sense of separation, from Hallett, from himself, his own everyday acts, his own familiar aspirations, from the ship which held him up in the dark void between two continents.

What was it all about, he asked himself over and over. Each time he passed the shadow in the companion-way he turned his head, painfully, and as if against his will. Once he stopped squarely at the foot of the cot and stood staring down at the figure there, faintly outlined, motionless and mute. Sweat stood for a moment on his brow, and was gone in the steady onrush of the wind. And he was used to death.

But Hallett had fooled him. He heard Hallett's whisper creeping to him out of the shadow: —

'That's a bright star, doctor.'

HIGH ADVENTURE. V

BY JAMES NORMAN HALL

I

WE got down from the train late in the afternoon, at a village which reminded us, at first glance, of a boom town in the Far West. Crude shelters of corrugated iron and rough pine boards faced each other down the length of one long street. They looked

sadly out of place in that landscape. They did not have the cheery, buoyant ugliness of pioneer homes in an unsettled country, for behind them were the ruins of the old village, fragments of blackened wall, stone chimneys filled with accumulations of rubbish, garden-plots choked with weeds, reminding us that here was no outpost of a new civ-

ilization, but the desolation of an old one, fallen upon evil days.

A large crowd of *permissionnaires* had left the train with us. We were not at ease among these men, many of them well along in middle life, bent and streaming with perspiration under their heavy packs. We were much better able than most of them to carry our belongings, to endure the fatigue of a long night march to billets or trenches; and we were waiting for the motor in which we would ride comfortably to our aerodrome. There we would sleep in beds, well housed from the weather, and far out of the range of shell-fire.

'It is n't fair,' said J. B. 'It is going to war *de luxe*. These old poilus ought to be the aviators. But, hang it all! of course they could n't be. Aviation is a young man's business. It has to be that way. And you can't have aerodromes along the front-line trenches.'

Nevertheless, it did seem very unfair, and we were uncomfortable among all those infantrymen. The feeling increased when attention was directed to our branch of the service by the distant booming of anti-aircraft guns. There were shouts in the street, 'A Boche!' We hurried to the door of the café where we had been hiding. Officers were ordering the crowds off the street. 'Hurry along there! Get under cover! Oh, I know that you're brave enough, mon enfant. It is n't that. He's not to see all these soldiers here. That's the reason. Allez! Vite!'

Soldiers were going into dug-outs and cellars among the ruined houses. Some of them, seeing us at the door of the café, made pointed remarks, grumbling at the laxity of the air-service.

'It's up there you ought to be, mon vieux, not here,' one of them said, pointing to the white *éclatements*.

'You see that?' said another. 'He's a Boche, not French, I can tell you that. Where are your comrades?'

There was much good-natured chaffing as well, but through it all I could detect a note of resentment. I sympathized with their point of view then as I do now, although I know that there is no ground for the complaint of laxity. Here is a German over French territory. Where are the French aviators? Soldiers forget that aerial frontiers must be guarded in two dimensions, and that it is always possible for an airman to penetrate far into enemy country. They do not see their own pilots on their long raids into German territory. Furthermore, while the outward journey is often accomplished easily enough, the return home is a different matter. Telephones are busy from the moment the lines are crossed, and a hostile patrol, to say nothing of a lone *avion*, will be fortunate if it returns safely.

But infantrymen are readily to be forgiven for their outbursts against the aviation service. They have far more than their share of danger and death while in the trenches. To have their brief periods of rest behind the lines broken into by enemy aircraft — who would blame them for complaining? And they are often generous enough with their praise.

On this occasion there was no bombing. The German remained at a great height and quickly turned northward again.

Dunham and Miller came to meet us. We had all four been in the schools together, they preceding us on active service only a couple of months. Seeing them after this lapse of time, I was conscious of a change. They were keen about life at the front, but they talked of their experiences in a way which gave one a feeling of tension, a tautness of muscles, a kind of ache in the throat. It set me to thinking of a conversation I had had with an old French pilot, several months before. It came

apropos of nothing. Perhaps he thought that I was sizing him up, wondering how he could be content with an instructor's job while the war is in progress. He said, 'I've had five hundred hours over the lines. You don't know what that means, — not yet. I'm no good any more. It's strain. Let me give you some advice. Save your nervous energy. You will need all you have and more. Above everything else, don't think at the front. The best pilot is the best machine.'

Dunham was talking about patrols.

'Two a day of two hours each. Occasionally you will have six hours flying, but almost never more than that.'

'What about voluntary patrols?' Drew asked. 'I don't suppose there is any objection, is there?'

Miller slapped Dunham on the back, singing, '*Hi-doo-dedoo-dumdi*. What did I tell you! Do I win?' Then he explained. 'We asked the same question when we came out, and every other new pilot before us. This voluntary-patrol business is a kind of standing joke. You think, now, that four hours a day over the lines is a light programme. For the first month or so you will go out on your own between times. After that, no. Of course, when they call for a voluntary patrol for some necessary piece of work, you will volunteer out of a sense of duty. As I say, you may do as much flying as you like. But wait. After a month — or we'll give you six weeks — that will be no more than you have to do.'

We were not at all convinced.

'What do you do with the rest of your time?'

'Sleep,' said Dunham. 'Read a good deal. Play some poker or bridge. Walk. But sleep is the chief amusement. Eight hours used to be enough for me. Now I can do with ten or twelve.'

Drew said, 'That's all rot. You fel-

lows are having it too soft. They ought to put you on the school régime again.'

'Let 'em talk, Dunham. They know. J. B. says it's laziness. Let it go at that. Well, take it from me, it's contagious. You'll soon be victims.'

I dropped out of the conversation in order to look around me. Drew did all of the questioning, and, thanks to his interest, I got many hints about our work which came back opportunely afterward.

'Take my tip, J. B., don't be too anxious to mix it with the first German you see, because very likely he will be a Frenchman; and if he is n't, if he is a good Hun pilot, you'll simply be meat for him — at first, I mean.'

'They say that all the Boche aviators on this front have had several months experience in Russia or the Balkans. They train them there before they send them to the Western front.'

'Your best chance of being brought down will come in the first two weeks.'

'That's comforting.'

'No, *sans blague*. Honestly, you'll be almost helpless. You don't see anything, and you don't know what it is that you do see. Here's an example. On one of my first sorties, I happened to look over my shoulder and I saw five or six Germans in the most beautiful alignment. And they were all slanting up to dive on me. I was scared out of my life. Went down full motor, then cut and fell into a *vrille*. Came out of that and had another look. There they were in the same position, only farther away. I did n't even tumble then, except farther down. Next time I looked, the five Boches, or six, whichever it was, had all been raveled out by the wind. *Éclats d'obus*.'

'You may have heard about Franklin's Boche. He got it during his first combat. He did n't know that there was a German in the sky, until he saw the tracer bullets. Then the machine

passed him about thirty metres away. And he kept going down. May have had motor-trouble. Franklin said that he had never had such a shock in his life. He dove after him, spraying all space with his Vickers, and he got him!’

‘That all depends on the man. In *chasse*, unless you happen to be sent on a definite mission, protecting photographic machines or *avions de bombardement*, you are absolutely on your own. Your job is to patrol the lines. If a man is built that way, he can loaf on the job. He need never have a fight. At two hundred kilometres an hour, it won’t take him very long to get out of danger. He stays out his two hours and comes in with some framed-up tale to account for his disappearances. Got lost. Went off by himself into Germany. Had motor-trouble. Gun jammed, and went back to arm it. He may even spray a few bullets toward Germany and call it a combat. Oh, he can find plenty of excuses, and he can get away with them.’

This conversation continued during the rest of the journey. The life of a military pilot offers exceptional opportunities for research in the matter of personal bravery. Dunham and Miller agreed that it is a varying quality. Sometimes one is really without fear; at others only a sense of shame prevents one from making a sad display.

Our fellow pilots of the Lafayette Corps were lounging outside the barracks on our arrival. They gave us a welcome which did much to remove our feelings of strangeness; but we knew that they were only mildly interested in the news from the schools, and were glad when they let us drop into the background of conversation. By a happy chance, mention was made of a recent newspaper article of some of the exploits of the Escadrille, written evidently by a very imaginative journalist; and from this, the talk passed to

the reputation of the squadron in America, and the almost fabulous deeds credited to it by some newspaper correspondents. One pilot said that he had kept a record of the number of German machines actually reported as having been brought down by members of the corps. I don’t remember the number he gave, but it was an astonishing total. The daily average was so high, that, granting it to be correct, America might safely have abandoned her far-reaching aerial programme. Long before her first pursuit squadron could be ready for service, the last of the imperial German air-fleet would, to quote from the article, have ‘crashed in smouldering ruin on the war-devastated plains of northern France.’

In this connection, I can’t forbear quoting from another, one of the brightest pages in the journalistic history of the legendary Escadrille Lafayette. It is an account of a sortie said to have taken place on the receipt of news of America’s declaration of war.

“‘Uncle Sam is with us, boys! Come on! Let’s get those fellows!’ These were the stirring words of Captain Georges Thénault, the valiant leader of the Escadrille Lafayette, upon the morning when news was received that the United States of America had declared war upon the rulers of Potsdam. For the first time in history, the Stars and Bars of Old Glory were flung to the breeze over the camp, in France, of American fighting men. Inspired by the sight, and spurred to instant action by the ringing call of their French captain, this band of aviators from the U.S.A. sprang into their trim little biplanes. There was a deafening roar of motors, and soon the last airman had disappeared in the smoky haze which hung over the distant battle-lines.

‘We cannot follow them on that journey. We cannot see them as they mount

higher and higher into the morning sky, on their way to meet their prey. But we may await their return. We may watch them as they descend to their flying field, dropping down to earth, one by one. We may learn, then, of their adventures on that flight of death: how, far back of the German lines, they encountered a formidable battle-squadron of the enemy, vastly superior to their own in numbers. Heedless of the risk, they swooped down upon their foe. Lieutenant A—— was attacked by four enemy planes at the same time. One he sent hurtling to the ground fifteen thousand feet below. He caused a second to retire disabled. Sergeant B—— accounted for another in a running fight which lasted for more than a quarter of an hour. Adjutant C——, although his biplane was riddled with bullets, succeeded, by a clever ruse, in decoying two pursuers, bent on his destruction, to the vicinity of a cloud where several of his comrades were lying in wait for further victims. A moment later, both Germans were seen to fall earthward, spinning like leaves in that last terrible dive of death.

‘These boys are Yankee aviators. They form the vanguard of America’s aerial forces. We need thousands of others just like them,’ and so forth.

Many of the questions which had long been accumulating in our minds got themselves answered during the next few days, while we were waiting for machines. We knew, in a general way, what the nature of our work would be. We knew that the Escadrille Lafayette was one of four pursuit squadrons occupying hangars on the same field, and that, together, they formed what is called a *groupe de combat*, with a definite sector of front to cover. We had been told that combat pilots are ‘the police of the air,’ whose

duty it is to patrol the lines, harass the enemy, attacking whenever possible, thus giving protection to their own *corps d’armée* aircraft — which are only incidentally fighting machines — in their work of reconnaissance, photography, artillery direction, and the like.

But we did not know how this general theory of combat is given practical application. When I think of the depths of our ignorance, to be filled in, day by day, with a little additional experience; of our self-confidence, despite warnings; of our willingness to leave so much for our godfather Chance to decide, it is with feelings nearly akin to awe. We awaited our first patrol almost ready to believe that it would be our first victorious combat. We had no realization of the conditions under which aerial battles are fought. Given good will, average ability, and the opportunity, we believed that the results must be decisive, one way or the other.

Much of our enforced leisure was spent at the bureau of the group, where the pilots gathered after each sortie to make out their reports.

On one wall of the bureau hung a large-scale map of the sector, which we examined square by square, with that delight which only the study of maps can give. Trench-systems, both French and German, were outlined upon it in minute detail. It contained other features of a very interesting nature. On another wall there was a yet larger map, made of aeroplane photographs taken at a uniform altitude and so pieced together that the whole was a complete picture of our sector of front. We spent hours over this one. Every trench, every shell-hole, every splintered tree or fragment of farmhouse wall stood out clearly. We could identify machine-gun posts and battery positions. We could see at a glance

the result of months of fighting: how terribly men had suffered under a rain of high explosives at this point, how lightly they had escaped at another, and so could follow, with a certain degree of accuracy, what must have been the infantry actions at various parts of the line.

II

Tiffin, the messroom steward, was standing by my cot with a lighted candle in his hand. The furrows in his kindly old face were outlined in shadow. His bald head gleamed like the bottom of a yellow bowl. He said, 'Beau temps, monsieur,' put the candle on my table, and went out, closing the door softly. I looked at the window square, which was covered with oiled cloth for want of glass. It was a black patch, showing not a glimmer of light.

The other pilots were gathering in the messroom, where a fire was burning. Some one started the phonograph. Fritz Kreisler was playing the 'Chanson sans Parole.' This was followed by a song, 'O movin' man, don't take ma baby grand!' It was a strange combination, and to hear them, at that hour of the morning, before going out for a first sortie over the lines, gave me a 'mixed-up' feeling which it was impossible to analyze.

Two patrols were to leave the field at the same time, one to cover the sector at an altitude of from 2000 to 3000 metres, the other, 3500 to 5000 metres. J.B. and I were on high patrol. Owing to our inexperience, it was to be a purely defensive one between our observation balloons and the lines. We had still many questions to ask, but having been so persistently inquisitive for three days running, we thought it best to wait for Talbott, who was leading our patrol, to volunteer his instructions.

He went to the door to look at the

weather. There were clouds at about 3000 metres, but the stars were shining through gaps in them. On the horizon, in the direction of the lines, there was a broad belt of blue sky. The wind was blowing into Germany.

He came back yawning. 'We'll go up — Ho, hum!' — a tremendous yawn — 'through a hole before we reach the river. It's going to be clear presently, so the higher we go the better.'

The others yawned sympathetically.

'I don't feel very pugnastic this morning.'

'It's a crime to send men out at this time of day — night, rather.'

More yawns of assent, of protest. J. B. and I were the only ones fully awake. We had finished our chocolate and were watching the clock uneasily, afraid that we would be late getting started. Ten minutes before patrol time we went out to the field. The canvas hangars billowed and flapped, and the wooden supports creaked with the quiet sound made by ships at sea. And there was almost the peace of the sea there, intensified, if anything, by the distant rumble of heavy cannonading.

Our Spad biplanes were drawn up in two long rows, outside the hangars. They were in exact alignment, wing to wing. Some of them were clean and new, others discolored with smoke and oil; among these latter were the ones which J. B. and I were to fly. Being new pilots, we were given used machines to begin with, and ours had already seen much service. Fuselage and wings had many patches over the scars of old battles; but new motors had been installed and the bodies overhauled, and they were ready for further adventures.

It mattered little to us that they were old. They were to carry us out to our first air battles; they were the first *avions* which we could call our own, and we loved them in an almost personal

way. Each machine had an Indian head, the symbol of the Lafayette Corps, painted on the sides of the fuselage. In addition, it bore the personal mark of its pilot, — triangle, a diamond, a straight band, or an initial, — painted large so that it could be easily seen and recognized in the air.

The mechanics were getting the motors *en route*, arming the machine-guns, and giving a final polish to the glass of the wind-shields. In a moment every machine was turning over *ralenti*, with the purring sound of powerful engines which gives a voice to one's feeling of excitement just before patrol time. There was no more yawning, no languid movements.

Rodman was buttoning himself into a combination suit which appeared to add another six inches to his six feet two. Barry, who was leading the low patrol, wore a woolen helmet which left only his eyes uncovered. I had not before noticed how they blazed and snapped. All his energy seemed to be concentrated in them. Porter wore a leather face-mask, with a lozenge-shaped breathing-hole, and slanted openings covered with yellow glass for eyes. He was the most fiendish-looking demon of them all. I was glad to turn from him to the Duke, who wore a *passe-montagne* of white silk which fitted him like a bonnet. As he sat in his machine, adjusting his goggles, he might have passed for a dear old lady preparing to read a chapter from the book of Daniel. The fur of Dunham's helmet had frayed out, so that it fitted around the sides of his face and under the chin like a beard of the kind worn by old-fashioned sailors.

The strain of waiting patiently for the start was trying. The sudden transformation of a group of typical-looking Americans into monsters and devotional old ladies, gave a moment of diversion which helped to relieve it.

I heard Talbott shouting his parting instructions and remembered that I did not know the rendezvous. I was already strapped in my machine and was about to loosen the fastenings, when he came over and climbed on the step of the car.

'Rendezvous two thousand over field!' he yelled.

I nodded.

'Know me — Big T — wings — fuselage. I'll — turning right. You and others left. When — see me start — lines, fall in behind — left. Remember stick close — patrol. If — get lost, better — home. Compass southwest. Look carefully — landmarks going out. Got — straight?'

I nodded again to show that I understood. Machines of both patrols were rolling across the field, a mechanic running along beside each one. I joined the long line, and taxied over to the starting-point, where the captain was superintending the send-off, and turned into the wind in my turn. As if conscious of his critical eye, my old veteran Spad lifted its tail and gathered flying speed with all the vigor of its youth, and we were soon high above the hangars, climbing to the rendezvous.

When we had all assembled, Talbott headed northeast, the rest of us falling into our places behind him. Then I found that, despite the new motor, my machine was not a rapid climber. Talbott noticed this and kept me well in the group, he and the others losing height in *renversements* and *rentournements*, diving under me and climbing up again. It was fascinating to watch them doing stunts, to observe the constant changing of positions. Sometimes we seemed, all of us, to be hanging motionless, then rising and falling like small boats riding a heavy swell. Another glance would show me one of them suspended bottom up, falling

sidewise, tipped vertically on a wing, standing on its tail, as if being blown about by the wind, out of all control. It is only in the air, and when moving with them, that one can really appreciate the variety and grace of movement of a flock of high-powered *avions de chasse*.

I was close to Talbott as we reached the cloud-bank. I saw him in dim silhouette as the mist, sunlight-filtered, closed around us. Emerging into the clear fine air above it, we might have been looking at early morning from the casement

opening on the foam
Of perilous seas, in faery lands forlorn.

The sun was just rising, and the floor of cloud glowed with delicate shades of rose and amethyst and gold. I saw the others rising through it at widely scattered points. It was a glorious sight.

Then, forming up and turning northward again, just as we passed over the receding edge of the cloud-bank, I saw the lines. It was still dusk on the ground and my first view was that of thousands of winking lights, the flashes of guns and bursting shells. At that time the Germans were making trials of the French positions along the Chemin des Dames, and the artillery fire was unusually heavy.

The lights soon faded and the long winding battle-front emerged from the shadow, a broad strip of desert land through a fair green country. We turned westward along the sector, several kilometres within the French lines, for J. B. and I were to have a general view of it all before we crossed to the other side. The fort of Malmaison was a minute square, not as large as a postage-stamp. With thumb and forefinger I could have spanned the distance between Soissons and Laon. Clouds of smoke were rising from Allemant to Craonne, and these were constantly added to by infinitesimal puffs

in black and white. I knew that shells of enormous calibre were wrecking trenches, blasting out huge craters; and yet not a sound, not the faintest reverberation of a gun. Here was a sight almost to make one laugh at man's idea of the importance of his pygmy wars.

But the Olympian mood is a fleeting one. I think of Paradis rising on one elbow out of the slime where he and his comrades were lying, waving his hand toward the wide, unspeakable landscape.

'What are we, we chaps? And what's all this here? Nothing at all. All we can see is only a speck. When one speaks of the whole war, it's as if you said nothing at all — the words are strangled. We're here, and we look at it like blind men.'

To look down from a height of more than two miles on an endless panorama of suffering and horror, is to have the sense of one's littleness even more painfully quickened. The best that the airman can do is to repeat, 'We're here, and we look at it like blind men.'

We passed on to the point where the line bends northward, then turned back. I tried to concentrate my attention on the work of identifying landmarks. It was useless. One might as well attempt to study Latin grammar at his first visit to the Grand Cañon. My thoughts went wool-gathering. Looking up suddenly, I found that I was alone.

To the new pilot the sudden appearance or disappearance of other *avions* is a weird thing. He turns his head for a moment. When he looks again, his patrol has vanished. Combats are matters of a few seconds' duration, rarely of more than two or three minutes. The opportunity for attack comes almost with the swiftness of thought and has passed as quickly. Looking behind me, I was in time to see one

machine tip and dive. Then it too vanished as though it had melted into the air. Shutting my motor, I started down, swiftly, I thought; but I had not yet learned to fall vertically, and the others — I can say almost with truth — were miles below me. I passed long streamers of white smoke, crossing and recrossing in the air. I knew the meaning of these: machine-gun tracer bullets; the delicately penciled lines had not yet frayed out in the wind. I went on down in a steep spiral, guiding myself by them, and seeing nothing. At the point where they ended I redressed and put on my motor. My altimeter registered 2000 metres. By a curious chance, while searching the empty sky, I saw a live shell passing through the air. It was just at the second when it reached the top of its trajectory and started to fall. 'Lord!' I thought, 'I have seen a shell, and yet I can't find my patrol!'

While coming down I had given no attention to my direction. I had lost 2500 metres in height. The trenches were now plainly visible, and the brown strip of sterile country where they lay, vastly broader. Several times I felt the concussion of shell-explosions, my machine being lifted and then dropped gently with an uneasy motion. Constantly searching the air, I gave no thought to my position with reference to the lines, or to the possibility of anti-aircraft fire. Talbott had said, 'Never fly in a straight line for more than fifteen seconds. Keep changing your direction constantly, but be careful not to fly in a regularly irregular fashion. The German gunners may let you alone at first, hoping that you will get careless, or they may be plotting out your style of flight. Then they make their calculations and let you have it. If you've been careless, they'll put 'em so close, there'll be no question as to the kind of a scare you will have.'

There was not in my case. I was looking for my patrol to the exclusion of thought of anything else. The first shell burst so close that I lost control of my machine for a moment. Three others followed, two in front, and one behind which I believed had wrecked my tail. They burst with a terrific rending sound in clouds of coal-black smoke. A few days before, I had been watching without emotion the bombardment of a German plane. I had seen him twisting and turning through the *éclatements*, and had heard the shells popping faintly, with a sound like the bursting of seed-pods in the sun.

My feeling was not that of fear exactly. It was more like despair. Every airman must have known it at one time or another, a sudden overwhelming realization of the pitilessness of the forces which men let loose in war. In that moment one does not remember that men have loosed them. He is alone and he sees the face of an utterly evil thing. Miller's advice was, 'Think down to the gunners'; but this is impossible at first. Once a French captain told me that he talked to the shells. 'I say, "Bonjour, mon vieux! Tiens! Comment ça va, toi! Ah non! je suis pressé!" something like that. It amuses one.'

This need of some means of humanizing shell-fire is common. Aviators know little of modern warfare as it touches the infantryman; but in one respect, at least, they are less fortunate. They miss the human companionship which helps a little to mask its ugliness.

However, it is seldom that one is quite alone, without the sight of friendly planes near at hand, and there is a language of signs which, in a way, fills this need. One may 'waggle his flippers,' or 'flap his wings,' to use the common expressions, and thus com-

municate with his comrades. Unfortunately for my ease of mind, there were no comrades present with whom I could have conversed in this way. Miller was within 500 metres and saw me all the time, although I did not know this until later.

Talbott's instructions were, 'If you get lost, go home' — somewhat ambiguous. I knew that my course to the aerodrome was southwest. At any rate, by flying in that direction I was certain to land in France. But with German gunners so keen on the baptism-of-fire business, I had been turning in every direction, and the floating disc of my compass was revolving first to the right, then to the left. In order to let it settle, I should have to fly straight for some fixed point for at least half a minute. Under the circumstances I was not willing to do this. A compass which would point north immediately and always would be a heaven-sent blessing to the inexperienced pilot during his first few weeks at the front. Mine was saying north — northwest — west — southwest — south — southeast — east — and after a moment of hesitation reading off the points in the reverse order. The wind was blowing into Germany, and unconsciously, in trying to find a way out of the *éclatements*, I was getting farther and farther away from home and coming within range of additional batteries of hostile anti-aircraft guns.

I might have landed at Karlsruhe or Cologne, had it not been for Miller. My love for concentric circles of red, white, and blue dates from the moment when I saw the French *cocarde* on his Spad.

'And if I had been a Hun!' he said, when we landed at the aerodrome. 'O man! you were fruit salad! fruit salad, I tell you! I could have speared you with my eyes shut.'

I resented the implication of defense-

lessness. I said that I was keeping my eye open, and if he had been a Hun, the fruit salad might not have been so palatable as it looked.

'Tell me this. Did you see me?'

I thought for a moment, and then said, 'Yes.'

'When?'

'When you passed over my head.'

'And twenty seconds before that you would have been a sieve if either of us had been a Boche.'

I yielded the point to save further argument.

He had come swooping down fairly suddenly. When I saw him making his way so saucily among the *éclatements* I felt my confidence returning in increasing waves. I began to use my head, and found that it was possible to make the German gunners guess badly. There was no menace in the sound of shells barking at a distance, and we were soon clear of all of them.

J. B. took me aside the moment I had landed. He had one of his fur boots in his hand and was wearing the other. He had also lighted the cork end of his cigarette. To one acquainted with his magisterial orderliness of mind and habit, these signs were eloquent.

'Now keep this quiet!' he said. 'I don't want the others to know it, but I've just had the adventure of my life. I attacked a German. Great Scott! what an opportunity! and I bungled it through being too eager!'

'When was this?'

'Just after the others dove. You remember —'

I told him, briefly, of my experience, adding, 'And I did n't know there was a German in sight until I saw the smoke of the tracer bullets.'

'Neither did I, only I did n't see even the smoke.'

This cheered me immensely. 'What! you did n't!'

'No. I saw nothing but sky where

the others had disappeared. I was looking for them when I saw the German. He was about four hundred metres below me. He could n't have seen me, I think, because he kept straight on. I dove, but did n't open fire until I could have a nearer view of his black crosses. I wanted to be sure. I had no idea that I was going so much faster. The first thing I knew I was right on him. Had to pull back on my stick to keep from crashing into him. Up I went and fell into a nose-dive. When I came out of it there was no sign of the German, and I had n't fired a shot!

'Did you come home alone?'

'No, I had the luck to meet the others just afterward. Now not a word of this to any one!'

But there was no need for secrecy. The near combat had been seen by both Talbott and Porter. At luncheon we came in for our share of ragging.

'You should have seen them following us down!' said Porter; 'like two old rheumatics going into the subway. We saw them both when we were taking height again. The scrap was all over hours before, and they were still a thousand metres away.'

'You want to dive vertically. Need n't worry about your old 'bus. She'll stand it.'

'Well, the Lord has certainly protected the innocent to-day!'

'One of them was wandering off into Germany. Bill had to waggle Miller to page him.'

'And there was Drew, going down on that biplane we were chasing. I've been trying to think of one wrong thing he might have done which he did n't do. First he dove with the sun in his face, when he might have had it at his back. Then he came all the way in full view, instead of getting under his tail. Good thing the mitrailleur was firing at us. After that, when he had the

chance of a lifetime, he fell into a *vrille* and scared the life out of the rest of us. I thought the gunner had turned on him. And while we were following him down to see where he was going to splash, the Boche got away.'

All this happened months ago, but every trifling incident connected with our first patrol is still fresh in mind. And twenty years from now, if I chance to hear the '*Chanson sans Parole*,' or if I hum to myself a few bars of a ballad, then sure to be long forgotten by the world at large, 'O movin' man, don't take ma baby grand!' I shall have only to close my eyes, and wait passively. First Tiffin will come with the lighted candle: '*Beau temps, monsieur*.' I shall hear Talbott shouting, '*Rendezvous two thousand over field. If — get lost — better — home.*' J.B. will rush up smoking the cork end of a cigarette. 'I've just had the adventure of my life!' And Miller, sitting on an essence-case, will have lost none of his old conviction. 'O man! you were fruit salad! fruit salad, I tell you! I could have speared you with my eyes shut!'

And in those days, happily, still far off, there will be many another old graybeard with such memories; unless they are all to wear out their days uselessly regretting that they are no longer young, there must be clubs where they may exchange reminiscences. These need not be pretentious affairs. Let there be a strong odor of burnt castor oil and gasoline as you enter the door; a wide view from the verandahs of earth and sky; maps on the walls; and on the roof a canvas 'pantaloon-leg' to catch the wind. Nothing else very much matters. There they will be as happy as any old airman can expect to be, arguing about the winds and disputing each other's judgment about the height of the clouds.

If you say to one of them, 'Tell us

something about the great war,' as likely as not he will tell you a pleasant story enough. And the pity of it will be that, hearing the tale, a young man will long for another war. Then you must say to him, 'But what about the

shell-fire? Tell us something of machines falling in flames.' Then, if he is an honest old airman whose memory is still unimpaired, the young one who has been listening will have sober second thoughts.

(To be continued)

PRUSSIAN MANNERS

BY C. JOURNELLE

LIFE in the invaded provinces of France, during the years 1914 and 1915, remained under a pall of mystery and silence; one would have said that that strip of our territory had fallen into an abyss, so rigorously did the Germans keep our compatriots in secret durance. It was not until after a year of this seclusion that some repatriated persons began to emerge — at first, at rare intervals, then in frequent batches; but in what a state of pallid exhaustion! Let this one physical fact suffice: all of them without exception, even in 1916, had lost a fifth, a fourth, or a third of their weight. They all looked as if they had escaped from a torture chamber. Morally they are unconquered, all quivering alike with indignation and contempt for the barbarians; or, if there are some who prefer to hold their peace, they do it only from excess of inward horror, and in this way give voice, perhaps, to an even more tragic protest.

Indeed, as we shall see, the German tyranny does not consist simply in an exorbitant application of the dogma of might. It has special mortifications, peculiar to the race, which make it even more painful, if that is possible. It is not inspired solely by the systematic

despotism and immorality cynically adopted by Germany; it is not a pure, unadulterated application of any doctrine: it springs from a genuine lack of morality, and from a well-spring of vicious animalism, which psychologists have so often detected in the German blood.

Not that I am so foolish as to hold that all Germans are low, malignant, and brutal; but it can be said without hesitation that such is, generally speaking, their psychical type, more or less emphasized; that such are their racial characteristics, as appears from innumerable facts gathered from the lips of our repatriates of every locality.

I

One of the most amazing manifestations of the Germanic spirit, in invaded France, is the compulsory salutation which the officers impose upon all males, and, by a refinement of tyranny, upon the women and girls. Even in ancient Latium, at the Caudine Forks, only the men were made to pass under the yoke, and that but once. But the Teuton, in his insensibility to human dignity, is never weary of trampling

upon other men's souls and of treating man like a beast of the field.

This enforced tragi-comic salute to the invaders and intruders naturally wounded to the quick the high sense of their own dignity and of the truth characteristic of Frenchmen. Resistance appeared on all sides. Force was necessary to gratify a caprice that Gessler might have delighted in. At Noyon, at Vergnier, in hundreds of places, those who infringed the regulation were thrown into jail. Sexagenarian priests who had neglected to bare their heads before sub-lieutenants were dragged away to prison beyond the Rhine. Officers did not blush to horsewhip passers-by who did not salute them, or who did not bow low enough. At Étreux a blind man was struck by a colonel whom he could not see.

Above all, the salute extorted from women displays to the full an innate vulgarity peculiar to the German. We recall our own Louis XIV, always the first to salute the women in his service, absolute master as he was. Our secular French tradition of courtesy and chivalry rises in revolt. But nothing is more German than to lay the heavy hand of oppression on women. Why, at Saint-Quentin, in 1915, an elderly woman, in her terrified haste to salute an officer and make way for him on the sidewalk, fell and broke her leg. Sometimes this female salute is elaborated; women are compelled to smile when bowing. These anxious and grief-stricken women, torn from their husbands and children and brothers, these women who are robbed and whose homes are constantly searched and tossed and turned over like the bedding of cattle, are commanded to smile upon the invaders!

II

It is not the salute alone which shows us the Germans engaged in actively

persecuting women. In September, 1914, the troops constantly pointed their guns at Frenchwomen to force them to wait upon them; the officers as constantly had their revolvers in their hands. In the districts where game is abundant, girls, whatever their station in life, act as beaters when the officers hunt, and those who refuse are imprisoned in a cellar three days for each such refusal.

The period of actual assaults has passed, but there remains the pleasant pastime of frightening young girls by discharging firearms at close range, and firearms held in whose hands—in those of the assassins of Tamines and Dinan!

Since January 1, 1917, the civil mobilization has exhibited this female slavery in all its hideousness. Even before that the women had been forced to wait upon the officers at table, and to wash their linen. The German authorities had already laid upon them all possible tasks—taking no account of social position or of physical strength. Middle-class women of Lille and La Fère were sent to dig potatoes a hundred kilometres from their homes. The widow of a French colonel killed in action was in turn chambermaid and farm laborer in Germany. In the region about Laon one could see women working under the lash. Worse still, they are sent out to work in close proximity to the firing-line, where the Germans themselves find it unsafe to go. Or again, when aircraft are passing over, the women are forbidden to leave their work, while their keepers run to cover. Mrs. Edith Wharton even saw elderly women whose arms or legs Boche officers had broken with their sabres.

The harassing and insulting of women take also another turn. Women and girls of good social position are compelled to undress on the pretext of search or medical examinations. The

German has no respect for girls; he has torn them from their families by thousands. Nor does he respect maternity: in 1915, the wife of the mayor of Le Catelet, sentenced to three months confinement for not making known her husband's presence in her house, was separated from the infant she was nursing and led away between two policemen. In many places mothers were torn from their children in arms, from sobbing and desperate little girls, who threw themselves on their knees without avail.

III

From what has gone before it will be seen that 'the nation that deceives,' as Nietzsche himself called his compatriots, is at the same time the nation that degrades, the nation that tramples at pleasure upon all the laws of civilization, of justice, and of honor, and drags in the gutter all things of spiritual worth, everything that lifts us above the beasts of the field.

In their souls, no less than in their flesh and blood, do these Germans exert themselves to wound the helpless French. They have cast off all restraint in this respect. Passing over the merely humiliating measures, which are constantly being added to, — such, for example, as transforming the school-boys of Saint-Quentin into street-sweepers, — we may mention the method of requisitioning copper and iron, which was adopted in our northern towns. Each inhabitant was required to deliver his metal personally at the *Kommandantur*. In vain did the mayors implore them to spare the bleeding patriotism of the French, asking them to strip the houses, themselves, of all their copper and iron, but to relieve Frenchmen from the hateful necessity of carrying to the enemy with their own hands materials with which to sow death in the ranks of their brethren. At Lille, a

retired officer of 1870 vainly invoked his past career to those Huns. Pointing to his gray hair, he called his persecutors to witness that in requiring him to surrender his copper to their munition factory, they required him to surrender his honor and to belie his whole life. Taken to jail as a rebel, he fell dead on the threshold, suffocated with indignation.

Thus far we have dealt only with the method of requisition. What shall we say of the requisition itself, and, worse yet, of the enforced labor of our people upon German munitions. In very truth, the enrollment of captive Frenchmen in the enemy munition factories has enlarged the confines of human degradation. French and Belgians who refused to lay aside their moral obligations have been deprived of food, or have been immersed for hours at a time, in winter, in pools of ice-cold water, or bound to trees and flogged, until they were changed into mere beasts of burden.

Let no one believe that such enslavement of captives is an inevitable consequence, a new and rigorous law of war. No, it is a German decree, an outward manifestation of their innate materialism, their faint notion of conscience and human dignity.

The Germans also impose upon the French the dishonoring obligation of informing upon one another. Many mayors were sentenced to years of imprisonment in German fortresses for having neglected to denounce the mobilized men of their communes.

It is as if one were looking on at a general proscription of souls which are being hunted down on all sides. The barbarians carry their outrages so far as to cast obloquy upon our reverence for our dead. Not content with erecting over the charnel-houses of the battlefield carved monuments insulting to our gallant troops, they even profane

the cemeteries and mar them with obscenities; they empty graves by the thousands, in order to carry pillage to the limit. At Laon they actually stole the flowers which the people had laid on the coffins of three children killed in a bombardment from the air on December 21, 1916.

The dignity of the priesthood in its turn has been dragged in the mire, with the same craving to outrage sentiments most worthy of respect. In October, 1915, they derisively enveloped in a green gown, and sentenced to hard labor, the curé of Saint-Michel, in whose house they had found the toy rifle of a child! So, too, in 1914, the curé of Le Catelet, having been maltreated and beaten on a false suspicion of assault, had to look on while the soldiers arrayed a dead horse in his priestly robes amid laughter and hooting.

Nor have the churches always been immune to outrage, even at a distance from the firing line. At the outset the Germans pillaged and defiled, among many others, the churches at Chauny, Candor, Sempigny, and Vermand, tearing down the silver crucifixes, and swathing the statues of the saints in tawdry rags. In 1917, the cathedral of Laon was used as a stable for four hundred horses. They did not stop short even of trying to assail elementary Christian morality in the invaded communities, and destroy it. To mention but one example: the curé of La Capelle, a true apostle, passed three months in prison for having enjoined upon his flock compassion for the deported Belgians who were dying of hunger.

Nothing was left for the invader to debase except inanimate things; and this they are doing. In their hatred of the soul, they cut through to the stone upon which its impress is stamped. Just as, in the loftier regions of art and history, they have disfigured the Cathe-

dral of Notre Dame at Rheims and the Château of Coucy, so, on a lower plane, in order to put a bitterer affront upon French homes, it has been their delight to put their ban on parlors and dining-rooms and turn them into stables. Their flood of insults goes even further: it becomes simply revolting. Once the houses are utterly looted, they proceed to make them filthy, exulting savagely, like man-apes, who have broken their chains, and who dance for very joy on finding themselves where bestiality is under no restraint. Parlors, bedrooms, no less than churches and cemeteries, they take delight in using as latrines, with the approval and concurrence of their officers. It is a manifestation of the superabundance of the animal element in them — that element of which it has been said that it is 'their vital, deep-rooted characteristic.'

IV

It would have been natural — or so it seems — that in the officers at least a more fully developed intellectuality would counterbalance these degrading tendencies. But no, nothing of the sort. Their intellectuality has no other effect than to lead them to acknowledge with pride, and to display more fully, their racial deformities.

Still imbued with the feudal spirit, they assume their station openly, without shame or reserve, on an Olympus of good living, of material indulgence and rapine, above the mass of common soldiers and the suffering people. Everywhere, in the zone of cantonment, private casinos afford them abundance and comfort. Notably at Laon, their requisitions of plate and glass bear witness to their tempestuous revels, wherein one can detect the survival of their primitive mental state when they were rushing toward Paris, like gigantic Saturnalian worms; for numerous officers

carried away in their trunks the smoking paraphernalia of the theatres and private supper-parties, and others lay dead drunk under the tables at their halting-places.

They arrange casinos and private apartments at their pleasure, tearing down such walls or houses as happen to be in their way, seizing furniture on all sides, drawing upon each town as upon an immense free warehouse. Factories supply them with electric light at the cost of the inhabitants. Cattle and fowl, left behind on the farms, are hardly numerous enough to satisfy them. They requisition these fowl at the expense of the people, who are left to starve. They leave for the children only an infinitesimal quantity of milk. The butter of the dairies is also reserved for them, and even the private soldiers are allowed to buy only the skim milk that remains.

At the beginning of the occupation, certain officers maintained some reserve and some appearance of decency in the French households in which they had their billets. But as time passed they all sank deeper into iniquity, and stood less and less upon ceremony. If they passed through the dining-room while the family were at table, they would lean over and remove the covers of the dishes. Even in districts where they pretend to restrain the looting of their men, it not infrequently happens that they themselves, after defiling their bedrooms, carry away anything that takes their fancy. Even the chaplains steal valuable chalices or sacerdotal ornaments, which they have used in saying mass, thus substituting the Kaiser's formula for the divine law.

The large towns are a field for special experiences. As respect for human sensibilities weighs more heavily there upon the invaders, they sometimes exercise more self-restraint, and try to ingratiate themselves. At Lille

and Saint-Quentin certain officers have tried to reëstablish social courtesy: they have offered their arms to their hostesses, given flowers to the ladies and sweets to the children. A painful embarrassment for Frenchwomen! If their persecutors smiled, they laid bare the wolf's teeth which rent the human flocks of Belgium and Armenia. To be offered a box of candy would raise a suspicion of incendiary pastilles. Mothers would keep the sweets from their children, but sometimes they would accept the flowers, for fear of enraging these polite gentlemen who had come red-handed, one from a burglary, another from murdering a child, and who tagged with madrigals the cynical theories of Bernhardi.

In other places, — at Roubaix for instance, — out upon even the outward show of courtesy! No more flowers, no more sentimentality, according to the advice of Herr von Bethmann-Hollweg. Their lack of respect for womankind reappears in all its brutality. The *Kommandantur* orders all the young and good-looking women to report at the officers' quarters, and punishes recalcitrants with three months in a German fortress. Failing to find sufficiently effective panders in destitution and terror, Germany does not shrink from subjecting virtue to the ordinary penalties of vice, and thus allows her latent criminal frenzy to appear in a new aspect.

V

But we need not go on forever detailing the particular acts of the invaders: we have only to regard their official administration and their police regulations, to obtain a conclusive picture of their barbarous and hideous mentality — a picture which they paint themselves. The same obtuse moral sensibility and the same heaviness of hand

reveal themselves there, aggravated, on the one hand, by their meticulous habit of looking after the veriest trifles; on the other hand, by their tendency to exaggeration and excess.

The whole territory is divided into *Kommandanturen*, which are so many little satrapies of varying size: one for each village in the zone of actual fighting; one for each group of villages in the zone outside the lines. The *Kommandant*, who stays in one place several months, sometimes a year, may be a simple lieutenant; he is always a genuine potentate, a petty savage king, legislating and carrying on the government almost at his whim.

The first thought of these Kommandants in the way of police regulation was to forbid the inhabitants to have weapons of any sort, and to confiscate them all most painstakingly. In carrying out this order, they displayed the same frenzy of fear which has often led them to extreme measures. The most harmless steel instrument in the drawer of a solitary old woman made them wince. There is no town, no district, in which one or more civilians have not paid with their lives for the imprudence of keeping in their house some musket from an old stand of arms dating back to the seventeenth century, or a paltry shot-gun which they thought of no consequence. The Boche has so rudimentary a sense of equity that these civil murders were often attended with the most revolting cruelty. At Saint-Quentin, one of the victims, a woman, did not even know that the weapon was in the house, of which she was only temporarily in charge. Another was a gunsmith, in whose shop some shot-gun powder was found, and who was shot for the offense. A miller of Vendhuile, who had used his revolver, it is true, upon two brutal thieving soldiers, was smeared with kerosene and burned alive. Other engines of

war, — or what were so designated, — pigeons, and telephone wires, afforded an excuse for much slaughter of the innocent. A schoolboy of Saint-Quentin was on the point of being shot simply for having waved his handkerchief when an aeroplane passed over almost too high to be visible.

Police persecution of every sort was carried to the border-line of endurance. The roads were constantly patrolled, say the repatriated. A deadly subjection to regulations was enforced: no traveling from village to village; no assembling in groups of more than three; no going out after six o'clock at night, and lights out at nine. The annoyances were endless: repeated summonses to assemble, sometimes at midnight in midwinter; house-to-house requisitioning visits; frequent searches, carried out with an arbitrariness and brutality which were denounced by the Archbishop of Cambrai in his protest of October 20, 1916.

Suppose a search-warrant to be issued against an old lady suspected of having more than ten kilogrammes of potatoes on hand. The Boches rush to the house in force, drive the lady and her children out-of-doors, regardless of the weather, upset the house from attic to cellar and pillage it in their search for the *corpus delicti*. And there have been even more barbarous refinements of police inquisition. Some Kommandants have not blushed to seek and confiscate in every house the churn and even the coffee-grinder, to make it more certain that the people would not grind secretly the little grain that they were able to glean, or to pick up by chance here and there.

If a barn was burned, as at Crève-cœur, the Kommandants ordered all the male inhabitants of the village to be driven into the church and shut up like cattle. Although the culprit, who in this case happened to be a German sol-

dier, was discovered, the prisoners were not immediately released.

The instruments of this tyranny, the police, in bottle-green uniform and decorated with a metal badge under the chin, which points them out from afar to public suspicion, have been dubbed by the people 'green devils,' because of their zeal as persecutors.

And signs of approbation from the authorities fall in showers: fines on every pretext, imprisonment, deportation, sentence of death. These penalties are often imposed on persons simply under suspicion, especially on many priests, imprisoned for no cause. 'No one can be sure of to-morrow,' says one of the repatriated. A word too outspokenly French in sympathy may send you to a prison cell. At Bohain the prisons are overflowing with civilians condemned for trifles; a convict-gang has been formed of inhabitants alleged to be refractory. In certain communes regular prisons have been built, as the cellars were too small. For, in most cases, the cellars, long ago emptied of their contents, are used as jails in the villages, and jails where the inmates are kept on a bread-and-water diet. And all this aside from blows and insults.

Space forbids me to write of all the disproportionate and inhuman acts of repression. A shopkeeper at Hirson, the mother of three children, was shot because she went into Belgium to buy goods. Young deportees, who are employed in digging and who drop their shovels from weariness, are shot at point-blank range by the sentries. At Vauresis, on September 18, 1914, ten people were shot for going out at night with lanterns, as their custom was.

The readiness of the Germans to shoot inoffensive persons has manifested itself a thousand times. How many — how many women have been victims of drunken or brutal soldiers! How

many others have fallen under the fire of sentries because they had ventured into the street after six o'clock at night, to fetch a doctor for a sick person, or to look for a child who had not come home!

And there is no real protection against the excesses either of the private soldier or of the Kommandant. The former, if any one dares to complain of him, avenges himself by pillage or by some foul blow. The Kommandant, from whose decree an appeal is taken to the commanding general, wreaks his vengeance at once by requisitions, expulsions, or burnings.

VI

Their police administration is not merely inhuman and vexatious: it is, in addition, like everything that issues from the pagan wilderness beyond the Rhine, a revolting medley of falsehood, double-dealing, and sophistry.

The bare definition of the proscribed offenses shows us upon what a vicious and disgraceful plan the arbitrary power of the Kommandanturs is exercised. Their agents themselves, with sober faces, call the householder who tries to conceal his property from them a 'notorious thief.' In their eyes the father of a family is a criminal who hides his silverware in his cellar — a crime, it would seem, which confers upon the invaders the absolute right to seize the property. A criminal, too, is the faithful wife who gives shelter to her husband who has eluded their pursuit; so, too, the girl who refuses to be dishonored. And it is a crime to give a bit of bread to an unfortunate prisoner.

The same lack of moral rectitude is responsible for all the penalties imposed in the invaded districts. The Boches have set up there on a great scale the system of penal confiscations. The hateful practice of taking hostages,

ancient though it is, had never before taken on such gigantic dimensions, or attained such a degree of cynicism. This unjust notion of confiscation is so congenial to the Prussian character that they have extended its application in all directions. Since the outbreak of the war, whenever they have come in contact with Anglo-French troops, they have persistently taken revenge for their losses on the innocent inhabitants. Notably at Laon, whenever a French airplane bombarded their military trains, the city, though already devastated and blood-stained by air-raiders, was compelled to pay an enormous fine. If an urchin scrawls some taunting words on a wall, the town is mulcted. If a spy is caught passing through Saint-Quentin, the repatriation of Saint-Quentinites is instantly suspended.

In every regard the German administration of the invaded districts maintains a treacherous attitude. Questions and conversations of apparently trivial importance are often traps laid to evoke criticism, which is punished on the instant. Often during the first year the officers solemnly promised to restore the piano, the furniture, the tools of which they took possession; but almost never have they kept their word; and the generals were the first of all to break their written promises. The Kommandantur at Chauny gave a manufacturer of the town permission to go away, on his pledging a valuable collection of stamps, which it bound itself to return; but it kept the collection, with a cynical jibe at the owner. The Kommandantur at Saint-Quentin in 1916 readily authorized the inhabitants to clothe four hundred ragged Russian prisoners, and congratulated them on their humanity; but the garments were no sooner supplied than the Kommandantur laid hands on them, and the Russians were left in their rags.

Here is another common example: The repatriates are authorized to take home with them three hundred francs in cash as well as their registered securities, and on the road they are robbed of them. Sometimes, adding a cowardly insult to their rascality, the Germans substitute for the cash a subscription to their war-loan.

The climax of achievement in the way of falsehood is perhaps the having publicly organized it — as the Germans have done in the French provinces — by printing and selling false French newspapers. For instance, they compelled the publication of the *Gazette des Ardennes* (at least twenty copies for each three hundred people) — a base and insane effort to reach and pervert the hearts and minds of a whole nation that is brutally gagged; an effort in which we detect anew the unflinching materialism of the German, who thinks that he need only mutilate texts and distort facts in order to manufacture convictions as by machinery. Logical in their madness, they hunt down all the genuine newspapers of France. Let a balloon with a package of such papers be spied in the air, and on the instant, cavalry, motorcyclists, and automobiles rush in pursuit. Whoever is detected in possession of a *Temps* or a *Figaro* is imprisoned or fined.

VII

Pillage, although an essential part of the German method of waging war, demands a chapter by itself, as the culminating point of the system. From the days of Tacitus, pillage has always been the supreme German achievement. We do not propose to recount their innumerable and violent depredations during the irruption of August, 1914 — especially how the wine in all the cellars was stolen or drunk in a few days. Even under the status of terri-

torial occupation they employed themselves, in many places, in burglaries with violence, as carefully prepared as notarial documents.

Under the administrative régime properly so-called their fury has been little less unbridled. They have levied exorbitant war-taxes in all the communes, large or small. Factories of all sorts very soon began to be dismantled. Machines, ovens, vats, taps and cocks, weaving frames, raw materials emigrated to Germany in procession. Of all the textile, metal-working, and other establishments, there soon remained in the North of France only a few munition factories, a few saw-mills producing posts and timbers for the trenches, a few electric power-houses, and some sauerkraut factories set up in remodeled sugar refineries.

Agriculture suffered no less. Not only crops and cattle, but all the good horses and the best farming implements were taken to Germany; to such an extent that the Germans, becoming conscious of the mistake they had made, eventually brought them back in a hurry. In 1916 there were villages of 1600 people which had no more than twenty cows and a few superannuated horses. Other villages had none at all.

In 1915 the special requisitions of leather, rubber, metals, wool, and cotton began. Even the worn-out leather on carriage-shafts was carefully detached. In 1916 the German Cyclops shook the church bells everywhere to bring down the bronze. Table linen and body linen were swept away in the same torrent of spoliation. Mattresses were opened and emptied of their wool. In one village of a thousand people, five hundred mattresses were thus disinflated in a few days. No mercy was shown even to the mattresses on which sick persons lay. The sole manifestation of German delicacy consisted in replacing the wool by chips. In 1917

the kitchen utensils and the silver plate fell into the abyss in ever-increasing quantities. Everything was requisitioned by the Boches, says one of the repatriates, even the night vessels.

The general spoliation is accompanied by destruction pure and simple. Houses in the peaceful occupation of their owners, a long way from the trenches, are demolished to obtain wood for burning or construction. Doors, windows, floors, even school furniture, are used for fires.

To sum up — pillage, requisition, destruction go side by side, look alike, and run in harness together, like a fraternal team of apocalyptic monsters.

But, concurrently with these direct methods, the occupying forces seek also to increase their prizes by oblique devices. They assume the mask of commerce, the mask of industry, to say nothing of the judicial mask, which enables them to glut themselves with fines without number. In the dairy country, in 1915, they requisitioned all the butter, paid for it at the rate of fifteen cents a pound, and sold it at double the price to the inhabitants. This exploitation of the farm was transformed into a comedy of unending spoliation. The Kommandantur issued its orders to the laborers, but did not pay them; it laid that burden on the commune. It exacted from the farmer himself a huge indemnity, said to be for the expenses of cultivation. And, as a climax, it rushed the harvest into Germany by motor, without in all cases taking the trouble to hand the farmer the notes of requisition, which were in any event a mere mockery of payment.

Thus, it was not enough to confiscate the crop, but the invaders devised this buffoonery of compelling payment to themselves by those whom they despoiled, including the workmen, whose daily wage did not exceed thirty cents.

The rule is the same for the wood-

cutting and for the few industries which remain, such as saw-mills. The mayor is the inexhaustible paymaster, and the Kommandantur takes unto itself the product. The French municipality, with a rope about its neck, pays even the very workers in the munition factories.

The Germans' quarrelsome and extravagant attention to trivialities is equally open to criticism, alongside their brutality, their falsity, and their greed. Their organization of conquest and rapine is carried on in accordance with a meticulous, oppressive, and enfeebling system of rules. Let us cite this one fact: they have extended their census-taking to include hens, rabbits, pigeons, and even the most microscopic beasts, and have given to each one of them a certificate of civil status, recording their birth and their demise. They keep an exact account of vegetables and eggs; and certain villages — for instance, the gallant little village of Bony in the Department of the Aisne — have been the theatre of preposterous scenes in this connection, the Kommandant going so far as to enclose the farmers' hens under his own windows, that he might follow and verify their laying qualities at close quarters.

VIII

All these details show clearly enough what an intolerable state of serfdom our compatriots have fallen into; and how they are being rushed *en masse* down the incline of destitution and starvation. Kept closely confined within the bounds of their towns or villages, they go thence only to perform enforced labor in the fields, or to be deported to distant parts. They are literally fettered to the soil, and can, at most, go to the next commune on payment of a fee. The Germans, as the inevitable result of their retrograde imperialism, have

revived feudal customs, and brought forth from the depths of past ages the most archaic abuses and usages — the servitude of mortmain, peonage, the whim of the lord of the manor, and compulsory labor.

In agriculture, too, they have re-established the régime of the primitive community; for the fields of each village are cultivated as a whole, without distinction of ownership, under the direction of a Boche inspector who is very often a blockhead.

Another truly gothic backward step is the almost universal closing of the schools, which are transformed into barracks or hospitals. There are no longer boarding-schools, as the children of the country districts are not allowed to go to the town. Tens of thousands of children have broken off their studies. It is a return to the darkness of the year 1000.

In a word, on all sides our defenseless compatriots are confronted by a barbarian despotism which tramples on them, and deprives them of their most legitimate rights and their means of livelihood. Materially they lack everything. In many communes there has been a coal famine for three years: nothing to burn but green wood. The people sometimes lack clothing, and often leather shoes: they wear clogs or sabots or shoes of old cloth. They no longer have either gas or kerosene. Barring an occasional lighting plant of acetylene or electricity, they are reduced to grease-pots, which recall the *crasset* of the serfs in the Middle Ages. They make them of jars, blacking-boxes, or bottles, filled with lard taken from their rations, and in this they dip a wick made of a skein of yarn or cotton.

Since 1914 this unfortunate people, accustomed all their lives to the light wines of the country, have had absolutely nothing but water to drink. No wine — the Germans having drunk the

cellars dry in less than no time. No beer — the breweries having been stripped of their machinery. No cider — the apples having been taken to Germany. The population eats meat once in two months or once in six months. There is little milk, and the children die in large numbers, from being poorly nourished. In 1917 many villages no longer possessed a single hen or a single rabbit.

And with all the rest there are the troops passing through and in occupation, who fill the houses to overflowing and compel even the women to lie on the floor. They search the cupboards and seize the provisions which the family has succeeded in putting by as a reserve. Moreover, as a result of the withdrawal of the German lines in 1917, or of the digging of new trenches, whole villages have been evacuated, and their people quartered in the more distant ones, which are already overcrowded; so that a twofold destitution results. It sometimes happens that even the most well-to-do have nothing to eat except a *compote* of beets and boiled grass which they pick themselves at the side of the road, by virtue of a special permit.

To cap the climax, doctors and medicines are almost impossible to find in many districts.

In very truth our 3,600,000 compatriots (1915) have descended to the last stage of want and are hovering on the brink of famine. Only the Spanish-American, and, later, the Spanish-Dutch supplies are keeping them alive, far from abundant as they are. They are sustained only by clinging, with a feeble grasp, to that source of succor, which the Germans have not always held inviolate.

And all about them, before their eyes, for three years past Germany, deaf to the appeal of humanity, pursues more and more deliberately her plan of underfeeding the deported

French and Belgians, whom she regales, after her fashion, with nettle soup, a little black bread, and a little weak coffee. For three years she has been starving the prisoners. In 1916, to mention a few instances among a thousand, the Russian prisoners who were working in the trenches actually picked up oat-grains in the muddy roads, and pulled up beetroots, which they gnawed greedily. At Hirson, out of five hundred Roumanian prisoners, seventeen were carried away, dead from lack of nourishment, in a single day. At Vendhuille two hundred and twelve out of four hundred British prisoners died of cold and privation during the winter of 1917.

IX

All the brutality, perfidy, and savagery manifested by Germany from day to day is not to be explained by any philosophic theory, or as a systematic policy. Temperament is an essential part of it. Moreover, there must be a special lack of the moral sense, an inherent deficiency of the sentiments of justice, honor, and charity. There must be an hereditary perversity. Intellectual perversion by the sophisms of a Fichte or a Haeckel would not have sufficed to make Huns, or to change men to wolves. Grafted upon a sound trunk, the Pangermanist heresy would never have sprouted. Never would Germany — leaders and flocks — have been able to sink so deep into her violent self-worship, her terrorism, and her unmitigated brigandage in war, if she had not glided into it by degrees through weakness of conscience and latent criminality. In reality, behind a false cloak of philosophy and policy, one can detect in her nothing more than revolting organs of the carnivora, retarded in their human development.

ORDINARY SEAMEN, U.S.N.

BY JOSEPH HUSBAND

I

FORTY miles north of Chicago, on the high bluffs that overlook Lake Michigan, the Naval Training Station of the Great Lakes stretches a mile back to the railroad tracks from a mile frontage on the shore; and even beyond the tracks the latest additions have crept out on the rolling prairie. Here, covering approximately three hundred acres, the vast camp, with its recent additions to meet the war emergency, houses an average total of 22,000 men — the largest and most complete naval training establishment in the world.

There had been a heavy blizzard in Chicago the first week in January, and when, on the eighth, I walked up from the railroad station to the great brick entrance, the ground was deep with snow. Beyond the iron gates, hundreds of jackies in white trousers and blue pea-coats were piling the snow back from roads and sidewalks. From the entrance a long, straight road stretched almost to the lake. On either side, and back as far as the eye could see, the substantial brick buildings of the station extended in orderly arrangement, like the buildings of a modern university. At the far end the tall, massive clock-tower of the Administration Building rose red against the blue winter sky. High above it, to the right, the slender tapering towers of the wireless caught their swinging cobwebs of wires up four hundred feet against the blue. Below, everywhere,

the red brick buildings and the glitter of sun-touched snow in zero air.

In the recruiting building a long line of men already were waiting to swear their loyalty to Uncle Sam's Navy, and merciless hostility to his enemies. One by one we filed into the recruiting-room, where a dozen jackies, in neat uniforms with their yeomen's ratings on their blue sleeves, shamed our motley civilian clothes by contrast. Short and tall, stout and thin, from Texas, Ohio, Colorado, and Minnesota, in cheap 'sport suits,' sweaters, caps, derbies, every kind of clothing, with broken dress-suit-cases, cord-bound, with paper bundles, and many with hands empty — here was young America in its infinite variety.

To the room where physical examinations were held we were passed along with our identifying papers. Yellow sunshine shone warmly through high windows; there was the moist smell of steam radiators, and the unmistakable and indescribable smell of naked bodies which threw my recollection back to school and college gymnasias. At a desk by the window the surgeon faced the room; two assistants stood beside him; along the side of the room three or four yeomen at tables recorded the results of the examination.

The test was severe, and from our little squad of seventeen, two were cast out for defective eyesight, one for stricture, two for heart trouble, and another for some imperfection of the foot. Weighed, measured, tested for eyesight and color-sight, identified by

scars and blemishes, we dressed and then recorded our finger-prints on the voluminous record, which grew as the examination progressed. It was late afternoon and the electric lights were lighted when we finally stood before the desk of the last officer, and, with right hand lifted, touched the Book with our left and swore to follow the flag by sea or land wherever the fate of war might call us.

In *Two Years Before the Mast* I recollect the phrase, 'There is not so helpless and pitiable an object in the world as a landsman beginning a sailor's life'; and in that long first day of my admission to the Navy I began to realize — in but small measure, to be sure — the tremendous change that I was soon to experience, and the vastness of the education that I must acquire before I could hope to be of even slight value in a sailor's capacity.

The Great Lakes Naval Training Station was originally built in 1911, to care for 1600 men. But with the declaration of war with Germany, the enlargement of its capacity was begun on a stupendous scale. South, north, and west of the station, additional acreage was acquired, and under the direction of enlisted engineers and architects complete villages or camps were built, increasing the capacity of the station to over twenty thousand men. Although the new construction was only for emergency purposes, on land leased for the duration of the war and a year beyond, nothing was omitted by which the comfort of the men might be increased, their health maintained, and the efficiency of their training most expeditiously promoted. They were grouped in camps, each holding several thousand men; the barracks of each camp were arranged about a central square or drill-ground, and each camp was provided with its central steam-heating plant, mess-kitchen, laundry,

dispensary, hospital, drill-halls, and such buildings as are necessary for the officers and the storage and distribution of supplies, as well as a system of hot and cold water, complete sewerage, electric lighting, and fire hydrants.

In order that as much of the material as possible may be salvaged when the war is over and the temporary buildings are taken down, each building was so designed that it might be constructed of boards and timbers of stock sizes, without cutting, so put together that the buildings can be resolved into approximately the identical piles of lumber from which they were built.

Each day hundreds of recruits pass through Chicago on their way to the station. From every corner of the United States, from every walk of life and representing practically every vocation, they swell the ever-increasing total of our naval forces. For about three months they remain at the station: three weeks in detention, then to the main camp for intensive training, and finally off to sea. With seabags neatly packed and shouldered, the blue-clad contingents depart; not with the great band playing, but by night, at hours unknown to the sleeping world. Under the stars the long trains pause, are loaded, and are gone. A few days later the men are put on shipboard at some Atlantic port.

In order to prevent recruits who have been exposed to contagious diseases from being immediately admitted to the main camps, to spread contagion among the men, a detention camp is maintained, where every recruit must pass three weeks of complete isolation from the world and the main camp. During these three weeks the men are not only regularly examined and constantly observed by the medical staff, but the several vaccinations against smallpox and typhoid are administered, throat-cultures tested, and other

physical examinations made, and the elementary principles of seamanship and cleanliness are inculcated by the commander in charge of each company of men.

I had come in my oldest suit, which I planned to throw away as soon as my sailor clothes were issued; and I was a little disappointed to find that I should not get my uniform my first day in camp. My instructions and a friendly sentry directed me to Camp Decatur, and here my papers admitted me, past the sentry, dressed like an Esquimaux in his great brown storm-proof suit, to a large frame building of substantial construction, where I answered the innumerable questions of inquisitive yeomen, and received my temporary pay-number and a list of clothing and other articles soon to be supplied to me.

It is interesting to learn the care which the Navy Department exercises in thoroughly equipping its men, and it is particularly gratifying, that, despite the fact that each week many hundred recruits enter the station and are fully equipped, there is apparently an abundance of every article that the recruit requires for his complete outfit.

A white hammock, a blue mattress (which also serves as a life-preserver at sea), a white cotton mattress-cover, two thick white blankets, and a large bath-towel were immediately given to me, and these were plainly stenciled with my name in black paint, in letters an inch high. With this cumbersome bundle on one shoulder, and in my hand the ancient satchel that I had brought, containing a few toilet articles, I followed my guide to the barrack designated as my home for the three weeks to come.

Deep-set in snow, the low green buildings edged the wooded ravines which empty, almost a mile away, into Lake Michigan. In and out, the wind-

ing roads led from group to group of buildings. Occasional groves of trees hinted of summer shade; but to-night, in the dry cold air, the street lights gleamed as sharply as the stars, and struck a twinkling radiance from the snow. Here and there the tall black stacks of the heating-plants flung a smearing streak of smoke along the light evening breeze; fires fed by strong arms and shoulders which in a few short months may be flinging like banks of smoke from racing destroyers to screen the protected fleet from hostile eyes.

It was almost dark when I reached my barrack, half-way down one of the long streets on the far south side of the detention camp. Each barrack building contains two entirely separate barracks, each accommodating one section, or twenty-four men. These buildings are about 120 feet long by 30 feet wide, with a dividing partition in the middle, thus making each barrack about 60 by 30 feet. The entrances are side by side, and lead into separate vestibules, which, in turn, open into the 'head' or wash-room, and the main sleeping- and living-room. The wash-rooms are fitted with the most modern white vitreous fixtures; there are hot and cold showers; the floors are of cement, and walls and ceiling are painted white.

The main barrack-room occupies the rest of the space, and is lighted by day by six big windows on each side and four at the south end. Walls, floor, and ceiling are of bright clear matched pine, and the sashes, doors, and casements are painted olive-green. Radiators under the windows keep the room always comfortably warm. At the other end, by the partition which separates the two barracks, is the scullery, which is connected with the main room by a door, as well as by a large opening above a counter over which the food is

served. As all food is cooked in the local mess-kitchen, there is no cooking done in the barracks. Below the counter, on pine shelves, scrubbed, as is everything else, after every meal, are neatly stacked the twenty-four white enameled plates, cups, and bowls; and in orderly line on the lowest shelf, lye, soap, cleansers, and so forth, are arranged.

On the right hand the wide counter extends along the wall under double windows, and beneath it is a compartment completely inclosing the garbage-can, which can be removed only through doors opening to the outside of the building, and reached from inside through a circular hole in the counter directly above the can and closed by an aluminum cover. The interior of this compartment is painted white. After every meal the garbage-can is removed by two of the men, the contents is burned in the camp incinerator, the can is sterilized with steam, and the interior of the compartment scrubbed with soap and water.

On the back wall of the scullery is a white enameled kitchen sink supplied with copious hot and cold water, and beside it a large metal sterilizer piped with live steam, in which all dishes, knives, forks and spoons and dish-rags are sterilized for fifteen minutes after every meal. On the fourth wall, a small cupboard with drawers contains the 'silverware' and the writing materials; and on a shelf above are such books and magazines as the men may happen to possess.

In order to assure further the sanitary condition, a pail of formaldehyde solution is kept at one end of the sink, and in this is submerged the drinking cup, which must be taken out and rinsed before use, and immediately put back into the solution.

Half of the main room is occupied by a long pine table with a bench on each

side, where the men eat, read, and write; and here along the wall is a long row of hooks, on which each man's blue coat and caps and muffler are hung.

The hammock is a Navy institution. Here, high above the deck, Jack swings in comfort through the night hours. Where many men must be housed in little space, and where absolute cleanliness is necessary, the hammock solves the problem. A single piece of white canvas, six feet long by about four feet wide, is drawn together at both ends by a dozen ropes, the ends of which are braided together to metal rings, to which are fastened the lashings by which the hammock is suspended, tightly stretched between the jack-stays. The result is a contraction of the sides of the hammock, making a receptacle for all the world like a magnified pea-pod in which even an amateur can sleep in comparative safety and comfort. The south end of the barrack-room is given over to the hammocks, which are swung between the big iron-pipe jack-stays in two rows of twelve hammocks each, head and foot alternating, at a height of about six feet above the floor. From the centre jack-stay are hung our big white bags, containing our belongings; and he is indeed unfortunate whose clothes or other possessions are at any time found in any other place.

I am perhaps elaborating in too great detail on the equipment of the Navy barracks, but it is in the belief that too little is generally known of the marvelous efficiency which is exemplified in this great camp — an efficiency which can be but an expression of a similar efficiency in the great department of which it is a part.

The barrack was only half occupied, and I was warmly greeted by the men, as complete uniform equipment would not be issued until the section of twenty-four men was completed. The

barrack 'chief,' appointed by the company commander from among the first recruits in the barrack, whose luckless job is to maintain order and neatness among his fellows, without powers of punishment, welcomed me and showed me how to lay my mattress in my hammock, fold my blankets so that my name showed clearly, and hang my towel in an equally exact location on the foot lashings of the hammock.

'Chow!'

It was only half-past four, but Jack is an early riser, retires early, and must be fed accordingly, with breakfast at six-thirty, dinner at eleven-thirty, and supper at four-thirty. Through the open door two of my new comrades suddenly appeared, with a great cylinder swinging between them. Behind them another lugged a huge can, like the old-fashioned milk-can but more complicated in construction, while a fourth carried four long loaves of white bread in his arms. Deposited in the scullery, the top of the cylinder was unclamped, and from it was lifted a series of aluminum containers nested one on another like the vessels in a fireless cooker. And, in fact, here was something not far different; for these containers, filled several hours before in the mess-kitchen, were opened in the barrack as hot as when the food left the fire; and from the apparent milk-can, in reality a glorified thermos bottle, poured steaming coffee into ready cups.

We sat down at the long table, and my first meal in the Navy was consumed with alacrity. That meal, and every meal since, has been distinctly good: no relishes or frills, but good food, well-cooked and served hot. I have since seen the mess-kitchen, and its system and cleanliness are beyond reproach. Beans are usually served at one meal a day — big red mealy beans, cooked almost to a soupy consistency.

Coffee, tea, and cocoa are served daily, coffee with breakfast and dinner, and tea or cocoa at night; but for some reason unknown to me, all are indiscriminately called 'Java.' We have meat, usually in a stew, at least twice a day, and always two vegetables with dinner. Bread is provided with every meal, and butter with breakfast. Two or three times a week we have excellent cereal with breakfast, and on the other days soup with dinner. Jam is often served with supper, and we have fresh apples or stewed fruit daily.

II

Our barrack contains a strange assortment of men, but perhaps no stranger than every other barrack in the camp. Here are two Texas boys, who, during the extreme weather of the past few days, have clung tenaciously to the radiators. One was a farmer-boy, another a fireman on a southern railroad. The head bell-boy of a Middle-West hotel swings in a hammock near my own, and on one side of me is a lithe, alert, blond-haired young man of perhaps four and twenty, who in his vicarious career has peddled papers, 'ridden the rods,' bumming from town to town, driven a motor-truck, won his laurels as a successful prize-fighter, and waited on the table in a city cabaret — of all the men he is one of the most attractive, with a lively humor, a pleasant manner, and a quick sense of fair play. He joined the Navy, he told me, because it 'offered him the finest opportunity to make a real man of himself.'

Another interesting character is a young Wisconsin farmer-boy. Of French descent, from the old Green Bay settlement, he has developed a rugged American character, the result of the purification and enrichment of the blood of an ancient nation by three

generations of labor on our north-western frontier. His bursts of wild laughter and rough horse-play are constantly blended with sentiment when mention is made of the finer things of life, and with a frank affection for those who show their friendship. He was the joint owner of a small farm, which he gave up to join the Navy, with apparently no thought of exemption when duty shone clear.

I must not forget to mention the pessimist of our little company. Away for the first time from home, he weathered the early anguish of nostalgia to settle into a fixed atmosphere of constant gloom. It was he who gathered voluminous data regarding supposititious sickness in the camp, although it would be hard to find anywhere so large a number of men in such splendid health. It was he who always told with sour visage the latest camp-gossip if it held bad future omens. I last saw him on the way to the camp hospital, where he was to have his tonsils removed; and I think he was really complacent in contemplation of his discomfort to come.

Of the eastern colleges, Amherst and Harvard are represented in our barrack each by a graduate, and there are a number of boys from various western state universities. A painter, whose good-natured laziness and rotund figure immediately won him the nickname of 'Butterfly,' a hotel clerk, the assistant purchasing agent of a large automobile company, a carpenter, a bond salesman, and a number of youthful clerks and office-boys complete our numbers. It is interesting to find how many of the recruits are under draft age.

It is still dark with the blackness of five o'clock when the barrack chief calls us in the morning with his 'Hit the deck, boys.' Five minutes to tumble out into the brilliance of the electric lights flashed on sleeping eyes, fold our

blankets, lash up our hammocks, and get out our toilet articles, is all the time allowed. In line we answer to our names, and then a rush to the shower-baths, with much friendly 'joshing' and cheering as those hardy ones who turn on the cold water spatter the crowd.

As soon as we are dressed comes the first of our three daily house-cleanings. After the entire room is swept out, all the cracks and corners are cleaned with water and a stiff broom, and then dried with a cloth. Then the floor is mopped and dried, and the whole room carefully dusted. The same complete cleansing is at the same time given to the 'head' or wash-room, the scullery, and the vestibule; and after dinner and supper the operation is repeated. At least twice a week all the windows are washed, and a weekly scrubbing is administered to our benches and tables.

For four days we cleared the ground immediately about our barracks of the winter's accumulation of snow, which had piled about the buildings in four- or five-foot drifts. With huge improvised sleds, carts, boxes, and every possible kind of receptacle, the forty-eight men in the two barracks beneath our roof loaded the snow and dragged it to a near-by ravine. Under a bright sun shining in a cloudless sky, hundreds of Jackies from the other barracks, like the uniformed students of some great university, dashed up and down the slippery roads with frequent collisions and endless merriment.

In command of each company of men in the detention camp is a young seaman who has passed through the School of Instruction, where these men are trained to instruct the recruits, not only in the rudiments of drill and seamanship, but especially in cleanliness, both personal and general, and in deportment and obedience. Our company commander is a fine big Texan,

with a soft southern inflection, a ready smile, and a rigidity of purpose that compels prompt obedience. As likely as not he will appear at five in the morning to catch the laggard riser, or at midnight to check the man on watch in the barrack-room. By day he is our counselor and guide and drill-master. Under his crisp commands the long blue-clad lines tramp back and forth across the snow-packed drill-ground. 'Squads right into line, march!' and we swing sharply past him. A dozen other companies are drilling also, under their respective commanders. It is an inspiring scene.

A few days after my arrival our barrack quota was completed, and we marched down to headquarters to receive our complete outfit. Up to this time we all had to a certain extent retained our past identity; by the cut and fashion of our garments we clung to our little niche in civil life. But now all past identification was swept aside. Rapidly we stripped, in a great white-painted room, casting to one side all articles we did not wish to save, and tying in a bundle the garments we might wish to send home. Through a door the naked column passed, and here we were sorted into two files, each of perhaps a hundred men. We had brought our big cotton mattress-covers with us, and using these as bags, we passed to the end of the room, across which was a long counter. Behind the counter a dozen men served us with the various articles of our equipment, which they tossed into our bags with lightning-like rapidity and accuracy. And so specialized were they that a single glance at each man as he neared the counter was sufficient measurement by which to supply him with exactly the proper size and fit of garment. With distended bags we paused again in the back of the room, hurriedly dressed, and again formed in line.

And now, as we stood fast, inspectors passed rapidly down the columns, to see that each man had been properly provided with shoes, trousers, and other garments of the right size. Wherever anything wrong was discovered, the fault was immediately corrected.

It may be of interest to enumerate the various articles provided each sailor by the government for his personal equipment. The following items are copied from my 'Clothing and Small Store Requisition,' and are issued to the recruits as the articles are needed:—

One pair of arctics, one pair of bathing trunks, two woolen blankets, whisk-broom, scrub-brush, shoe-brush, assorted buttons, needles, and thread, clothes-stops for tying each garment in a compact roll, knitted cap called a 'watch cap,' cloth 'pan-cake' cap, cap-ribbon, comb, two sets of heavy underwear, four sets of summer underwear, woolen gloves, a dozen handkerchiefs, two white hats, jackknife, blue knitted jersey, two white jumpers and trousers, pair of leggings, silk neckerchief, heavy blue overcoat, blue overshirt and trousers, two towels, soap, six pairs of woolen socks, and a pair of high shoes. All this is provided without cost to the recruit.

To complete our equipment we were, a few days later, supplied with Red Cross 'comfort kits,' and although they contained some duplications of our government equipment, they filled a big want and were promptly put in use by every one. Socks, mufflers, and wristlets also were given out, and these were particularly appreciated, because of the severity of the weather and our out-of-door life.

There are many hours in Detention, especially after supper, when time hangs heavily, and to the Y.M.C.A. I owe a debt of gratitude for a slim shelf of books over the scullery sink,

which the local Y.M.C.A. representative changes weekly. Collected from households throughout the county, these volumes possessed a rare variety. The first week it was *School-Days at Rugby* that stood boldly forth from the best-selling but less enduring volumes of more recent days. The next week came another assortment, and then it was *Trilby*, with Little Billee, Taffy, and the Laird, who helped me keep my thoughts from wandering too often homeward.

Every Saturday morning we are 'inspected.' Dressed in our blue suits, we stand at attention, with all our possessions spread at our feet on our clean white bag. Every garment is carefully rolled, according to an exact method, into a tight smooth roll, tied three inches from each end with a white 'stop,' or cord, knotted in a square knot. All the blue bundles are in one row, white bundles in another, and each garment is so rolled that the stenciled name of the owner appears in the centre of the roll. With swinging swords and full uniform, the officers check up our belongings and their appearance, and carefully inspect the cleanliness of the barrack, running white-gloved fingers along the door-tops, in the sink, and along scullery shelves. A dirty window or a trace of dust brings the punishment of additional work in the week to come; but punishment is rarely necessary.

Sickness is the constant foe of any large body of men, but there can be little sickness here. First of all, Detention itself, through which every man must pass before entering the camp, practically eliminates all possibility of the introduction of sickness by fresh recruits. Furthermore, the breaking up of the men in Detention into several sections of twenty-four men, each section segregated from the others, prevents the spread of sickness in the

detention camp. Conveniently located throughout Detention are a number of completely equipped hospitals and dispensaries, where the recruits are cared for when indisposed. An amusing rule, but one obviously necessary when the remedy is not palatable, is that the patient for whom pills or gargles are prescribed must present himself at the dispensary at the required hours, and take the remedy under the eyes of one of the doctors.

Filled with healthful work and drills that are a recreation, the days have passed quickly. Each evening we sit at the long white-scrubbed pine mess-table and write letters home, read, study, and sew. Then there is laundry work to be done, for we seem to take pride in washing our own clothes, as it will soon be necessary for us to do on shipboard. Occasionally we have an entertainment, which consists of the Y.M.C.A. phonograph with its dozen worn records, an impromptu sparring bout, or, more often, an improvised band with a strange variety of instruments, to which all keep time with tapping feet and cheers for 'Dixie' and 'Columbia, the Gem of the Ocean.' By nine we are ready for our hammocks, and deep breathing and occasional snores are flagrant, often before the guard has opened the last window. Sometimes during the night I wake with a sudden start, and as my eyes catch the matched-board ceiling so close above me, yellow in the glare of a near-by street light which shines in through the window, my thoughts carry me far away before sleep comes again. I am sure that there are many such thoughts here, although such things are rarely mentioned.

It was a bright blue morning and the sun was still stalking low behind the trees, when a bugle-note brought me suddenly to a halt. I was passing a turn in the road when it reached me.

Everywhere bluecoated men and boys were working; their voices sounded here and there, word-snatches on the breeze. Half a mile away, against the pale western sky, a flagstaff pointed high above the green buildings. Fluttering, a flag was mounting to the peak.

I stiffened and a shiver seemed to pass through me, the same emotional shiver that comes when the band goes by. My hand snapped to salute; the flag reached the peak, and the red stripes and star-flecked blue stood out against the sky.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

PRAISE OF OPEN FIRES

I HAVE read and heard much praise of open fires, but I recall no praise of bringing in the wood. There is, to be sure, the good old song: —

Come bring with a noise,
My merrie, merrie boys,
The Christmas log to the firing;
While my good dame, she
Bids ye all make free,
And drink to your heart's desiring.

But this refers to a particular log, the Yule log (or clog, as they used to call it) which was brought in only once a year, and, even so, the singer evidently is *not* bringing it in himself. He is looking on. The merrie, merrie boys, he thinks, need encouragement. After they have got the log in, and the good dame has produced the rewarding jug, bowl, or bottle, everybody will feel better. Dry without and wet within; how oft, indeed, has praise of open fire kept company with praise of open bottle! Forests uncounted have been cut down, — the hillside beech, from where the owlets meet and screech; the crackling pine, the cedar sweet, the knotted oak, with fragrant peat, — and burned up, stick by stick; so that, as the poet explains, the bright flames, dancing, winking, shall light us at our drinking.

Others than inebriates have sung the praise of open fires; but the most highly respectable, emulating the bright flames, have usually winked at drinking. And never one of them, so far as I remember, has praised the honest, wholesome, *temperate* exercise of bringing in the wood.

And there is the Song That Has Never Been Sung — nor ever will be, so the tune is immaterial: —

How jolly it is, of a cold winter morning,
To pop out of bed just a bit before dawning,
And, thinking the while of your jolly cold bath,
To kindle a flame on your jolly cold hearth!

Ah me, it is merry!
Sing derry-down-derry!

Where now is the lark? I am up before him.
I chuckle with glee at this quaint little whim.
I make up the fire — pray Heaven it catches!
But what in the world have they done with the matches?

Ah me, it is merry!
Sing derry-down-derry!

And so forth, and so forth.

I invented that song myself, in January, 1918, when circumstances led me — so to speak, by the nape of the neck — to heat my home with wood because nowhere could I buy coal. But I felt no impulse to sing it — simply a deeper, kindlier sympathy for forefather in the good old days before stoves and fur-

naces. I do not blame him for not taking a cold bath. I wish in vain that he had had the thing that I call a match. An archæological authority tells me how forefather managed without it: 'Holding between the thumb and forefinger of the right hand a piece of imported gun-flint (long quarried at Brandon in Suffolk, England), strike it diagonally against a circlet of properly tempered steel held in the left hand, so that the spark flies downward on a dry, scorched linen rag lying in a tin cup (the tinder-box). When the spark instantly catches the rag, blow or touch it into flame against the sulphur-tipped end of a match, which will not otherwise ignite. Then with the burning match, light a candle socketed in the lid of the tinder-box, and smother the smouldering rag with an inner tin lid dropped upon it. Thus you were master of the house of a winter's morning when the fires were out.'

But I would n't believe that archæological authority if he had added, 'singing at your task.' Singeing at it seems more plausible.

To many of us plain bread-and-butter persons, praise of open fires sometimes seems a little too warm and comfortable — too smugly contemplative. We like open fires. We would have them in every room in the house except the kitchen and bathroom — and perhaps in the bathroom, where we could hang our towels from the mantelpiece (as gallant practical gentlemen, now some centuries dead, named it by hanging up their wet mantels), and let them warm while we were taking our baths. We go as far as any in regarding the open fire as a welcoming host in the hall, an undisturbing companion in the library, an encourager of digestion in the dining-room, an enlivener in the living-room, and a good-night thought of hospitality in the guest-chamber. But we cannot follow

the essayist who speaks contemptuously of hot-water pipes. 'From the security of ambush,' says he, 'they merely heat, and heat whose source is invisible is not to be coveted at all.'

Oh, *merely* heat! The blithe gentleman betrays himself out of his own ink-well. He may have forgotten it, — very likely somebody else takes care of it, — but there is a furnace in his cellar. Does he, we ask him seriously, covet the reciprocal affection of some beloved woman — start as angrily as he may at our suggestion of any comparison between *her* and a hot-water pipe — *only when he can see her*? Or, supposing him a confirmed woman-hater, does he repudiate underwear?

He brushes aside the questions. 'With a fire in one's bedroom,' says he, 'sleep comes witchingly.'

'Unless,' say we, 'a spark or coal jumps out on the rug and starts to set the bedroom afire. Better,' say we, pursuing the subject in our heavy way, 'a Philistine in bed than a *fellow of fine taste* stamping out a live coal with his bare feet.'

And so we thank the thoughtful host who safely and sanely screens the open fire in his guest-chamber; but fie, fie upon him if he has decoratively arranged on our temporary hearth *Wood without Kindlings*!

If you give it half a chance, my friend, this 'joy perpetual,' as you call it, will eat you up.

And yet we agree with anybody that nothing else in the house has appealed so long and so universally to the imagination of man. It began before houses. Remote and little in the far perspective of time, we see a distant and awful-looking relative, whom we blush to acknowledge, kindling his fire; and that fire, open as all outdoors, was the seed and beginning of domestic living. With it, the Objectionable Ancestor learned to cook, and in this way

differentiated himself from the beasts. Kindling it, he learned to swear, and differentiated himself further. Thinking about it, his dull but promising mind conceived the advantage of having somebody else to kindle it: so he caught an awful-looking woman, and instituted the family circle. Soon, I fancy, he acquired the habit of sitting beside his fire when he should have been doing something more active; but a million years must pass before he was presentable, and another million before he had coat-tails, and could stand in front of it, spreading them like a peacock in the pride of his achievement — a Captain Bonavita turning his back on the lion. I would have you note, for what it may be worth, that praise of open fires has always been masculine rather than feminine.

Nowadays, I judge, many of his descendants find the open fire much like a little movie theatre in the home. Under the proscenium arch of the fireplace the flames supply actors and scenery, and the show goes on indefinitely. It is better than a movie, for it has color, and lacks the agonizing facial contortions and interpolated text: 'Even a Princess is just a girl — at Coney Island'; 'It is like the nobility of your true heart, old friend, but I cannot accept the heroic sacrifice.'

Sometimes it is useful. An author sits by the fire, and smokes; and soon the puppets of his next romance obligingly appear and act a chapter for him. To-morrow he will dictate that chapter to his pretty stenographer. Sometimes it is consoling. A lover sits by the fire and smokes; presently he sees his love in the flames, and sighs — as Shakespeare would say — like a furnace. Sometimes it does n't work. *I* sit by the fire, and smoke; and I see nothing but fire and smoke.

It is a pleasant place to sit — and yet how rapidly and unanimously,

when coal came into use, and stoves came on the market, did people stop sitting, and brick up their fireplaces! They had no time for essays, but praise of stoves ascended wherever the wonderful things were available. A new world was born: stoves! kitchen ranges! furnaces! hot-water pipes! heat all over the house! — invisible, to be sure, but nobody seemed to worry about that. And out went the open fire — to be lit again later, but never again as a cooker of food and a warmer of the whole house. It came back to be sat by.

There are times, indeed, — speaking as the spokesman of bread-and-butter, — when the open fire *seems* to stimulate amazingly our powers of conversation. We sparkle (for us); we become (or at least we feel) engagingly animated; but is it really the open fire? I have met those with whom it is no more stimulating to sit cosily beside an open fire than cosily beside an open sea or an open trolley-car or an open window or an open oyster. I have known others in whose company a kitchen range seems just as stimulating.

Fires go out, but each new flame is a reincarnation. Our open fires are but miniatures of the old-time roarers that set the hall or tavern harmlessly ablaze, and lit its windows for the ruddy encouragement of winter-blown travelers. Reverting to the menagerie for a figure, the open fires of the past were lions, those of to-day are cubs. Like cubs they amuse us; and so we forget what grim and tragic humors of life the open fire must necessarily have witnessed. Was it not before an open fire that Cain killed Abel? In the glow of those bright flames, dancing, winking, has been planned every villainy of which mankind is capable: winked they have at every sin that could be sinned by firelight. Elemental and without morals, the open fire has lived

in hovels as well as in palaces; it has lighted the student, heels in air and lying on his belly to study his book; the Puritan on his knees at prayer; the reveler, flat on his back and snoring in maudlin sleep under the table. And now, a luxury of the well-to-do, it is departing, dancing and winking as usual, out of the universal life to which it has been as necessary as cooked food and warmth in winter.

But perhaps, after all, it is not yet too late for praise of bringing in the wood. Let us at least provide the good old song — and trust to luck that four or five hundred years from now some imaginative gentleman, digesting his dinner before a surviving open fire, will hear afar off the faint but jolly chorus: —

Come, lads, all together,
And get the wood in.
This brisk zero weather
Is pleasant as sin.
Put on your warm hosen,
And shuffle a bit;
Your toes may be frozen
Before you know it.
To sit hug-a-mugging
The fire who could,
That might be out lugging
In armfuls of wood?
In — armfuls — of — wood'

THE POET AT THE DINNER-TABLE

THAT was a timely article in a recent Contributors' Club urging the 'little poets' to silence in the presence of things greater than the silver of the stars and the green and rose of April; a *favete linguis* deserving the attention of its audience. I, for one, — myself a mere poeticulum, but a very great lover of poetry, — have taken it to heart and shall profit thereby. This particular urge, however, had regard to the printed page. But I here and now enter a protest against those of my fellow poetacula (the word is neuter,

not feminine!) whose tongues are even mightier than their pens.

It is at the dinner-table that I find these chiefly offensive, and lately a whimsy seized me to compare their behavior there with that of the adherents of a great antagonistic camp: the scientists have always eaten, and made no bones about it; and poets, despite their satisfying ecstasies, do dine. Moreover, this particular part of the earth's surface is well supplied with followers of both camps. My brother frequently brings home a scientist or two; myself encourages the presence of the poets. I could observe at close range.

In the earlier stages of my observation I was inclined to think that the poets carried off the palm in regard to the small niceties of table behavior. They universally manipulated their forks and knives with greater ease; they knew the exactly proper manner of disposing of their napkins at the end of the meal; and they never failed to catch my eye at the precise instant when I gave the signal to rise and retire to the drawing-room. Moreover, the Valkyrie approved of them, for they never needed to be nudged, like Miss Mattie's cousin from India. Poets or no poets, they knew a dish of potatoes when it was under their noses, and helped themselves like gentlemen.

Meanwhile the men of science were reprehensible in more ways than one. They never, for example, caught my eye for any purpose whatever. Save that I supplied their wants, I was for them practically non-existent. They made no attempts at the airy persiflage due to a hostess, but fell heavily into discussion with my brother from the first instant. Doubtless they sized me up as not belonging to the class of women to whom 'arithmetic was always my favorite study,' but rather in a class with little Marjorie Fleming, to whom it was 'the most devilish thing.'

They were, too, very hard upon my tablecloths. Not that they customarily spilled anything, — their record here is as good as that of the poets, — but they drew diagrams upon the cloth with their forks: lines of force, perchance, or a comet's orbit, or the internal anatomy of a turbine engine, or a flying-machine, or the nervous system of some beast or other, or an equation bristling with Greek letters and giraffe-necked symbols.

Each of these figures has marred the glossy smoothness of my best Belfast weave in my favorite shamrock pattern. The Valkyrie ever waxed furious at such a breach, muttering Scandinavian gutturals in her throat, and her eyes darting blue icicles. Only the laundry wringer and a hot iron would, she knew, remove the desecration. I have, too, a vivid recollection of three scientific forefingers being dipped into the finger-bowls and then rubbed round and round the rims till the bowls uttered protesting music. And, if you will believe me, water was poured back and forth from one bowl to another, until the three tortured instruments had arrived at the same pitch. And then the *how* of it — your true scientist leaves the *why* to the philosopher — was impressed upon the long-suffering cloth in curves and angles, while the Valkyrie rose to a forbidding pitch of her own.

But with the arrival of the coffee my hostess-mind, unburdened of dinner minutiae, was free for a more impartial observance. And then, I must confess, the singlemindedness of the scientists, their absorption in their subject, their forgetfulness of self, and the quiet modesty they displayed over what were frequently notable achievements, compared favorably with the myriad-mindedness of the poets, their absorption in self, their naïve vanity, their peculiar forgetfulness, which always

came upon them at aggravating times, and their exasperating tenacity of memory just when one was weary of poetry.

A scientist upon whom some marked honor had been bestowed would speak of it only if the subject were torn from him by the roots; but the stanzas of a five-dollar poem had, apparently, no roots whatever, but lay lightly on their maker's tongue like iridescent films upon a pool. When neutral topics were broached the scientists weighed them; *weighed*, mind you; whereas my poets tossed them back and forth, shuttlecock fashion, upon their imaginations, casting them lightly at length into some quaint limbo of their own, leaving them harmlessly there while themselves hurried along to other and more colorful things.

And how they breezed in and out, the poets! Your scientist stood stolidly on the door-mat and rang the bell on the stroke of six; but the poet timed himself by the evening star, or the rising of the moon, entering with their glamour strong upon him. Or her. There are hers among the poets, — many, indeed, — but that is neither here nor there. I mind me of an occasion when we sat at table four strong, two scientists, one neutral, and myself, together with an empty chair, discussing the case of the Lusitania with an absorbed interest. Presently the door opened; a poet hexametered in, late but unabashed. He lyricked forth a greeting; he dramatized into a chair; with a large, vague, adorable gesture he dismissed the great disaster and focussed upon poetry. What did we think of the new school? There were some utterances better uttered in *vers libre*. He himself —

With an effort I introduced the current American Note. This he blew lightly into air like so much gossamer and substituted the personal note. Did

we know that he was giving a programme next week at the Little Theatre to ninety-nine other poets? I would switch him off, an I could, but no, we must needs hear the items on his programme. What's the Lusitania to him or he to the Lusitania, unless perchance he have a metrical inspiration on the subject? And so he bal-laded on, with much persuasive charm and beguiling laughter, swinging at last into a very epic of self, with delicate and numerous quotations of his own lines, as if, forsooth, a generous Heaven had not given us Shakespeare to quote from! With my hand upon the book of Jeremiah, I solemnly swear that this picture is not exaggerated.

And what of the scientists, in the presence of all this sweetness and light? These men, who are adding their quota to the knowledge of the laws that swing the constellations about the pole, hold humanity to the breast of mother earth, push up green blades and golden harvests, sweep the blood through every beating heart, set winged steel a-ride upon the air, and draw the evil fangs of cholera and plague? These men grow silent before my poet's rosy flow of happy fancies; for they live in three dimensions, frequently think in four, and would not give a decimal point for an audience. Nor is there any undue urge within them to recite you Grimm's Law, Mendelejeff's Law, Newton's Three Laws, or even their own recent contribution to the *Phil. Mag.* I know full well the secret of Mona Lisa's non-committal smile; she has a poet at each ear. Whereas the Sphinx is watching scientific engineers build the Pyramids.

Can it be that we little poets, lined with star-silver and the purple of twilight and the flame of dawn, are of a sore necessity constrained to turn ourselves inside out? Rather would I believe that some, if not all, of us may

comport ourselves like Antipater, Alexander's general, who, though he kept the sober black garb of Macedon even in the midst of Persian splendor, was yet *all purple within*. And as even the garrulous Æneas confesses that upon occasion, when he stood before a divine portent, *vox faucibus haesit*, so would I wish to see myself and my fellow poeti-cula stand speechless before a great art. So would I wish us to lend our ears and withhold our voices before the arts other and the sciences. So would I have us put a constraint upon ourselves at the world's dinner-tables, — breaking into print on occasion is harmless in comparison with breaking into speech on all occasions, — for the sake of our hostesses, ourselves, and the reputation of Poesy. Else perchance the wrathful Muses may take from us, even as they took from boastful Thamyris, the Thracian, the *high and gracious gift of song*.

LAST CHRISTMAS

THE little town climbs the hill from the shore, English and typical. There is the 'Cobb,' the very origin of whose name is lost, jutting its stone break-water into the sea, a bulwark along the deep, such as you know all up and down the coast and around the shores of England. The Cobb shelters the fishing-fleet whose many-colored boats, drawn up along the shingle, are heeled over to-day among lobster-pots and fishing-nets.

Few boats go out to the deep sea in the early gray of morning. Stout heart and quick hand are called to more desperate duty and are not found in safe harbors. Old men remain to smoke, to gather on the stone parapet, and to take out the seine when the weather favors — old men and boys who will carry on the great tradition!

Halfway up the hill, to seaward,

stands the market, with pitched oak roof sturdy on stone pillars, where Dorset farmers from the rich inland have brought their produce for many a hundred year; forefathers, brothers, and friends, think we, of our forbears who crossed that wide sea to the rocky shores of our New England. Brave men, to leave this South Wessex land so sunny and secure, this dear warm corner of old England, for an unknown wilderness. Brave men sailed, and brave men stayed. Brave men are coming back to-day. Standing in the tiny cobbled market-place overhanging the sea, we hear in the Dorset speech, 'Transport and two destroyers.' — 'Where?' — 'Yonder — Americans.' There is deep satisfaction in the tone. Steady eyes look seaward. Sons of men of Dorset, men of Devon, Dorsetmen are watching your return! Do you feel the call of the blood, of the old places, of the old names in old England, of the places where you have played as boys, in New England? The transport creeps along the sky-line, and the two destroyers.

The church of St. Michael, like all Saint Michael's churches, stands on the steep, and the tombstones and the crosses halt at the clean cliff edge. Here, looking out to sea, the sleepers lie — the men of Dorset who knew the fathers of New England. As we stand beside their graves and watch the transport stealing by, we wonder if dust is all, if spirit does not hover to acclaim and welcome back the sons of English sires, come across the seas to fight.

The bell rings from the square church-tower, where the flag of England waves — a merry peal, for it is Christmas Day, 1917. Up, up through the streets of the little town come the old men and the women and the children.

The bell rings merrily, for it is Christ-

mas Day; but it is a quiet people, with grave faces and earnest hearts, who enter the church porch.

The sea — the mart — the church — the arteries through which the steady pulsing life of England has run these thousand years — a noble life.

The church is full, to the doors; but the black-gowned sexton leads us to a place in the main aisle, where we kneel with the sweet Christmas sense of holly and greens, and boys' voices singing a Christmas song, and rise to see — our flag — *our* flag! The Stars and Stripes are hanging above the altar in a sunlit glory, dimmed only by the tears in our eyes.

So they have come back — Dorset men who sailed away — to the hearts of their own kin. I laughed in my heart, but the tears would not cease. My flag, with all it stands for — there; 'the faith that was in them' has brought it back again. 'Peace on earth to men of good-will,' reads the vicar from the old Jacobean pulpit, standing under a sounding-board wreathed around with the carven name of 'a merchant adventurer, 1615.' 'Peace on earth to men of good-will.'

The transport is sailing to France.

'Of your charity, pray for the souls of the gallant dead, 1914, 1915, 1916, 1917' — so run the words on the shrine against the pillar. Beneath the laurel wreath, between the white ensign and the Union Jack, is inscribed the long list — so many names of Massachusetts and Connecticut among them — of the men who have died, for what? On the wall close by, I read the answer. An exquisite small brass tablet, silvery with time, bears arms, and the inscription: —

'Here lyeth the body of Ralph Edmonston, gentleman, also here lyeth the body of Thomas, son of the sayd Ralph, also William, son of the sayd Thomas, also

Anthony son of the sayd William, which sayd Anthony deceased Sept. 12, 1655.'

Men pious, just, and wise, each many a yeare,
The helme of this towne's government did steere,
Beyond base, envious reach, whose endless name
Lives in all those that emulate their fame.

Brought up in a pious, just, and wise tradition, their sons have gone forth to die for justice and their God — and are going and will go — will go.

We hurried out among the graves to the cliff top — the transport was almost out of sight.

In the church of St. Michael the Stars and Stripes keep Christmas vigil with the cross of St. George above the altar. 'Peace on earth,' they promise, 'to men of good-will.'

As I wrote these words, sitting in my great bedroom at the old inn late that night, a true and wonderful thing happened.

The red damask curtains were drawn, and the four-poster bed and the old prints were dim in the light of the two candles on my writing-table; this and my arm-chair I had pulled as near as I could to the fire, for it was very cold. Suddenly a distant step rang out on the stillness of the frosty night, coming nearer down the steep cobbled street; and then a man's voice came to me, clear and sweet, upon the frosty air. 'It's a long, long way' — he was quite close — 'to my home in Kentucky.' He was under my window — 'It's a long, long way' — he had passed.

For a moment home did seem half the world away; then I remembered the flag above the altar, and I said aloud, 'O you singer! It's not nearly as long a way as it was!'

WAYSIDE FACES

In passing along the road of the life or the writings of a genius, I have often been distracted by a chance acquaint-

ance with a countenance more shadowed and retired, looking out at me from a wayside window on the great man's fame. Often I cannot remain on the road. The wayside figure irresistibly invites me in to her hospitality, and I knock at the door, and enter into the hallway of her tale of many mansions, her history real or imaginary.

To such a place I have lately been distracted from the essays of Hazlitt and of Lamb, by the frank, light, and easygoing nature of their common acquaintance, afterwards Hazlitt's wife, Sarah Stodart — a young woman pathetically desirous of more life and fuller, pathetically eager to see the sights of the universe. The daughter of an army officer and the recipient, in correspondence, of Mary Lamb's confidences on the subject of her passion for sprigged muslin, she appears almost in the character of a dissipation for the sister of Elia.

Mary Lamb loves her, and her 'merry face' and her warm heart. She regards with mixed emotions her surprising frankness, which at once frightens and fascinates both the Lambs. At the same time she expresses an unhesitating disapproval of Miss Stodart's conduct: her volatility; her outspoken determination to marry, without any marked particularity as to whom she selects, or rather whom she chooses to pursue: and her bold rebellions against her brother, whom she considers hard and formal, and her sister-in-law, from whom Mary Lamb begs her not to conceal her various matrimonial engagements.

'As much as possible make a friend of your sister-in-law. You know I was not struck with her at first sight, but upon your account I have watched and marked her very attentively; and while she was eating a bit of cold mutton in our kitchen, we had a serious conversation. From the frankness of her man-

ner I am convinced she is a person I could make a friend of: why should not you?’

It is all like a judicious story of Miss Edgeworth's about some injudicious heroine, except that Sarah Stodart is always somewhat coarser and blunter, never really as nice, as even the most misguided of Miss Edgeworth's young women. According to your inclination, you may regard her as like Flossy in *The Divine Fire*, an unscrupulous and greedy Beaver, with her determination, whoever her husband may be, to have her small property at Winterslow settled on herself and her future children; or you may regard her as like Ann of *Man and Superman* — a magnificent force devoid of petty pride in over-coming all obstacles to accomplish a noble ambition. But, unless a person whose vision is fixed on the detail of extremely etiquettish standards, or else a person whose sight in matters of courtship is blurred in the grand haze of a contemplation like Whitman's over

the garden, the world new-ascending,

you will probably feel very much like Mary Lamb about her friend's rapidly successive betrothals and affairs with somebody named 'William,' who shoots partridges; with Mr. Turner; and then with 'William' again; and then with Mr. White; and then with a second William. You will feel at once a disaffection with her behavior, and also a liking for something large and honest in her. You will be sorry for her, and touched by her; and it will be with a start of something like dismay that you will find in this second William

the presence of Hazlitt, the Solitary Thinker, whom she married when he was about thirty.

It is a fact not often commented on that a husband is a gateway to many things other than motherhood, or the romance of a peculiar devotion. Indeed, one observes often that a husband is unreasonably expected to supply an access to virtually everything in the world, and to many aspects of creation on which his nature, through no fault of his own, has absolutely no outlook. Something of this kind seems to have happened in the Hazlitts' marriage. Perhaps, as a husband, Hazlitt was rather a wall than a gateway. He was an affectionate father; and in all his and his wife's difficulties, their separation and Scotch divorce, they each kept, and kept for the other, the devotion of their son.

Idle to assume an air of refinement for Sarah Stodart Hazlitt. As well realize that she, as well as her husband, had qualities which were thoroughly low, and qualities truly magnificent. But if she is coarse and light, she is never little or stuffy; and you understand why, with all her faults, Elia and his sister would have liked to have her live with them. Perhaps, indeed, the faultless are not the most desirable persons to live with; and she possessed a valuable talent. She understood how to go through whatever hatefulnesses life might fling upon her; and her intent of happiness, without depredations upon others, still smiles at us from her window on the way of Hazlitt's fame, with a random charm undimmed by a hundred years.